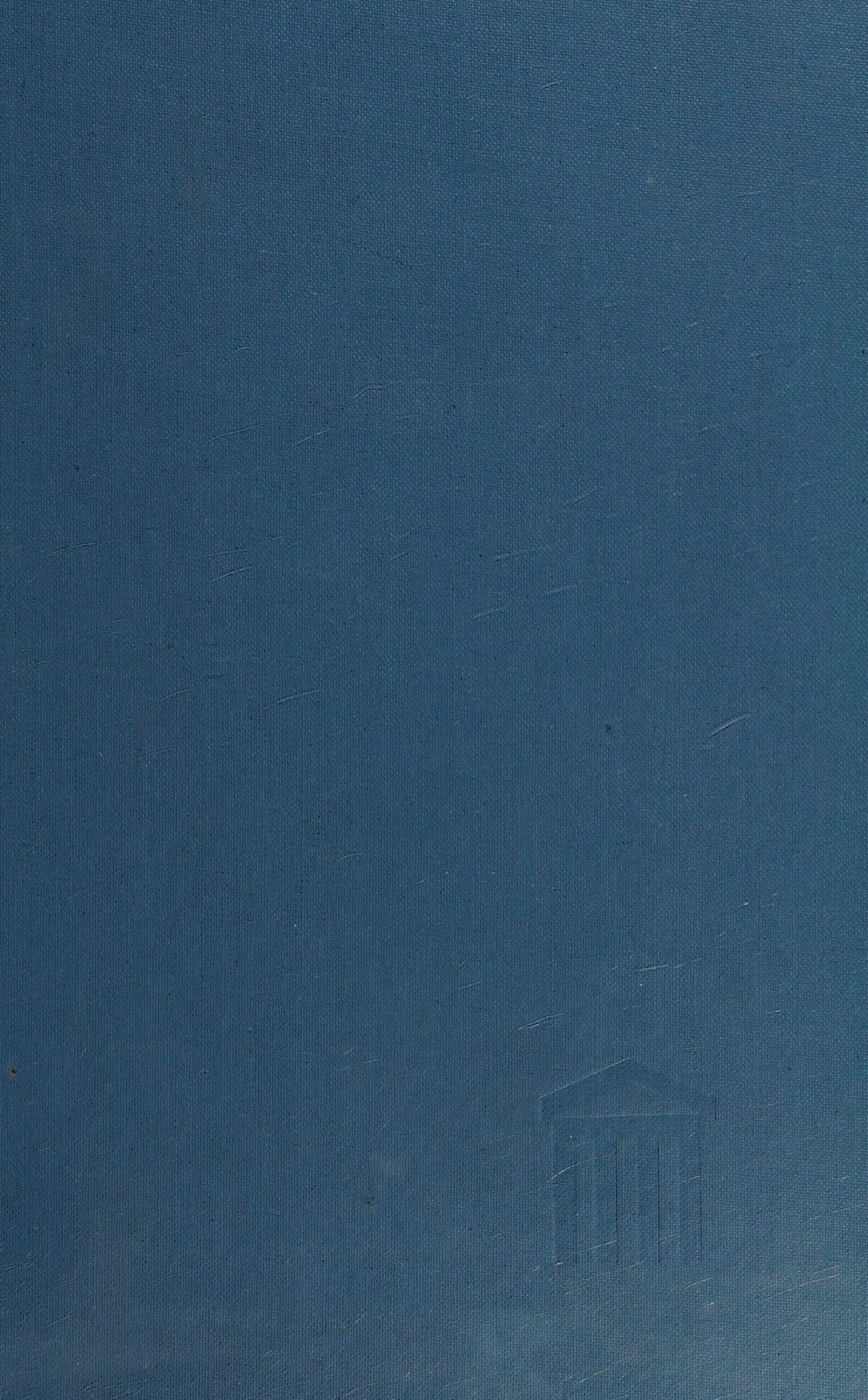

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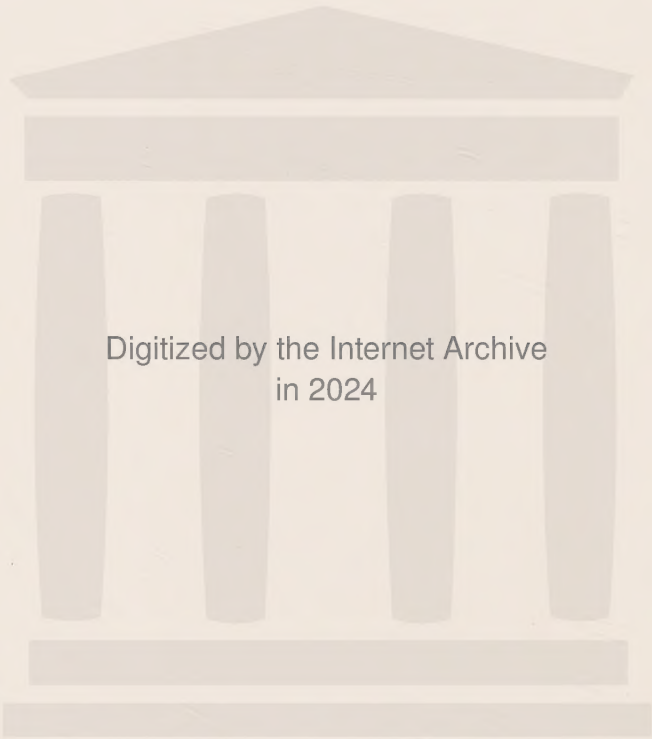
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QUEENS OF SONG

QUEENS OF SONG:

BEING MEMOIRS OF SOME OF THE MOST

CELEBRATED FEMALE VOCALISTS

WHO HAVE PERFORMED ON THE LYRIC STAGE FROM THE EARLIEST DAYS

OF OPERA TO THE PRESENT TIME.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF ALL THE OPERAS

THAT HAVE BEEN PERFORMED IN EUROPE.

By ELLEN CREATHORNE CLAYTON. 1834-1900

With Portraits.

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Essay Index Reprint Series

BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES PRESS
FREEPORT, NEW YORK

First Published 1865
Reprinted 1972

Library of Congress Cataloging in Publication Data

Clayton, Ellen Creathorne, 1834-1900.
Queens of song.

(Essay index reprint series)
Reprint of the 1865 ed.
Bibliography: p.
1. Singers. 2. Opera--Europe. I. Title.
ML400.C51 1972 782.1'0922 [B] 77-38713
ISBN 0-8369-2640-4

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
BY
NEW WORLD BOOK MANUFACTURING CO., INC.
HALLANDALE, FLORIDA 33009

Annex
782.10922

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1972

TO

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA,

This Work is Dedicated

BY PERMISSION,

AS A TESTIMONY OF THE ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION OF HER
OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

THE AUTHORESS.

155333

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following work is addressed less to those who make the art and science of Music the subject of systematic study —though even to them it may perhaps prove acceptable— than to the increasing number of persons who regard music as an elegant accomplishment, entering largely into the enjoyments of refined and cultivated society, and who are interested in the fame and fortunes of its most favorite and fascinating interpreters.

Love of an art creates love of the artist. We can not be moved, excited, transported by the poetry of Shakspeare, and yet take no interest in himself. We desire to know all about him that can be known, and eagerly receive every scrap of information that can be gathered as to the life and fortunes, the character, habits, manners, and domestic relations of the man whose writings we so dearly cherish.

Akin to the interest we take in the great dramatic poet is that which we take in the great dramatic musician. We feel for a Mozart as we do for a Shakspeare. And not less lively is our personal sympathy with the professors of that beautiful art which interprets and embellishes—which realizes and brings before our senses—the grand and beautiful conceptions of the dramatic poet and composer.

The biography of the actor has a great and peculiar attraction of its own. The actor is pre-eminently "the abstract and brief chronicle of the time." The narrative of his career throws light not only on his own life and character, but on the life and character of the society in which

he moves, and the age to which he belongs. And this seems to be most especially the case with the female members of the theatrical profession, particularly if the lyrical stage is that on which they have flourished. A great actress stands more prominently in the world's eye, has a greater influence on manners, and reflects more strongly the prevailing hues of society, than an actor can do; and of the great actresses who have adorned the stage since its revival in modern Europe, the larger number have also been great singers.

This consideration has induced the author to take, for the subjects of the following biographical sketches, a select number of the "QUEENS OF SONG" who have shed lustre on the musical stage of Italy, France, Germany, and England.

It was in Italy that Opera came into being; from thence she traveled, first into France, next into England, and lastly into Germany, where, notwithstanding her present magnitude, her existence is but of yesterday. Go back only to the days of Glück, and we find that, though there was opera in Germany, there was no German opera. To him, and to his still greater successor, Mozart, the Germans are indebted for the very creation of their own musical drama.

It is only in those four countries that a national opera can be said to exist. In each of them the musical stage has acquired distinctive peculiarities, but in all of them it retains the principal features which it has derived from Italy, the land of its birth. Composers and performers have been natives of other countries—Spain, Russia, Sweden, or Denmark; but they have all been formed chiefly on the school of Italy, and, in some degree, on those of France and Germany. As to England, she is beginning to have a school; but beyond our own shores English Opera has no influence.

To write a series of memoirs of the great female opera singers would be almost equivalent to writing a history of

the Opera itself, and perhaps in the most pleasant form which such a history could assume. But a work of this kind, were it any thing more than a bare and dry outline, would necessarily grow to an impracticable size; for such has been the European popularity of the most captivating branch of the drama, that the number of female singers, who have not only been the idols of the public in their own day, but have acquired lasting posthumous fame, is greater than that of all other eminent theatrical performers put together. For one Barry, Clairon, Siddons, or O'Neill, there are twenty Maras, Pastas, or Malibrans. A very limited selection from their number was therefore necessary. But it has been thought that even such a selection, carefully made and arranged, might embrace a continuous and coherent picture of the progress of the Opera, as well as of the constantly changing aspects of social life in the countries where the Opera has flourished.

Every "Queen of Song" is the central figure in a group of all that is great, and noble, and gay—and too often, unhappily, dissolute—in the society in which she moves. Her story is often of touching and romantic interest, and her fate points an impressive moral lesson. Gifted with powers designed to delight the world, and in most instances combined with personal attractions, that materially enhance the charms of vocal and histrionic efforts, the young débutante, emerging from the severe labor of her musical studies, enters at once on the dazzling but dangerous scene of her future triumphs, endued with sensibility of no ordinary kind, refined by the cultivation of her voice and ear, and often with the strong and wayward impulses of genius.

Her first success in a moment transforms the chrysalis into the butterfly, destined to flutter in the blaze of theatrical splendors. Fascinating the public, and gratifying the intellectual lovers of song, while her beauty and powers remain in their full perfection, the fair and accomplished

young vocalist can not but captivate many hearts, and thus becomes surfeited by the flatteries of the spoiled children of fortune, and lured by the wiles of subtle and interested admirers. The intoxication of success following close upon the absorbing studies, and the doubts and fears that beset the débutante, must be a severe trial to the sensitive and ardent young creature, who, when acknowledged as "prima donna," finds the world at her feet, and is the cynosure of the great, the gifted, and the wealthy of society.

As the interpreter of the ideas of genius, she partakes of the triumphs of the composer, and is rewarded not only by munificent payment, but with the incense of popular applause and the homage of admirers, never appearing but to elicit fresh tokens of admiration.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the temptations of such a career should sometimes prove too great for virtue or prudence to resist; indeed, the wonder is that so many favorite singers have escaped the snares and pitfalls that surround their steps. The descent from the pinnacle of fame and fortune is often sudden and disastrous, and the perils of her who attains the giddy height of popularity are such as to need a cool head and a steadfast heart, and the controlling power of high principle.

The author has chosen her heroines with a view to a twofold source of interest. She has taken those whose genius and labors have stamped the deepest impress on the state of contemporary art, and some of those, likewise, who, though of secondary artistic name, have had eventful histories, or from whose fortunes, in their brilliant and most perilous career, an instructive moral may be gathered. How far she has succeeded it will remain for others to judge.

She has been careful to draw her facts from the most trustworthy sources; from the most eminent historians of music and musical biographers; from contemporary me-

moirs and works on other subjects, in which the Opera and its celebrities are incidentally spoken of; and (in the latter portion of the work) from the information kindly furnished to her from several "Queens of Song," who are the brightest ornaments of the present musical stage. The dates have been (from about 1750) verified from the public journals of England, France, and Germany.

It will be observed that, in regard to the heroines of past generations, she has, in describing their persons, manners, and the peculiar features of their vocal talents, freely availed herself of the language of contemporary criticism. Actors and singers are not like poets and painters; they leave no works behind them from which we can form our own estimate of their character. We know nothing but what is told us by their contemporaries; and the author has thought it better to choose those contemporaries carefully, and to quote their own lively and graphic descriptions (always acknowledging the source from which they are drawn) than to translate them, as it were, into what would necessarily have been feebler and less picturesque words of her own.

She takes this opportunity of again tendering thanks to those friends in both London and Paris who have given her so much valuable assistance, and to whom she feels deeply indebted; also of acknowledging the courtesy of those gentlemen to whom she has, from time to time, been obliged to apply for special information.

LIST OF AUTHORITIES.

The following are the principal Works from which the materials for the "QUEENS OF SONG" have been drawn:

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Arthur Simpson—Memoirs of Madame Catalani.
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M. F. Young—Memoirs of Mrs. Crouch.
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QUEENS OF SONG.

CHAPTER I.

KATHERINE TOFTS AND MARGARITA DE L'EPINE.

We class these two ladies together, because they were the earliest "Queens of Song" who reigned in England; were contemporaries, and much connected in their career on the musical stage. It was but a little before their time that actresses began to make their appearance, female characters of every kind having been personated by men. Before their time English Opera gave no employment to great singers. Even the operas of Purcell were little more than plays intermixed with music, consisting of occasional choruses and songs, and in which the actors of the drama took no part. It was only when the Italian opera came to be introduced in England, and to be imitated by English composers, that eminent dramatic singers began to appear, and among these the first females were Mrs. Tofts and Madame de l'Epine.

Of the family or early career of Katherine Tofts little is known. Her name is first mentioned, we believe, as singing English and Italian songs at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in the year 1703. Two years afterward she made her début on the stage in the opera of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*, composed, in imitation of the Italian style, by Thomas Clayton, a man who acquired great but unmerited celebrity. He was a member of King William's band, and, albeit of extremely limited capabilities, entertained a very exalted opinion of his own talents. Going to Italy, he there heard operas, and by dint of begging, borrowing, and stealing, possessed himself of a quantity of songs. With these he returned in triumph, and thoroughly convinced that nothing was easier than the composition of an opera, he produced the opera of *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*,

composed by Stanzani of Bologna. Travestying this, he strung together recitatives and melodies after a fashion of his own, which afforded him infinite satisfaction. He was assisted by Signor Nicolo Haym and Mr. Charles Dieupart, both tolerable musicians and far superior to himself, but deficient in that impudence which was his leading characteristic. Haym translated Motteux's words, and Dieupart superintended the instrumentation.

His opera ready, Clayton's next care was to find a theatre and singers. Drury Lane was disengaged; and Mrs. Tofts was engaged as prima donna, together with Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Lindsay, Mrs. Butler, Mrs. Turner, Ramondon, Hughes, Leveridge, and Cook, all good singers. A subscription list was opened for the pit and boxes, and *Arsinoe* was announced in the *Daily Courant* as "a new opera, after the Italian manner, all sung, being set by Master Clayton, with dances and singing before and after the opera by Signora F. Margarita de l'Epine."

A more captivating or talented prima donna could not have been found, even in Italy, than Katherine Tofts. Of the beauty of her "fine proportioned figure" Colley Cibber speaks with admiration. Her voice—a soprano—was clear and flexible; its natural qualities had been cultivated by study; and, in addition to an "exquisitely sweet, silver tone," she had a "peculiar, rapid swiftness of the throat;" perfections which, as Cibber justly remarks, are "not to be imitated by art or labor."

Signora Francesca Margarita de l'Epine, a native of Tuscany, was a woman of quite a different type to the fair Englishwoman. Very ugly, singularly tall, swarthy, rough, and brusque in manner, she must have had an unusually fine voice to have been enabled to retain her hold of public favor. Thirteen years previously, in 1691, she had come over with Giacomo Greber, a German, her teacher, and had made her first appearance at the concerts at York Buildings. She appeared in the musical piece of the *Rival Queens* at Lincoln's Inn Fields, June 1st, 1692, when it was advertised as her last appearance in England; but she was so successful that "she continued," Burney remarks, "to sing more last and positively last times during the month," and never quitted England at all. She became a special favorite with her audiences, being a fine singer and a scientific performer on the harpsichord; but she did not

escape invidious criticism in her private character. She was perfectly respectable, yet her friendship for her master drew on her the insulting appellation of "Greber's Peg." Her appearance, one would have imagined, had sufficed both to drive away lovers and to disarm scandal; yet she was surrounded by those who admired and those who ridiculed. She even contrived to enchant Daniel, Earl of Nottingham, who threw himself at her feet, and braved the laughter of the fashionable, political, and literary world. Rowe indited some verses on the subject, in imitation of an ode of Horace, "Ne sit ancillæ tibi amor pudori." They ran thus:

"Did not base Greber's Peg inflame
The sober Earl of Nottingham,
Of sober sire descended,
That, careless of his soul and fame,
To playhouses he nightly came,
And left church undefended?"

Lord Halifax, too, wrote a stinging epigram on the subject of the "tawny Tuscan" and "tall Nottingham," which is given by Hawkins. However, the earl was too much infatuated to be conscious of the arrows aimed at him; and Margarita, from whose gay temper sarcasms glanced like bullets from the hide of a rhinoceros, went on her way smilingly and unconcernedly. Her sister, Maria Margherita Gallia, a pupil of Nicolo Haym's, probably allured by the success of Margarita, arrived in London in 1703, when she made her début at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields as a singer; but she did not create any sensation, her star being completely extinguished in the blaze of Margarita's fame.

Margarita was not offered any part in Clayton's opera, being unable to pronounce English, but she agreed to sing Italian airs before and after it; indeed, she was more fitted for the concert-room than the stage. There was not much love lost between her and Katherine Tofts. Mrs. Tofts used to sing at the "subscription music," like Margarita, singing Italian and English songs alternately. But there was no open rupture till the end of January, 1704, when Margarita appeared for the first time at Drury Lane, where Mrs. Tofts was singing. The "Italian lady," as she was called, sang first on the 29th, and was received with such delight as to annoy her Anglican rival; for, the next week, Mrs. Tofts's maid, being in the house,

got up a disturbance while Margarita was singing. Ill-natured people hinted that Mrs. Tofts had sent persons into the theatre to occasion the uproar, with the view of disconcerting her rival; an aspersion which, whether true or false, hurt the feelings of that lady to such an extent that she caused the following paragraph to be inserted in the *Daily Courant* of February 8th: "Ann Barwick having occasioned a disturbance at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, on Saturday night last, the 5th of February, and being taken into custody, Mrs. Tofts, in vindication of her innocency, sent a letter to Mr. Rich, master of the said theatre, which is as followeth: 'Sir,—I was very much surprised when I was informed that Ann Barwick, who was lately my servant, had committed a rudeness last night at the playhouse, by throwing of oranges and hissing when Mrs. L'Epine, the Italian gentlewoman, sung. I hope no one will think it was with my privity, as I assure you it was not. I abhor such practices; and I hope you will cause her to be prosecuted, that she may be punished as she deserves. I am, sir, your humble servant, KATHERINE TOFTS. Christopher Rich, Esq.'"

This musical rivalry, a novelty in England, gave rise to many "squibs," and afforded subject-matter for laughter and gossip in coffee-houses, drawing-rooms, and supper-saloons. Hughes, that "agreeable poet," who wrote the *Siege of Damascus*, and who alternately paid his devoirs to the Muses and to the authorities in the Ordnance Office, wrote of the two songstresses in the following strain:

> "Music has learned the discords of the state,
> And concerts jar with Whig and Tory hate.
> Here Somerset and Devonshire attend
> The British Tofts, and every note commend;
> To native merit just, and pleased to see
> We've Roman hearts, from Roman bondage free.
> There famed L'Epine does equal skill employ,
> While listening peers crowd to the ecstatic joy:
> Bedford to hear her song his dice forsakes,
> And Nottingham's enraptured when she shakes;
> Lull'd statesmen melt away their drowsy cares
> Of England's safety in Italian airs."

But to return to *Arsinoe, Queen of Cyprus*. Clayton was perfectly well assured that he was about to work a complete reformation in English musical taste, and the highest expecta-

tions were indulged in by his excited patrons. Nicolo Haym played the principal violoncello, to which instrument several of the symphonies and leading accompaniments were assigned, and Charles Dieupart the first violin. It was on the 16th of January, 1705, that the piece was brought out; and a more vile performance, if the testimony of the most able musical critics may be trusted, could not have been presented to any audience. "The music, as well as the words, of this piece were utterly contemptible. It is a worthless production," ejaculated Dr. Burney. "The translation and music to which it was set are execrable," growls Hawkins. Notwithstanding its defects, "such is the charm of novelty," chorus the two great authorities, "that this miserable performance, deserving neither the name of a drama by its poetry, nor of an opera by its music," ran twenty-four nights triumphantly. "The English," says Burney, "must have hungered and thirsted extremely after dramatic music at this time to be attracted and amused by such trash."

It was probably this unparalleled success which induced Greber to produce, the next year, a musical entertainment composed by himself, called the *Loves of Ergasto*, but which the public chose to entitle "Greber's Pastoral." Margarita, of course, sang in this work, which was selected to inaugurate the opening night of the theatre in the Haymarket, a superb edifice just completed by Sir John Vanbrugh and Congreve. Both the entertainment and the house were dead failures; for the "vanity of vast columns, gilded cornices, and immoderately high roof" having been allowed to militate against the first requirement of an operatic theatre—the power of conveying sound—the music, instead of reaching the ears of the audience, was carried off to the ceiling, whence it reverberated in indistinct echoes. The Pastoral, despite its ill success, was followed by another of the same kind, the *Temple of Love*, composed by Signor Saggioni, a Venetian, which pleased as little as its predecessor; and the result was that the theatre failed the very first season. Betterton and his company, who had placed themselves without reserve under the banner of Vanbrugh and Congreve, then returned to Lincoln's Inn Fields; Sir John gave up the reins of his musical stud to Owen MacSwiney, a knowing Irishman, and the speculation might be fairly considered to have come to grief.

Margarita transferred her services readily to Owen MacSwiney—denominated by Dibdin "a shuttle-cock"—who, in partnership with Collier, was about to produce a second opera at Drury Lane, entitled *Camilla;* the music of which, arranged by Haym, was chiefly borrowed from Marc Antonio Bononcini, brother of the celebrated Giovanni Bononcini, and the words were by Silvio Stampiglia. The Opera having now begun to be an established fact in London, several Italian singers had come over "on speculation;" among others, Cavalier Valentini Urbani, and a lady called mysteriously "The Baroness." Valentini, a scholar of Pistocchi, though he had a pure and elegant style, was by no means a great singer, for his voice was feeble and his execution moderate; but he was a good actor, and popular in his manner. Of the Baroness but little is known; even her name is an enigma not to be solved. Burney, while declaring himself "by no means qualified to be her biographer," says that she was a German who had learned to sing in Italy, and had performed in the opera at several German courts under her unusual appellation before her arrival in England. Some people said she was the widow of the ill-fated Stradella; but Hawkins shows that this was an improbability.

On the 4th of March *Camilla* was produced. The absurdity of the manner in which it was performed provoked much laughter, for one half was sung in Italian, the other half in English. Valentini, Margarita, and the Baroness were unable to sing in any language but their own; while Katherine Tofts, Mrs. Lindsay, and the other English singers, even while professing to sing Italian songs, did not like to venture too far out of their native tongue. Mrs. Tofts's beauty and Margarita's singing, however, insured for the piece a splendid success. Mrs. Tofts more especially, by her grace, her fine voice, and her acting, achieved her greatest triumph as "Camilla." There is a pleasant allusion to it in the *Spectator*, in the form of a letter from the actor who personated the wild boar slain by the Amazonian heroine, in which he apologizes for having acted with a certain amount of tameness. "As for the little resistance which I made," he says, "I hope it may be excused when it is considered that the dart was thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must confess I had but just put on my brutality; and Camilla's charms were such, that, beholding her erect mien, hearing her charming voice, and astonished with her graceful mo-

tion, I could not keep up to my assumed fierceness, but died like a man." The success of the performance may be judged from the fact that in the course of four years it was represented sixty-four times.

Camilla was so great a success, having met with a reception in England that it had never experienced abroad, that Addison, who seems to have been no judge of musical ability, and who thought that Clayton was an admirable composer, was induced to write the libretto of an opera. Adopting the romantic story of Fair Rosamond as a groundwork for his plot, he raised thereon a poetical superstructure. The public, admiring Addison, anticipated much from this opera. It was cast thus:

Queen Eleanor.....Mrs. Tofts.
Page (usually called the boy).....Mr. Holcombe.
Sir Trusty (keeper of the bower).....Mr. Leveridge.
Grideline (his wife).....Mrs. Lindsay.
Rosamond.....Signora Maria Gallia.
King Henry.....Mr. Hughes.
First Guardian Angel.....Mr. Lawrence.
Second Guardian Angel.....Miss Reading.

But it was full of absurdities and anachronisms. As a poem it was graceful and lively; as a drama, flat, tame, and unsuited for the stage. "The verses of *Rosamond*," observes Dr. Burney, "are highly polished, and more lyrical, perhaps, than in any poem of the same kind in our language." The music was "below contempt." Hawkins dismisses it in a few words: "A criticism on this most wretched performance," he remarks, "is more than it deserves; but, to account for the bad reception it met with, it is necessary to mention that the music, preponderating against the elegance and humor of the poetry and the reputation of its author, bore it down the third night of representation." As to the songs, "they have neither air nor expression." There is one line which runs thus—

"Oh, the pleasing, pleasing, pleasing, pleasing, pleasing anguish."

A critic of the period, who was present at the performance, says that the opera was "a confused chaos of music," and that "its only merit was its shortness."

The failure of his work gave Addison such a disgust for the opera, that ever after he did his best to ridicule and sneer it out of fashion, and never let an opportunity escape of flinging a jeer at the opera performances.

Rosamond was succeeded by *Thomyris, Queen of Scythia*, the music selected from the compositions of Alessandro Scarlatti and Bononcini; the recitatives and accompaniments were committed to the care of Mr., afterward Dr. Pepusch, one of the greatest musical celebrities of the time. The libretto was written by Motteux, a man who, says Hawkins, kept an "India shop" in Leadenhall Street, which was much frequented by the old Duchess of Marlborough and other ladies of Queen Anne's day. Mrs. Tofts and Margarita both appeared in this opera; the latter performed the part of the Queen. This opera was not so much admired as *Camilla*, but it was received with favor. Of the music Dr. Burney gives some account, and mentions that the songs of Margarita in particular contained "several difficult passages of execution." *Thomyris* was succeeded by a little piece called *Love's Triumph*, which was produced under the direction of Valentini, for his own benefit. It was written by Cardinal Ottoboni (the English words being adapted by Motteux), and set to music by Carlo Cesarini Giovanni —surnamed Del Violone—and Francesco Gasparini. Margarita filled the part of Olinda. French dancing, then a novelty, was introduced as an experiment. As a speculation the piece failed; so Valentini determined for the future to confine himself to singing, and never more play the ungrateful rôle of manager.

The last opera in which our rival Queens of Song appeared was *Pyrrhus and Demetrius*, the libretto of which had been written by Owen MacSwiney; the music, by Adriano Morselli, was arranged by Nicolo Haym. Margarita and Mrs. Tofts were the leading ladies in the piece, which was brought out on the 14th of December, 1708; the Baroness, Valentini, and the usual troupe, sustaining the minor parts. The opera was a great success, and continued for a long time to draw crowded houses, in spite of the absurdity of the motley language; although the prices were raised, it was performed thirty times in the course of the season.

The lovely Katherine Tofts never graced the stage afterward. In the spring, a terrible misfortune snatched her from her admirers, in the meridian of her bloom and beauty. Her brain unexpectedly gave way, and her friends were compelled to place her under restraint. It was conjectured that the unparalleled success she had acquired in the part of Camilla had

turned her head. Every one regretted the blow which took her from the operatic world. Steele, however, speaks in a very unfeeling manner on the subject, in the *Tatler*, No. 20, for Thursday, May 26th, 1709: "This lady," he writes, "entered so thoroughly into the great characters she acted, that when she had finished her part, she could not think of retrenching her equipage, but would appear in her own lodging with the same magnificence that she did upon the stage. This greatness of soul has reduced that unhappy princess to an involuntary retirement, where she now passes her time amid the woods and forests, thinking on the crowns and sceptres she has lost, often humming over in her solitude

> "'I was born of royal race,
> Yet must wander in disgrace.'

But, for fear of being overheard, and her quality known, she usually sings it in Italian,

> "'Nacqui al regno, nacqui al trono,
> E pur sono
> Sventurata.'"

This verse was from one of her songs in *Camilla*, the first in the opera.

For some time Mrs. Tofts labored under this disorder; but at last, by the aid of judicious treatment, she was restored to the use of her reason. She did not return to the stage on her recovery, having accumulated a large sum of money by her professional talents; and shortly after she married Mr. Joseph Smith, a diplomatic gentleman, a connoisseur of great taste, a collector of rare books and prints, and a patron of art. Her husband being appointed British consul at Venice, she went with him thither, where he maintained great state and magnificence. But poor Katherine did not long retain the capability of enjoying her position, for her malady again returning, she was obliged to live sequestered from the world in a remote part of her house, and content herself with ranging its garden, walking to and fro in her fancied royalty. The exact time of her death is not known; but she was still living about the year 1735. Her husband, Mr. Smith, died about 1771, leaving a large collection of books, which was brought over to England, and sold by auction.

After the close of Mrs. Tofts's career, Margarita retained the favor of the public, though several younger rivals appeared to

contest it with her. Signora Elizabetta Pilotti Schiavonetti, who performed the part of Berenice in *Hydaspes*, Signora Francesca Vanini Boschi, Signora Rosa Piscina, and one or two others, attempted to snatch the laurel crown from her brow. She did not sing in *Rinaldo* when Handel arrived in 1710, nor did she sing much again in operatic performances. People were beginning to find that the hitherto inimitable Margarita was growing rococo; and the manager, now Mr. Aaron Hill, who directed both theatres, did not take the trouble to disguise the harsh fact from her. She had a favorite parrot, which, when at home, she would place at the open window of her lodging in Boswell Court, where it would keep constantly repeating the first line of Handel's *Julius Cæsar*, "Non è vago e bello." The manager, having occasion to write to her, addressed his letter to "Mdlle. de l'Epine, at the sign of the Italian Parrot." Enraged at this affront, she wrote back angrily, threatening to resign her engagement; to which the manager insolently replied, that, notwithstanding her merit, he could "very well spare her, if she would send her feathered pupil." She sang at the concerts in York Buildings and at Stationers' Hall, and once in the hall of the Middle Temple, in a musical performance at the Christmas Revels of that society. Swift mentions her in his "Journal to Stella" in terms most discreditable to him:

"*August* 6, 1711. We have a music-meeting in our town (Windsor) to-night. I went to the rehearsal of it, and there was Margarita and her sister, and *another drab*, and a parcel of fiddlers. I was weary, and would not go to the meeting, which I am sorry for, because I heard it was a great assembly." In the same coarse manner the dean frequently speaks of the "music-meetings" at Windsor in the course of this season, endeavoring to evince his contempt by such phrases as, "In half an hour I was tired of their *fine stuff*."

In 1712 Margarita appeared as Calypso, in *Calypso and Telemachus*, written by Mr. Hughes, and set by Mr. Galliard; an opera that, from want of interest in the story, and from being filled with a series of grave moral sentiments—which, as Dr. Burney remarks, "however edifying in a sermon or in the closet, are seldom received with due reverence in a place of amusement"—was represented but five times. She also performed in a revival of *Almahide*, with Valeriano—temporary

successor to Nicolini—Valentini, La Pilotti, and Mrs. Barbier; in the pasticcio of *Dorinda*, and in *Theseus*, in all of which pieces she had elaborate and difficult airs to sing. In 1714 she performed with the new star, Anastasia Robinson, in the opera of *Creso*, during its nine representations; and she appeared in *Ernelinda*, the part of Ricemero being taken by an Italian débutante, Signora Diana Vico, who afterward subsided into a second-class singer.

Having acquired a fortune of some ten thousand pounds, Margarita retired in 1722. She married Dr. Pepusch about 1723 or 1724, when the money which she brought him enabled him to pursue with ease those scientific studies which he ardently loved, and also, Burney says, to "live in a style of elegance which, till his marriage, he had been a stranger to." Margarita's mother, a woman as remarkably short as Margarita was tall, resided with them. They were not a very sentimental couple, but lived together in harmony. He used to call her Hecate, in allusion to her ugliness; and she would answer to the title with as much alacrity as if it had been Helen. They had one child, a boy, in whose education the doctor labored assiduously, in order to fit him for his own profession; but this child died in 1739, before reaching the age of thirteen. They took a house in Fetter Lane in 1730, and in 1737, the doctor being chosen organist of the Charter House, they retired to that venerable foundation. Margarita's favorite occupation now was in trying to master the difficult pieces in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, which she found in her husband's library, and to such perfection did she arrive in playing them, that "great was the resort of persons to hear her."

Margarita died in 1740, the year after the death of her boy, leaving the worthy doctor to mourn her loss for twelve years.

CHAPTER II.

ANASTASIA ROBINSON (COUNTESS OF PETERBOROUGH).

One of the numerous class of moderately talented persons who, during the reign of the "merry monarch," made a respectable living by portrait painting, was a gentleman named Robinson. Being of good family, agreeable in his manners, and having a tolerable reputation, he was popular, and therefore was enabled to live in very good style. During his student days he had traveled to Rome, and while acquiring a mastery of the Italian language and his legitimate art, attained an unusual degree of skill as a musical amateur. On his return to England he married a woman of some fortune, by whom he had two daughters, Anastasia and Margaret. These girls were still infants when their mother died; and deeming it necessary to give them some maternal guidance, Mr. Robinson married a young Roman Catholic lady of the name of Lane, by whom he had a son and a third daughter.

Anxious to render his daughters capable of occupying distinguished places in society, Mr. Robinson gave them as finished an education as his means could command. Observing that Anastasia had an ear for melody, and a voice which promised much, he placed her under the care of the eminent Dr. Crofts; and fancying that Peggy inclined to painting, he resolved to make her a miniature painter, rather as an accomplishment than a profession. He also imparted to them the knowledge which he had gained of Italian, so that Anastasia was able to read with facility the best Italian poets, and to converse in that tongue with ease.

An unexpected affliction suddenly blighted all the hopes and prospects of the amiable portrait painter. He was seized with a disorder in his eyes, which terminated in the total loss of sight. A serious debate was held as to what should be done in this shipwreck of the family; and as his wife had some little property, it was decided to devote a part of it to perfecting Anastasia's musical talents, with the view of fitting her for a

public singer. Anastasia, who was a good girl, diligently applied herself to the study of music; and in order that her taste in singing might approach nearer to that of the Italian vocalists, she received lessons from Pietro Giuseppe Sandoni, at that time a fashionable singing-master residing in London, and likewise from the "Baroness." Her general education had been superintended with scrupulous care, and she was full of excellent qualities, being naturally of an amiable disposition, prudent and virtuous, gentle and unassuming, cheerful and sensible.

Peggy was not so easily managed. She did not like painting, while she was passionately devoted to its sister art, music; and slighting the studies which she was enjoined to pursue, she declared she would not learn any thing except music. But it is not always desirable to have two singers in a family, for it is sometimes difficult enough to find engagements for one. Peggy, however, would have her way, and Mr. Robinson, yielding reluctantly to her wishes, placed her under the care of Bononcini, and afterward sent her to Paris, where, under the tuition of Rameau, she attained a high degree of proficiency. Two very serious impediments existed to her hope of succeeding as a public singer—she was exceedingly small and unusually shy. Ultimately she married a military officer, Colonel Bowles, and her history abruptly closes with her wedding.

Anastasia, with natural talents much inferior to her sister, had courage and perseverance, and, though modest, was not a victim to *mauvaise honte.* She continued to study; and when pronounced sufficiently finished to make her début, appeared at the concerts at York Buildings, where, in addition to singing, she accompanied herself on the harpsichord. Her success was as great as the most sanguine might have hoped for. Mild and pleasing in her manners, interesting-looking, though by no means what might be termed "a beauty," she became at once a favorite. Of middle stature, a countenance with great sweetness of expression and large blue eyes, an unaffected and graceful air, her "appearance bespoke for her that favor which she afterward proved she merited by her musical skill." Her voice was a fine soprano at first, but it deepened gradually into a contralto, and was of extensive compass; but she wanted Peggy's exquisitely delicate ear and discriminating taste to render her a perfect singer.

Her success led to her immediately obtaining engagements

to sing at various places. Finding that she became such a pet with the musical public, and encouraged by the patronage of some ladies of high rank, her father took a house in Golden Square, where he established weekly concerts and assemblies in the manner of conversaziones. These réunions were frequented by a numerous coterie of persons of refined taste and musical predilections, and it speedily grew to be the fashion to visit Mr. Robinson's rooms. Anastasia's modest, unassuming manner and equable temper obtained for her not only public favor, but the love and admiration of many persons of high birth. The Duchess of Portland honored her with a lasting friendship, and spoke subsequently of her as having been "perfectly well-bred and admirably accomplished."

Urged by her friends, Anastasia consented to accept an engagement to appear at the Opera House in 1714. The Opera was, though apparently in a flourishing condition, in reality going to ruin, and for some time it had been closed, the expenses having been found greatly to exceed the profits. The leaders of the fashionable world, however, had exerted themselves to re-establish it, and a sum of £30,000 being subscribed, of which amount the king contributed £1000, a committee, consisting of the first noblemen in the kingdom, was appointed, under the name of the Royal Academy of Music. In order to resuscitate the opera in England, they engaged the three most eminent musicians then known, Bononcini, Ariosto Attilio, and George Frederick Handel. The last offered to go in quest of a company, and at Dresden he engaged Senesino, Berenstadt, Boschi, and Margherita Durastanti. Senesino (his real name was Francesco Bernardo), a fine singer, with a clear, powerful, equal, and fluent voice, and perfect intonation, was the leading vocalist of the day. In style he so nearly resembled Nicolini that Cibber avers a blind man could not have known the difference. In aspect and deportment he is described as having been like one of the heroes of old, and his carriage was noble and majestic. Berenstadt's distinguishing peculiarity consisted in being "huge and unwieldy." Boschi, the basso, was chiefly remarkable for a voice of immense volume, and a vigorous style of acting, which elicited the sarcastic line in "Harlequin Horace, or, the Art of Modern Poetry,"

"And, Boschi-like, be always in a rage."

The writer of that brochure says, in a note, that Boschi was a

"useful performer, for several years, in the Italian Opera; for if any of the audience chanced unhappily to be lulled to sleep by these soothing entertainments, he never failed of rousing them up again, and by the fury both of his voice and action made it manifest that, though only a tailor by profession, he was nine times more a man than any of his fellow-warblers." His wife, Francesca Vanini Boschi, was engaged at the same time. She was then considerably past her prime, but possessed of good abilities.

Margherita Durastanti, a large, coarse, masculine-looking woman, was a soprano, distinguished not only by her musical talent, but by the high respectability of her character. These qualities obtained for her favor in the highest quarters, of which we find afterward a very convincing proof in the *Evening Post* of the 7th of March, 1721, where we are informed that "last Thursday his majesty was pleased to stand godfather, and the princess and Lady Bruce godmothers, to a daughter of Mrs. Durastanti, chief singer in the Opera House; the Marquis Visconti for the king, and Lady Lichfield for the princess." She made her first appearance in the opera of *Radamisto*, with Senesino; and then appeared in *Agrippina*, a piece which excited such extravagant admiration that the most disgraceful scenes occurred through people trying to force their way into the house. "In so splendid and fashionable an assembly of ladies," observes the anonymous author of a *Life of Handel*, "to the excellence of their taste we must impute it if there was no shadow of form or ceremony; scarcely, indeed, any appearance of order or regularity, politeness or decency. Many who had forced their way into the house with an impetuosity but ill suited to their rank or sex, actually fainted through the excessive heat and closeness of it; several gentlemen were turned back who had offered forty shillings for a seat in the gallery, after having despaired of getting any in the pit or boxes."

As a coadjutor of Margherita Durastanti, but not as a rival —both being mild and amiable women—Mistress Robinson made her appearance in the Opera House. Scarlatti's opera of *Narcissus* was selected for her début, when she achieved such a success as Echo that an engagement was ratified, with a salary of £1000, and such emoluments as might arise from benefits and presents. From this time she appeared in almost

every opera that was newly brought forward: *Mutius Scævola*, *Crispus*, *Griselda*, *Otho*, *Floridante*, *Flavius*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Pharnaces*, *Coriolanus*, *Vespasian*, and also in revivals. On the 23d of May, 1714, was produced Handel's opera of *Amadigi*, or *Amadis of Gaul;* in it there were but four characters, which were filled by Nicolini, Diana Vico, Elizabetta Pilotti Schiavonetti, and Anastasia Robinson. The music given to Nicolini drew out all his powers, both as a singer and actor, and "Mrs. Anastasia Robinson," says Burney, "never had so good a part assigned to her."

In the mean time, her amiability, talent, and agreeable appearance gained for the young vocalist tender regards. Among the gentlemen who frequented the house in Golden Square was a certain General H——, a man of elegant manners, wealthy, and insinuating, who managed to impress the fair singer with the idea that he was honorably paying his addresses to her, with the view of making her his wife. Liking him, and having the sanction of her father and step-mother, Anastasia did not repulse his advances, never dreaming for an instant that his intentions were any thing but those which he professed. What was her amazement and indignation when, one day, he made a declaration so insulting that no alternative was left her but to dismiss him with ignominy from her presence, and try to drive him from her thoughts; "though," said the venerable Mrs. Delany, years afterward, "she was very much prepossessed in his favor."

Another individual who more than ordinarily admired her was the Earl of Peterborough, an eccentric nobleman, eminent alike for his military adventures and his love of art. He paid the most devoted attention to her, and at length offered to marry her on condition of her keeping the union a profound secret, his pride revolting at the idea of its becoming known that he had made an opera-singer his countess. To this she agreed, and they were married. She remained on the stage for some time; but at last two things hastened her retirement —the arrival of a brilliant star, the celebrated Cuzzoni, reducing her to second and third rate parts, and a gross insult which she received from Senesino one night, during the public rehearsal of an opera, in 1724. The earl, while obstinately refusing to acknowledge her legal claim on his protection, instantly stepped forward as her champion, dragged the offender be-

hind the scenes, and there summarily gave him such a caning that the unhappy delinquent fell on his knees and howled for mercy.

Lady M. W. Montagu, in a letter to the Countess of Mar, thus notices the affair—in a most unwomanly spirit, it must be confessed. After mentioning some other choice *morceau* of scandal, she goes on to say: "The second heroine (Mrs. Robinson) has engaged half the town in arms, from the nicety of her virtue, which was not able to bear too near approach of Senesino in the opera, and her condescension in her acceptance of Lord Peterborough for a champion, who has signalized both his love and courage upon this occasion in as many instances as ever Don Quixote did for Dulcinea. Poor Senesino, like a vanquished giant, was forced to confess upon his knees that Anastasia was a nonpareil of virtue and beauty. Lord Stanhope (the celebrated Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield), as dwarf to the said giant, joked on his side, and was challenged for his pains," though the hostile meeting resulted very harmlessly.

Anastasia quitted the stage on the 13th of June, at the close of the season. She publicly accepted a hundred pounds a month from her husband, and was to be seen constantly driving about in his berlin, his lordship thus allowing her to rest under a stigma which could have been removed by two words from his lips.

The eclipse of the English singer irritated certain critics, who disliked foreign songstresses. Carey, in reference to Cuzzoni, says indignantly,

> "With better voice and fifty times her skill,
> Poor Robinson is always treated ill;
> But such is the good nature of the town,
> 'Tis now the mode to cry the English down."

On the 30th of October, 1733, Handel opened the Haymarket Theatre with an entirely new Italian company, consisting of Scalzi, the two sisters Negri, Carestini, and Signora Durastanti, the last of whom reappeared after an absence of ten years. The signora was very kindly received, but after this season we learn no more of her.

Upon the death of Anastasia Robinson's father, Lord Peterborough took a house near Fulham, in the neighborhood of his own villa at Parson's Green, where he settled Anastasia and

her step-mother. Soon after, they removed to his villa; but his "haughty spirit" still ruling paramount, he was resolved never to acknowledge a marriage which he considered to the last degree derogatory to his dignity. Anastasia's half-brother, Mr. Lane, came to reside in the family in the character of a Roman Catholic priest, Anastasia belonging to the Church of Rome. Although Anastasia retained her maiden name, so convinced were her numerous friends of her good principles that many ladies frequented her house, persuaded that she was the legal mistress of the mansion over which she presided. She was in the habit of holding a kind of musical academy, in which Bononcini, Martini, Tosi, Greene, and other musical celebrities of the day used to assist. The earl, too, would give frequent dinner-parties, when he afforded his friends the opportunity of hearing some of the finest music, and would entertain them with exciting accounts of his adventures during his residence abroad, particularly while he commanded in Spain. In that country, being often, during a journey, in danger of perishing for want of food, and, when he could get it, being frequently obliged to dress it himself, he had become a first-rate cook; and "such was the force of habit," says Hawkins, "that, till disabled by age, his dinner was constantly of his own dressing. Those who have dined with him at Parson's Green say that he had a dress for the purpose, like that of a tavern cook, and that he used to retire from his party an hour before dinner-time, and, having dispatched his culinary affairs, would return properly dressed, and take his place among them," to delight them by his varied powers of conversation and the display of his finished taste in art.

It must have been somewhat of a trial, even to one of Anastasia's amiable, quiet disposition, to be obliged to endure the life she led; for, independently of the consciousness of the miserable position she was placed in, Lord Peterborough was a most uncongenial companion for her. Eccentric and arrogant, his vagaries kept her in a constant flutter; and it was only by the exercise of excellent sense and fortitude of mind that she was supported through "many severe trials in her conjugal state." At length an incident occurred which partially shook the wall of pride with which her lordly husband surrounded himself. Unexpectedly, in 1735, he was seized with a terrible fit of illness while away from her; then, missing the tender

care of his wife, he besought her to come and nurse him at Mount Bevis, near Southampton. Moved by his urgent entreaties, she agreed on one condition, that of being allowed to wear her wedding-ring, though denied the privilege of taking his name. At first he would not comply with this reasonable request, until, finding her inexorable, he consented; so she went. But the health of the earl gradually grew worse, and in attending upon him the gentle Anastasia nearly lost her life. At last the physicians advised change of climate for him, and he asked her to accompany him to Lisbon. This she positively refused to do unless he declared their marriage.

Finding that all his pleadings were useless, and that Anastasia's resolution was final, the earl, rather than be deprived of her society, gave way. Without informing her of his intentions, he made an appointment for her and all his relations and friends to meet him at "the apartment over the gateway of St. James's Palace," belonging to Mr. Pointz, who was married to his lordship's niece, and who was at that time preceptor to Prince William, afterward Duke of Cumberland. When they were all assembled, to their astonishment he broke forth into an eloquent oration, enumerating all the virtues and perfections of Mrs. Anastasia Robinson, and the rectitude of her conduct during his long acquaintance with her; he acknowledged his great obligations and sincere attachment to her, declaring that he was determined to do her that justice now which he ought to have done long ago: this was to present her to all his family as his wife. He spoke with such energy, and with so much feeling, that Anastasia, being altogether unprepared for such a scene, "fainted away in the midst of the company," overcome by emotion.

Lord Peterborough did not live to reach Lisbon, for he died on the voyage. After his death, Anastasia, returning to England, lived chiefly at Mount Bevis, being seldom prevailed on to leave her self-constituted hermitage save by the Duchess of Portland, her early friend, who was always glad to have her at Bulstrode, and, when unable to coax her to come, would visit her at her house. The countess found some papers belonging to the earl after his death, which she burnt, having too much regard for his memory to give them to the world. Their contents may be judged of from the fact that in them he declared he had committed "three capital crimes" before he was *twen-*

ty! By this act she offended many persons, "curious inquirers for anecdotes of so remarkable a character as that of the Earl of Peterborough," who would have been rejoiced to seize on such *morceaux* as would have been revealed in his confessions.

Anastasia survived her lord fifteen years, dying in 1750, respected and regretted, and leaving a character for integrity and goodness seldom enjoyed by even the highest celebrities.

CHAPTER III.

LAVINIA FENTON (DUCHESS OF BOLTON).

Among the fashionable coffee-houses frequented by the beaux, wits, and pretty fellows of Queen Anne's days, was one kept by an honest man of the name of Fenton. He had, about 1710 or 1711, married a sprightly dame who resided in the then not ungenteel neighborhood of Drury Lane, and who—as she failed not to impress on those with whom she was acquainted—was the widow of a certain gay naval officer, Lieutenant Beswick.

Mrs. Fenton had a little girl, Lavinia, born in 1708, on whom she bestowed the surname of Fenton when she married the coffee-house keeper. Lavinia was an unusually lively and pretty child, and displayed a taste for singing so early that she could warble before she could speak. As she grew into childhood, she was the pet and plaything of the frequenters of her step-father's establishment, who used to take a special pleasure in teaching her the fashionable airs just as they themselves had learned them. When she was about seven or eight years of age, her wit began to rival her vocal talent and her beauty, and many a laugh was elicited by her sallies. It was about this time that "a comedian belonging to the Old House," who was in the habit of going to Fenton's, took a fancy to her. Seating her on his knee, he would make her sing the catches and airs which she acquired from the "humming beaux," and he took particular pains to teach her various songs, more especially English ballads.

The little girl daily improved, till at last her mother thought it would be advisable to send her to a boarding-school to finish her education. She was therefore packed off to a school for young ladies, where she remained till she was about thirteen. When she returned home, her voice and taste had so much developed by this time that her mother and step-father engaged some of the best masters in the English ballad style

to instruct her. She displayed a decided talent for acting, and an invincible inclination for the stage; in consequence of which, she succeeded in obtaining an engagement at the Haymarket in 1726, when she was eighteen, making her début as Monimia, in the *Orphan*. Her performance was so excellent that she was immediately regarded as a very promising young actress. She was possessed of a fine, melodious voice, a figure which, if not precisely beautiful, was well-formed and elegant, and a lively manner.

Though as yet but obscure, her beauty attracted numerous young gentlemen and noblemen, and one young lord was so fascinated by her charms that he magnanimously offered to relinquish for her sake the pleasures of the town, and retire with her to the solitude of his villa at Richmond, in Yorkshire, on any terms which she might propose short of marriage. This insulting offer was promptly declined, and the circumstance becoming public, added to her reputation.

Shortly after, she appeared in the character of Cherry, in the *Beaux Stratagem*, which she looked so admirably, and played with such archness and *abandon*, that she attracted the notice of Rich, the stingy manager of the rival theatre, who lured her from the Haymarket by the liberal salary of fifteen shillings a week.

About this time, Swift one day gossiping with Gay, who was then smarting under the insult of being offered the place of gentleman usher to the youthful Princess Louisa, and looking about for something to do instead of hunting for court favors, his hopes of advancement by court patronage being gone, the dean remarked to him, "What an odd, pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make." The idea appeared to Gay worthy of reflection, but after consideration he thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This improvement on the original suggestion he mentioned to Swift, who "did not much like the project." Gay carried it out, however, and, as he worked, he showed it to Swift and Pope, who, while strongly counseling him not to persevere, occasionally gave him a word of advice. Having, like Goldsmith, a taste for music, and playing with tolerable skill on the flute, Gay was enabled to adapt some of the airs in his piece to music, and when it was finished, he showed it once more to Pope and Swift, under the title of THE BEGGAR'S OPERA. Both

critics united in deciding that "it would not succeed;" but, nothing discouraged, he offered it to Congreve, the lessee of Drury Lane, who, on reading it over, declined to risk bringing it out, pronouncing an opinion that "it would either take greatly or be d—d confoundedly."

Gay, whose confidence in the ultimate success of his piece was not to be damped, at once took *The Beggar's Opera* to Congreve's rival, Rich, who unhesitatingly accepted it, and put it in rehearsal without delay. The part of Polly Peachum, the heroine, was given to Lavinia Fenton, and Lucy Lockit was assigned to Mrs. Egleton, the wife of a young actor commonly called "Baron Egleton." Peachum was to be performed by Hyppesley, "a comedian of lively humor and droll pleasantry;" Lockit, by John Hall, who had been originally a dancing-master; and Mat of the Mint, by Mr. Spiller. The part of Macheath was given to the great Mr. Quin, who began to study it with scarcely disguised ill-humor and dissatisfaction; for, although he could sing well enough to get through a convivial song in company—at that time almost an indispensable qualification required from every actor—yet he was quite conscious that his vocal abilities were far from reaching the standard which he felt requisite. It happened that among the performers at the theatre was a young comedian, named Tom Walker, considered to be "rather rising" in the mediocre parts of his line, who had a fine voice, a showy figure, and a gay, swaggering manner, well suited to the dashing, rollicking character of Macheath. Quin, who had drudged through two rehearsals, bethought him that this was precisely the individual who could perform the *rôle* which he found so distasteful; and on the occasion of the second rehearsal, as Walker strolled about behind the scenes humming snatches of the music of the opera in a clear ringing voice, Quin turned to Gay and said, "There's a man who is much more qualified to do you justice than I am." Walker was called on to make the experiment; and Gay, "who instantly saw the difference," accepted him as the hero of his piece.

Dr. Pepusch, then in the zenith of his fame, had been very judiciously selected by Gay to superintend the arrangement and adaptation of the airs, and he composed an original overture upon the motivo of one of the tunes: "I'm like a skiff." His accompaniments were masterly; but, long before the ope-

ra was laid aside they were superseded by others more in accordance with modern taste.

Before the curtain rose there occurred a somewhat awkward *contretemps*, which augured ill for the success of the opera. It was at that time customary for a short piece of music to be played before the overture, but the leader thought it better to omit it, as being more in accordance with the Italian method. The audience did not appreciate this, and expressed discontent, which at length swelled to clamor. Jack Hall, the celebrated comedian (who was to play Lockit), being deputed to apologize for the omission, by informing the spectators that, at the Opera, it was a rule to have no music prior to the overture, Jack good-humoredly assented, and stepped up to the foot-lights. A dead silence ensued, and the valiant Jack was so confounded at the abrupt transition from uproar to so strange a stillness, that he stammered, looked bewildered, and finally blundered out, "Ladies and gentlemen, we — we — beg you'll not call out for first and second music, because—because, you know, there is *never any music at all* in an *opera!*" An explosion of laughter saluted this brilliant speech, and Jack, confused and ashamed, made an awkward bow and retreated abruptly, leaving it to a more self-possessed actor to explain his meaning. The audience thus appeased, the overture was played, and the curtain rose.

There were numbers of the author's friends in the house, and many men of fashion and note; among others, gaunt Sir Thomas Robinson, and the famous horse-racer, Sir Robert Fagge. The Duke and Duchess of Queensberry were also present. The duchess was sanguine; the duke did not know what to say: "This is a very odd thing, Gay," he remarked to the poet; "it is either a very good thing or a very bad thing."

The piece was full of hits and sarcasms directed against the men in power, who had, Gay thought, used him badly. One or two of the songs were written by other persons; the first, "The modes of the Court," being written, according to the Dowager Lady Townsend, by Lord Chesterfield; "Virgins are like the fair flower," by Sir Charles Williams; "When you censure the age," by Swift; and "Gamesters and lawyers are jugglers alike," was suspected to be written by Mr. Fortescue, then Master of the Rolls. The political "hits" were thoroughly appreciated and enjoyed. Lockit's song, "When you cen-

sure the age," was instantly felt to apply to Sir Robert Walpole, and was loudly encored. Sir Robert, with ready wit, parried the thrust, at the repetition of the song, by calling out, in a sonorous voice, "Encore!" which produced a general cheer.

Success, however, still wavered, and Gay's friends were watching the course of affairs very anxiously, when the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the box adjoining that occupied by Pope and Swift, was heard to say, "It will do—it must do—I see it in their eyes." This was encouraging, for the taste of his grace was undoubted, and he had a happy faculty of discovering which way the inclination of the public lay. At length Polly appeared. She was dressed, not as Polly Peachum has been attired in more modern times, but with an almost Quakerish simplicity. Her innocent looks and her charming air electrified the audience, and when she came to the two lines,

> "For on the rope that hangs my dear
> Depends poor Polly's life,"

she sang with such pathetic effect that plaudits broke simultaneously from all quarters of the house. This, every body admitted, saved the piece. The delight of the audience increased as the opera proceeded, and the curtain fell amid reiterated expressions of approval.

After this the *Beggar's Opera* attained a popularity unrivaled. Nothing else would be tolerated; and even on one benefit night, when a performer was suddenly taken ill and they were obliged to give out another play, the audience would not hear of any other piece being substituted but the *Beggar's Opera*, though it was then in the thirty-sixth night of its run; and the performers were obliged to comply. "It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland; ladies carried the principal songs on fans, and houses were furnished with it in screens; furthermore, it drove out of England (for that season) the Italian Opera, which had carried all before it for ten years." The performers grew rather tired of the piece, and on the seventy-second night of representation, Walker happening to be a little imperfect in his part, Rich called out to him, on his return from the stage, "Halloa, mister, I think your memory ought to be pretty good by this time!" "And so it is," retorted Walker, "but, zounds, sir, my memory is not to last forever."

It was even performed, as a fashionable folly, by children, at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields; and "that the childish exhibition might be supported in all its branches," says Malcolm, "the manager contrived to send a book of the songs across the stage by a flying Cupid to Duke Frederick, Prince of Wales." Swift exerted his powerful pen to make the opera as popular in Dublin as it was in London; and in a booth erected in George's Lane it was performed by children, when little Peggy Woffington made her first appearance on any stage. It was played at private theatricals in fashionable drawing-rooms. "If you are getting up the *Beggar's Opera*," Mrs. Delany writes to her sister, "pray let me play Mrs. Slammerkin," a character admirably suited to any one who might desire to shine by dress and fine-lady aping. As for the author, his profits were said to have been not less than £2000, while he received £4000 for copyright alone. In fact, it was a saying, remembered to this day, that the unparalleled success of the piece "made Gay rich, and Rich gay."

Lavinia Fenton, the heroine of the opera, found herself suddenly the object of a furore of admiration. Her portrait appeared in every print-shop window; poems, verses, and pieces of elaborate doggerel were addressed to her; improbable sketches of her career, private and theatrical, were published; collections were made of imaginary *bons mots* and witticisms which she had never uttered, but which were given to the world in her name; she became a reigning toast in town, and was more than ever persecuted by the flatteries of men of fashion, insomuch that every night, after the performance was over, she was guarded home by a number of her particular friends, lest she should be forcibly carried off by some of her admirers. Her salary was immediately raised by Rich to the fabulous sum of 30*s.* a week, out of which she spared, it was said, an allowance for the maintenance of her father, who, it is to be presumed, was now in indifferent circumstances.

Six months after the production of the opera—in the July following—she quitted the stage; for Charles, the third Duke of Bolton, among other men of high rank, addressed her with passionate admiration, his heart being captivated, as he afterward declared, by the plaintive and bewitching manner in which she sang "Oh ponder well." He was already married, but the young prima donna consented to go and reside with

him, having a presentiment that the coronet of a duchess would one day encircle her brow. Swift, in one of his letters, says, "The Duke of Bolton has run away with Polly Peachum, having settled £400 a year on her during pleasure, and, upon disagreement, £200 more."

Her successor in the part of Polly was a Miss Warren, who had similar fortune in attracting the admiration of a wealthy gentleman, by whom she was taken from the stage. The ultimate fate of Tom Walker is worthy of a passing word. His astonishing success was destructive to him, for his society became so much sought by dissipated young men of fashion that he fell into inveterate bad habits; he was scarcely ever sober, and was constantly under the necessity of eating sandwiches —or, as they were then called, anchovy toasts—behind the scenes, to allay the fumes of the wine or spirits he had imbibed. In consequence of his intemperate course, he at length died, in great distress, in 1774, at the age of forty-six, a victim to vicious courses. Lavinia Fenton did not cast any discredit on her elevated position—for such she regarded a shameful life with a duke. She was easy, graceful, and able to converse with fluency, and to do the honors of the duke's table. Dr. Joseph Warton, in a note subjoined to one of Swift's letters to Gay, gives a very favorable sketch of her demeanor. "She was," he says, "a very accomplished and most agreeable companion, had much wit, good strong sense, and a just taste in polite literature. I have had the pleasure of being at table with her, when her conversation was much admired by the first characters of the day, particularly by old Lord Bathurst and Lord Granville."

For twenty-three years she remained with the duke, several children being born to her during that period. A story is related, which tells how she once quarreled with his grace, and they were about to separate, much to the chagrin of the lovely and ambitious fair one, when a happy thought struck her. Hastening to her dressing-room, she arrayed herself in the costume of his favorite Polly Peachum, and, returning, presented herself before him in all the grace and simplicity of the character, extended her arms, and sang pathetically, "Oh what pain it is to part!" Melted to the heart by her beauty, her tender attitude, and his reminiscences of the impression she had once made on him, the duke opened his arms, and, pressing her to

his breast, became reconciled to the fascinating and ingenious songstress.

At the close of the twenty-three years Lavinia Fenton was married to the Duke of Bolton. She did not long enjoy her station, however, for she died nine years after, when she was buried at Greenwich with all appropriate honors.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY FRENCH SINGERS.—MARTHE LE ROCHOIS—LA MAUPIN.

The French Opera, like that of every other country, was derived from Italy. The first Italian company of performers appeared at Paris in 1577, and attracted such crowds that (it was said) the churches were deserted for the theatre. Another Italian company was brought to Paris by Cardinal Mazarin in 1645, during the minority of Louis XIV., but at that time opera was little encouraged. Pieces called ballets, composed chiefly of dancing, but with dramatic action and music, were the favorite amusement of the court; and it was not till the appearance of Quinault as poet, and of Lulli as musician, that the French opera stage came into existence. Their joint labors gained unbounded popularity; and the poetry of the one and the music of the other are found worthy of admiration even at the present day.

Lulli added to his musical genius great administrative talent in the management of the Opera. His discipline is described as tyrannical, but most efficient. He not only discovered performers of promising ability, but taught them almost every thing belonging to their art. Among these young aspirants to distinction was Marthe le Rochois, who owed every thing to this great master.

Marthe le Rochois was born in Caen about 1658, of a family little favored by the smiles of fortune. Left an orphan when only a year old, she had been adopted by an uncle, who, dying, left her with nothing to depend on besides the excellent education which he had given her, and the fine voice with which Nature had endowed her. The young provincial was not beautiful; she was not even pretty; but she was exceedingly clever. Her figure was mediocre, not to say vulgar; her face had nothing to redeem it from positive plainness save a pair of black eyes full of brilliance and expression, which seemed to reflect every passion and sentiment rising in her mind.

She entered the Academy in 1677, and her progress in singing and in declamation was astonishing.

Lulli was struck with the talent of the young student; he was interested by her gifts and intelligence. He could readily sympathize with and assist genius which rose from a humble rank, for he himself had made his position entirely by his own efforts. The Chevalier de Guise had brought him from Italy as a page for Mademoiselle de Montpensier, but his short, thick figure and ugly face disgusted the lady, and she sent him down to her kitchen as under scullion. The Comte de Nogent, one of the gentlemen of the court, noticed the clever lad, who was always scraping at an old fiddle when he was not scraping dishes, and Jean Baptiste's fortune was made.

The sagacity of Lulli was not at fault with regard to Mdlle. le Rochois. He made her the most tempting offers at a time when, according to Madame de Maintenon, it did not cost more than eleven thousand livres to have a handsome house, with a coach and ten servants. Marthe joyfully accepted his terms, and appeared in 1680 in the character of Arethuse, in *Proserpine*, a lyric tragedy in five acts. Her success was brilliant. On the stage, so far from being a vulgar-looking brunette, she seemed a queen, a goddess, and all eyes were fixed upon her. Her spirit, her acting, her voice were marvelous; every action and gesture revealed talent of the highest order; even her silence was expressive. *Proserpine* was splendidly mounted in the style of the period, according to which, "Pluto, to make the more tempting figure," says Mr. Spectator, "puts himself in a French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along with him as his *valet de chambre*."

In 1682 Lulli produced *Persée;* in 1683, *Phaeton;* in 1684, *Amadis;* and in 1685, *Roland*. His music was rapturously applauded. Poor Quinault, modest and retiring, was not thought of, and invariably withdrew into the background, while Lulli stepped forward and carried off all the praise; yet every body was jealous of Quinault. "Where shall you put me?" growled Boileau one night at the Opera. "Put me in some place where I shall not be able to hear the words." The *beaux esprits* tried to force Lulli to give up Quinault; and one night, after supper, a whole party, Despréaux at their head, rushed on Lulli, armed with Champagne-glasses, and cried, "Renounce Quinault, or you are a dead man!" This pleas-

antry only made Lulli laugh, so they began to speak seriously, raking together every possible circumstance that could disgust him with the poetry of Quinault. Perrault, the enemy of Boileau, and the inventor of French fairy-tales, was almost the only one who dared to support Quinault. "He boasted of the glory of being his friend," says an old French writer; "he took in hand his defense, and soon all the projects for a powerful cabal were disconcerted."

Mdlle. le Rochois, far from being intoxicated with her success, retained all her simplicity, frankness, and sweetness of disposition. Petty jealousy never troubled her open nature, and she freely gave her advice to all who asked it. Lulli's admiration and confidence in her genius increased every day: he consulted her on all his works, and her advice, it is said, contributed much to the triumphant success which always attended them.

Armide, Lulli's best opera, was produced in 1686. This was the last of Quinault's works; and it is said that Lulli insisted on his rewriting the last act five times, which so disgusted the poet that he withdrew from dramatic composition. Others ascribe his retirement to feelings of devotion.

Mdlle. le Rochois surpassed herself in this opera, and achieved triumphant success in the character, which afforded her ample scope for impassioned acting in striking situations. She appeared, in the first act, between two confidantes remarkable for the beauty of their forms and loveliness of their faces, Mdlle. Moreau and Mdlle. Desmâtins; but, for the moment, people saw only Mdlle. le Rochois, when, opening her arms and raising her head majestically, she uttered the verses,

> "Je ne triomphe pas du plus vaillant de tous,
> L'indomptable Renaud échappe à mon courroux;"

yet those very arms which she raised were so deformed that they had to invent sleeves *à la persanne* to hide them. In the last scene in the second act, when Armide advances, dagger in hand, ready to stab the sleeping Renaud, fury, love, compassion, and tenderness by turns were displayed in her gestures and depicted in her countenance. During this soliloquy, when she is prevented from striking Renaud by the influence of a passion of which she is as yet unconscious, her action was exquisitely beautiful.

At first *Armide* was not popular; this caused extreme mor-

tification to Lulli, who was such a passionate admirer of his own compositions that he declared he would have killed any one who said they were bad. He had the opera performed for his sole gratification, he alone constituting the audience. The king, being told of this odd whim, thought the opera must be good, since Lulli himself was so pleased; and he ordered it to be performed before him, and was charmed with it. Of course the court and the public immediately changed their opinion of the opera, and it was well received after this. The libretto was afterward reset by Rameau, and more recently by Glück, with whose music it is still occasionally performed in France and Germany.

Marthe le Rochois sang for ten years after the death of her master, who was succeeded in the management of the theatre for a short time by his son-in-law. Her salary was 1000 livres. At last her strength gave way beneath her constant efforts, and she felt obliged to ask permission of the king to retire. Her final appearance was in the first representation of *l'Europe galante*, October 24th, 1697. She obtained leave to quit the stage after twenty years of exertion, and Louis marked his sense of her merits by granting her a pension of 1000 livres, to which the Duc de Sully added 500 livres. She was succeeded by the demoiselles Moreau, Desmâtins, and De Maupin.

Mdlle. le Rochois resided during the summer at a little country house which she had purchased at the village of Sartrouville-sur-Seine, four miles from the capital, and spent the winter in Paris; and her house was the resort of all the eminent artistes of the time. After enduring great physical sufferings with much resignation, she died October 28th, 1728, at Paris, and was buried in the church of St. Eustache. The naïve old historian of the opera, Durey de Noinville, gives her a charming character for amiability; and the Abbé de Chaulieu, her lover, addressed to her thirteen madrigals.

Mdme. la Maupin flourished at a somewhat later period. The history of this singer is like a wild romance. She was the daughter of the Sieur d'Aubigny, secretary to the Comte d'Armagnac, and was born in Paris in 1673. While yet almost a child, she married a gentleman named Maupin, of St. Germain-en-Laye, who obtained a government situation in a distant province. M. de Maupin had the folly to leave his child-wife in the capital, where, freed from all control, she, a

wayward, untutored creature, threw herself into a succession of madcap enjoyments with all the impetuosity of her nature. She had a taste for masculine exercises and accomplishments, and having become acquainted with a man named Séranne, assistant in a fencing academy, took it into her head that she would learn fencing. She soon surpassed her master; and her audacious nature leading her to throw off all restraint, she agreed to elope with him to Marseilles. In order to be more at liberty in traveling, she assumed male attire and the name of M. d'Aubigny. The guilty pair suddenly discovered that they had no money to live on; but, as they both possessed fine voices, though totally ignorant of music, and were of showy exterior, they easily obtained employment at the opera-house of Marseilles. The voice of the supposed M. d'Aubigny was beautiful, sympathetic, and flexible, and she had a natural instinct for the truthful in nature and the effective in art; she always played male characters, and was very much admired as a clever singer and an elegant young man. A foolish girl of the city saw the supposed M. d'Aubigny on the stage, and, struck with his appearance, fell in love with him. Mdme. la Maupin, for a whim, encouraged this predilection; but the friends of the young lady, rightly disapproving of the acquaintance, placed her in a convent at Avignon. The actress followed her admirer, and, resuming the feminine robes which she had discarded, applied to be received as a novice, being determined to carry off the young lady whom she had pursued. An opportunity soon presented itself. One of the nuns died, and was buried within the precincts of the convent; La Maupin with her own hand disinterred the corpse, laid it on the bed of the young Marseillaise, set fire to the chamber, and in the confusion made her escape with the infatuated girl. Immediately on the discovery of this double crime, Mdme. la Maupin was arraigned in her theatrical name, and condemned to be burnt for contumacy in default of appearing. She ran away to Provence, and the silly Marseillaise girl was restored to her friends.

For some time La Maupin lived by singing in the cabarets of the towns through which she passed. She was painfully conscious of the miseries of her vagabond life, but her ambition prompted her to strive to excel, although her audience was invariably of necessity rude and ignorant. She tried to

sing her very best on every occasion, and to give expression and truth as far as she could to what she sung, and adopted every means of captivating—of moving her hearers: "I tried even to compose the words and airs of some chansonettes, which were liked well enough by my rough audiences," she says herself.

At length she arrived at Paris, and succeeded in gaining admittance to the school of Lulli. Two months after she made her début, under her husband's name, at the Opera, as Pallas, in Lulli's *Cadmus et Hermione*. She was still almost ignorant of music, but her voice was so good and of such compass, and her memory was so tenacious, while the airs of Lulli were so simple, smooth, and easily learned, that she managed very well. Her success was immense: she soon became a general favorite; her name was in every body's mouth; her portrait was in every shop window, and she was surrounded by admirers. She was excellent both in comic and serious parts, but it was in male characters that she shone more especially: for these her appearance and manners were well suited. Her fellow-actors regarded her with admiration, while they were kept in awe by her prowess; for, whenever she fancied she had been insulted, she made no scruple of avenging herself. Dumenil, one of the singers, having offended her, she waylaid him one night in the Place des Victoires, and called on him to give her satisfaction. Poor Dumenil, nigh fainting with terror, declined, when she gave him a drubbing, and carried off his snuff-box and watch as trophies. Next day Dumenil told the story after a fashion of his own, saying that three robbers had attacked him, and that he had defended himself valiantly, but, being overpowered by numbers, he was vanquished and plundered. Mdme. la Maupin, who was standing near, suddenly stepped forward, and, with ineffable disdain, exclaimed, "Fellow! you are a base liar and poltroon. It was I alone who assaulted you; and as a proof, I restore your miserable property," flinging him, as she spoke, his watch and snuff-box.

Among those who frequented the green-room was a certain Baron de Servan, a fop and braggart, whose vanity knew no bounds. He had a Herculean figure, a loud voice, an overbearing manner, and was fond of boasting of the numerous duels in which he had been engaged. One evening he was going over his list of the fair ones who had fallen victims to a

passion for him, when he chanced to speak lightly of a young ballet-girl, Mdlle. Pérignon, whose irreproachable conduct had constantly defied calumny. A universal murmur of disapprobation at such a piece of ungenerosity ran round the green-room; but the baron persisted in his fatuity. Mdme. la Maupin, who was lounging on a cushion in a distant corner of the room, listening in silence to this scene, allowed the baron to speak as long as he pleased; then she suddenly rose, advanced, and addressed him haughtily. Being dressed in her favorite doublet and hose, she looked a tall, imposing young cavalier. "Truly," she cried, "I admire the patience of these gentlemen. Your insolent and stupid falsehoods demand not only refutation, but prompt and exemplary chastisement. You are an infamous liar, and it is I who tell you so." "And, pray, might I ask who are you, sir?" demanded the baron, trembling with rage. "The Chevalier de Rainey — a better gentleman than you, and one ready to give you a useful lesson," replied La Maupin, with a look of contempt. The lesson was an effectual one. The baron had one arm broken by a pistol-shot, and amputation was pronounced indispensable. His agony of rage when he discovered that the hand of a woman had vanquished him is not to be described, and he retired from Paris to his estates.

Mdme. la Maupin sometimes carried her freaks to a height which would have subjected another to condign punishment. One evening, being (in her favorite masculine disguise) at a masked ball given at the Palais Royal by Monsieur the king's brother, she insulted a lady of rank so grossly that three of the lady's friends demanded satisfaction. She followed them to the gardens, and after a few passes killed her antagonist; then returning to the ballroom, she went up to Monsieur, and, unmasking, told her story and obtained his pardon.

Arrived at the height of fame and popularity, Mdme. la Maupin quitted France to fulfill a most advantageous engagement in Brussels, where she made a great sensation. The éclat of her adventures, the brilliancy of her beauty, and her surpassing talent, made the highest impression on the dilettanti and the strangers of distinction at that time collected in the capital of Belgium. The Elector of Bavaria threw himself at her feet; but, after a time, the Countess d'Arcos eclipsing her, the elector sent the actress a purse of 40,000 francs (about £1600), with an order to quit Brussels immediately. The husband of

the countess happened to be the envoy; and the supplanted favorite received him with supreme disdain, flung the purse at his head, uttered several withering sarcasms, and turned her steps to Spain. She, however, retained the pension settled on her by the elector.

The marvelous accounts which she had heard of Spain had greatly excited her imagination, and she fancied that in this delightful and happy region her success was certain; but she was soon cruelly undeceived, and became so reduced in circumstances that she was compelled to take a situation as femme-de-chambre to the Countess Marino, wife of the minister. This lady, if the historian does not belie her, was extremely cross-grained and capricious; the unlucky soubrette suffered long without murmuring, being, with all her faults, very good-natured and somewhat careless in temper; but at last her patience was exhausted, and she resigned her irksome post. She, however, determined to revenge herself, before going, for all she had endured. One day, having to dress the countess for a court ball, in arranging the coiffure of the dame, the wicked ex-cantatrice placed a number of little red radishes, encircled by their leaves and secured by large black pins, in the "back hair" of her mistress, bedecking the front and sides with marabout feathers, so as to produce a charming effect. The countess glanced complacently in the glass, and departed in high spirits for the ball, where the decided sensation she created put her in a flutter of delighted vanity, until some considerate friend told her the truth, when, red with shame, and suffocating with rage, she rushed from the room. She regained her hotel in a towering passion, but did not find her traitorous waiting-woman, who had prudently taken the road to Paris.

Mdme. la Maupin returned to Paris and reappeared at the Opera. She discovered, however, that she no longer excited the enthusiasm which she had been accustomed to raise. The public were cold and reserved. Her voice was still fresh, her acting excellent, and her beauty undiminished; but during her absence many things had combined to alter the public taste. New performers had appeared, and the audience had become more exacting, more critical. Mdme. la Maupin was a bold, showy actress, but wanting in those delicate shades and niceties of expression which the public now demanded. Finding herself no longer an idol, a fit of penitence for a life misspent

seized the poor siren, who regretted the dissipation of past years, and bewailed the errors of her youth.

One of her most ardent admirers was the Count d'Albert, an elegant and highly-accomplished nobleman, to whom, while he was in the camp of Maréchal Villars, La Maupin had addressed a poetical epistle, written with warmth of feeling and grace of expression. This effusion was subsequently attributed to Benserade, who had been dead for several years, and it is given in the *Anecdotes Dramatiques*, published 1775, La Maupin now wrote to Count d'Albert in her remorse, explaining her motives for quitting the stage, and requesting his advice. The gallant cavalier, while testifying his personal regret, warmly counseled her to carry out her idea, encouraging her in every possible manner. She therefore finally decided, and returned all the presents given her by the cavaliers of the court, retaining only the pension of the Elector of Bavaria. Her new-grown piety increasing, she resolved to retire from the world altogether, and wrote to her husband, desiring him to come home directly: that gentleman meekly obeyed. Madame la Maupin made her last courtesy to her whilom enthusiastic adorers in 1705, and spent the short remnant of her life in peace. This beautiful, misguided being died in 1707, at the early age of thirty-four.

CHAPTER V.

RIVAL QUEENS—FRANCESCA CUZZONI AND FAUSTINA BORDONI.

These famous sirens were the heroines of one of the greatest feuds recorded in the annals of the Italian stage. Little is known of the early career of either; but they had gained sufficient reputation to induce Handel, when at the height of his power as manager of the Opera, to bring, first the one, and then the other, to England.

Francesca Cuzzoni, who was a native of Parma, arrived in London about the year 1723, and appeared for the first time that year in Handel's *Otho* or (*Ottone*), the most popular of all his operas. Her success was triumphant, and the directors, who gave her two thousand guineas for the season, were enabled, on the very second evening of her performance, to charge four guineas each ticket.

Delighted with her powers, Handel took the utmost pains to compose airs adapted to display her exquisite voice to advantage; but, in return, she treated him with caprice and insolence, which at last became intolerable. One morning, at rehearsal, she was so refractory that she could not be persuaded to sing "Falsa imagina," in *Otho*, having raised some frivolous objections to certain passages in it. Handel, after reproaching her with certain former instances of stubbornness, seized her round the waist, and swore, if she persisted in her obstinacy, that he would fling her out of the window; a threat which, for the time being, brought her to her senses. He composed for her, among other airs calculated to show her voice to advantage, "Affanni del pensier," in *Otho;* an air so beautiful that Mainwaring, an eminent master, who was not on good terms with Handel, said that "the great bear was certainly inspired when he wrote that song."

Her popularity was unbounded; and, although she was so "ugly and ill made," she was a special favorite with the gentlemen of her audience, a fact commemorated by sundry pungent epigrams. Her turbulent and obstinate temper, her in-

gratitude and insolence, are placed on record by the author of the *Essai sur la Musique*, printed at Paris. He relates that she once begged of an English gentleman a suit of lace, but, not liking it when sent to her, she had the audacity to throw it on the fire.

Having driven Durastanti away, and finding that Anastasia Robinson had quitted the stage immediately after her arrival in England, Cuzzoni fancied that she could do just as she pleased. But she had worn out the patience of the great composer whom it was her special delight to torture; and wearied with her follies, Handel never rested till he had obtained the services of another singer who was then rising into fame. This was Faustina Bordoni, a Venetian lady of noble family, a pupil of Gasparini and Marcello. She was elegant in figure, and possessed the advantages of a handsome face and agreeable manners. She was now six-and-twenty, and had made her début in her native city at the age of sixteen, in 1716, in an opera called *Ariodante*.

The directors were in ecstasies; they felt sure that with two such exquisite voices, forming so brilliant a contrast, and yet so harmonious, the Opera was made. Nor was it the first time that these vocalists had appeared together, for they had both been engaged at Venice in 1719, just seven years before. Unfortunately, the directors did not take into consideration Cuzzoni's peculiar disposition. Faustina appeared first in *Alexander*, May 5th, in which she was ably supported by Senesino as the heroic Alexander.

From the night of her first appearance, Cuzzoni hated Faustina with a bitterness beyond expression. During the season previous, that of 1725, such was the *furore* for Cuzzoni, that the entire female fashionable world adopted the brown silk dress, embroidered with silver, which she wore in the opera of *Rodelinda:* "for a year the dress seemed a national uniform of youth and beauty," Burney says. And she was so secure of being able to dictate her own terms, that she disdainfully refused 240,000 livres offered by a director in Italy who desired to engage her for his theatre. But Cuzzoni foresaw, or chose to prophesy, that the beauty and amiability of her rival would eclipse her.

Faustina was in every way a contrast to her rival. She had the advantage in point of person, having a form of perfect sym-

metry, though *petite*, and a beautiful countenance, full of fire and intelligence; she was pleasant, amiable, and prudent, while Cuzzoni was disagreeable, ill-natured, and recklessly extravagant. As singers, the rivals were nearly on an equality; for Faustina's voice, while surpassing that of Cuzzoni in power of execution and a distinct manner of singing rapid passages, yet fell short of that command of expression which enabled Cuzzoni at will to bathe her audience in tears. Dr. Burney describes Cuzzoni's voice as being "equally clear, sweet, and flexible," and says that it was difficult for the hearer to determine whether she most excelled in slow or rapid airs. "A native warble enabled her to execute divisions with such facility as to conceal every appearance of difficulty; and so soft and touching was the natural tone of her voice, that she rendered pathetic whatever she sang, in which she had leisure to unfold its whole volume. The art of conducting, sustaining, increasing, and diminishing her tones by minute degrees, acquired for her among professors the title of complete mistress of her art. In a cantabile air, though the notes she added were few, she never lost a favorable opportunity of enriching the cantilena with all the refinements and embellishments of the time. Her shake was perfect; she had a creative fancy, and the power of occasionally accelerating and retarding the measure in the most artificial manner by what the Italians call *tempo rubato*. Her high notes were unrivaled in clearness and sweetness, and her intonations were so just and fixed that it seemed as if it were not in her power to sing out of tune."

Of Faustina's voice, Quantz, the celebrated instructor of Frederick II., gave Dr. Burney a striking description. He was in London in 1727, and heard her sing. "Faustina," he says, "had a mezzo-soprano voice, that was less clear than penetrating. Her compass now was only from B flat to G in alt; but after this time she extended its limits downward. She possessed what the Italians call *un cantar granito;* her execution was articulate and brilliant. She had a fluent tongue for pronouncing words rapidly and distinctly, and a flexible throat for divisions, with so beautiful a shake, that she put it in motion upon short notice, just when she would. The passages might be smooth, or by leaps, or consisting of iterations of the same note; their execution was equally easy to her as to any instrument whatever. She was, doubtless, the first

who introduced with success a swift repetition of the same note. She sang adagios with great passion and expression, but was not equally successful if such deep sorrow were to be impressed on the hearer as might require dragging, sliding, or notes of syncopation and *tempo rubato*. She had a very happy memory in arbitray changes and embellishments, and a clear and quick judgment in giving to words their full power and expression. In her action she was very happy; and as her performance possessed that flexibility of muscles and features which constitute face-play, she succeeded equally well in furious, amorous, and tender parts; in short, she was born for singing and acting."

In truth, the rivalry which Cuzzoni chose to organize was all the more absurd as their respective qualities were totally opposed, yet obviously calculated to act advantageously in unison. Tosi, their contemporary, declares, "Their merit is superior to all praise; for with equal strength, though in different styles, they help to keep up the tottering profession from immediately falling into ruins. The one is inimitable for a privileged gift of singing, and enchanting the world with an astonishing facility in executing difficulties with a brilliancy I know not whether derived from nature or art, which pleases to excess. The delightful, soothing cantabile of the other, joined to the sweetness of a fine voice, a perfect intonation, strictness of time, and the rarest productions of genius in her embellishments, are qualifications as peculiar and uncommon as they are difficult to be imitated. The pathos of the one and the rapidity of the other are distinctly characteristic. What a beautiful mixture it would be if the excellencies of these two angelic beings could be united in a single individual!"

Handel took sedulous care to compose for La Faustina, as he had hitherto done for his enemy Cuzzoni; he wrote for her the air "Alla sua gabbia d'oro," in *Alexander*, in the performance of which she "emulated the liquid articulation of the nightingale, and charmed the unprejudiced part of her hearers into ecstasy."

The public was soon divided into two parties, one maintaining that Cuzzoni was peerless, the other that Faustina was unapproachable. The Cuzzoni party was headed by the Countess of Pembroke; the Countess of Burlington and Lady Delawar led the Faustina squadron. The men generally favored

the Venetian beauty, in consequence of her lovely face and figure. To such an extravagant pitch was the spirit of rivalry carried, that Lady Walpole (Horace Walpole tells us), having the sirens at her house to sing at a concert, at which was present an assemblage of the first persons in the kingdom, had the greatest difficulty to settle their precedence: one would not yield to the other. Finding it impossible to induce either to sing while the other was present, she took Faustina to a remote part of the mansion, under the pretext of showing her some curious china; meanwhile the company obtained an aria from Cuzzoni, who rejoiced in the idea that Faustina had fled discomfited. A similar device was practiced in order to decoy Cuzzoni from the room while Faustina sang.

At first they behaved with tolerable civility toward each other, though this very soon wore off. Sir Robert Walpole having declared for Faustina, his lady, in order that Cuzzoni might not be borne down by his indifference to her talents, patronized her; and when Sir Robert was from home she used to invite both to dinner. She was at first perplexed how to arrange the precedence for them at her table, but they relieved her embarrassment by polite mutual concessions. Matters at last came to a climax. On the 20th of June 1727, there was a brilliant assemblage of rank, beauty, and fashion in the Opera House, and the Princess Caroline honored the theatre with her presence that evening. The two *prime donne* were to appear together, and the partisans of each eagerly awaited the rising of the curtain. On their appearance there was a storm of mingled hisses and clapping of hands, which speedily swelled into a hurricane of catcalls, shrieking, and stamping; the uproar was terrific, and not the slightest deference was paid to the presence of the princess. The following morning an account appeared in the *London Journal* which must have astonished the loungers in coffee-houses. Epigrams, lampoons, libels, and duels followed each other in rapid succession, and the town was in a ferment.

This riot led to the rival singers abandoning their intrenchment of feigned politeness, and one night they so far forgot themselves as to come to blows, the by-standers being unable to separate them until they had left sanguinary marks of their hostility on each other's faces. A farce called *Contretemps; or, the Rival Queens*, was performed at Heidegger's private

theatre, near the Haymarket, a few days afterward. Faustina, as the Queen of Bologna, and Cuzzoni, as Princess of Modena, exchange high words, seize each other by the hair, and then run off, Cuzzoni pursuing Faustina; while Handel, who has a small part consisting of three lines, advises that the antagonists be "left to fight it out, inasmuch as the only way to calm their fury is to let them satisfy it."

These conflicts proved so injurious to the interests of the Opera, that the directors resolved to end them by a stratagem. Cuzzoni had solemnly sworn never to accept one guinea less salary than Faustina; thus the directors offered Faustina, as the more attractive and more manageable prima donna, *one guinea* more for the season; and Cuzzoni found herself outwitted. The Count di Kinsky, Austrian embassador, advised her to go to Vienna, and she quitted England for that capital, breathing vengeance on Faustina. The following lines were written by Ambrose Phillips on her departure:

"Little siren of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire;
Bane of every manly art,
Sweet enfeebler of the heart;
Oh, too pleasing is thy strain,
Hence to southern climes again!
Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell;
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free."

Cuzzoni, while in London, married Pietro Giuseppe Sandoni, of Bologna, a harpischord maker, and a composer. He had settled in England some years before, and made a little reputation, being chiefly remarkable for his skill in improvisation The Countess of Pembroke was his patroness. At first Cuzzoni had brilliant success at the court of Vienna; but soon her ridiculous pretensions and exaggerated demands (for she wanted to insist on 24,000 florins as her salary) entirely disgusted her patrons. She then left for Italy, saying that she could make as much as she pleased in her own country. She afterward made a tour in Holland, where she lived so extravagantly that she was at last imprisoned for debt.

Seven years after her flight from England she was singing

(in 1734) at Lincoln's Inn Fields under peculiar circumstances. Senesino's squabbles with Handel had grown to such a height that the maestro refused any longer to compose for him, and it became impossible that they could remain in the same theatre. The public, however, sided with Senesino, and they subscribed for a new operatic establishment. On the 13th of June, 1733, the following advertisement appeared in the *Daily News:* "The subscribers to the opera in which Signor Senesino and Signora Cuzzoni are to perform, are desired to meet at Mr. Hickford's great room, in Panton Street, on Friday next, at eleven o'clock, in order to settle proper methods for carrying on the subscription. Such persons as can not be present are desired to send their proxies." Porpora and Arrigoni were engaged to direct the music, under the control of Lord Cooper.

Handel, on his side, entered into an agreement with Heidegger for conducting an opera in partnership for three years, and started for Italy to engage singers. At the opera abroad he heard both the great Farinelli and Carestini, but he made the mistake of engaging the latter. The opposition immediately engaged Farinelli, whose advent they announced with as much parade as if he had come as an envoy on an important mission, and he was engaged to perform fifty nights during the season of 1734–5 for a salary of 1500 guineas and a benefit. From the moment he reached London he created a furore. At the first private rehearsal after his arrival in the metropolis, in Cuzzoni's apartments, Lord Cooper, observing that the band did not accompany the singer, but were all gaping with wonder, desired them to be attentive, when they confessed that they had been so overpowered with admiration and astonishment as to be unable to follow him—an incident vouched for to Dr. Burney by one of the band.

Farinelli sang with Cuzzoni, Senesino, and the others, at the Duke's Theatre, and became ridiculously popular: from the highest nobles to the meanest citizens and their wives, all seemed to go mad about him. He was looked on as a prodigy, introduced to the king, accompanied on the harpsichord by the Princess of Orange, and invited to companies the most exclusive; those who tried to bungle over compliments to him in bad Italian, esteemed themselves happy if they received from him the condescension of a supercilious answer. At his first

benefit, in 1733, the pit was filled at four o'clock, and the stage was covered with beauty and fashion; scenery was therefore dispensed with, the gilt leather hangings used at ridottos being substituted. Many of the songs in the opera were new; and that which preceded the chorus, being composed by Farinelli, was vehemently encored, though the chorus was over, and the musicians had quitted the orchestra.

In October, 1734, Handel changed to Lincoln's Inn Fields, while the opposition came to the Haymarket, and inaugurated the season with the opera of *Artaxerxes*, cast in a most powerful manner, Arbaces being performed by Farinelli, Artabanes by Senesino, Mandane by Cuzzoni. Until Farinelli arrived in England, Senesino had never had an opportunity of hearing him, and on the first occasion on which they sang together, Senesino filled the part of a furious tyrant, and Farinelli that of an unfortunate hero in chains; but in the course of the very first song, the latter so softened the heart of the enraged despot, that Senesino, forgetting his assumed character, ran to Farinelli and embraced him. According to Dibdin, Farinelli, now about thirty years old, was "as tall as a giant and as thin as a shadow; therefore, if he had grace, it could be only of a sort to be envied by a penguin or a spider." At the end of this season, Senesino, probably irritated at being thrown into the shade by the splendor of Farinelli's celebrity, retired to Sienna, his native place; and, having acquired a sum of £15,000, built a house, which he afterward bequeathed, with his fortune, to his relations.

After lingering some time, the rival Operas, from various causes, were broken up, and the singers were dispersed. Cuzzoni went again on the Continent.* In the *London Daily Post* of September 7, 1741, there appeared a startling piece of intelligence: "We hear from Italy that the famous singer, Mrs. C–z–ni, is under sentence of death, to be beheaded for poisoning her husband." The sentence, if ever pronounced, was never put into execution. Seven years after this, in 1749, she appeared for the third and last time in England, when she took a benefit concert, on the 18th of May, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, at which Felice Giardini, who afterward became manager of the Opera, made his first appearance in this

* It is not quite certain whether it was during her first or second visit that she married Sandoni.

country. She issued a preliminary advertisement, avouching her "pressing debts" and her "desire to pay them" as the reason for her asking the benefit, which, she declared, should be the last she would ever trouble the public with. Old, poor, and almost deprived of her voice by her infirmities, her attempt to revive the interest of the public in her favor was a miserable failure; her star was set forever, and she was obliged to return to Holland more wretched than she came. She had scarcely reappeared there when she was again thrown into prison for debt; but, by entering into an agreement to sing at the theatre every night, under surveillance, she was enabled to obtain her release. Her recklessness and improvidence had brought her to a pitiable condition; and in her latter days, after a career of splendor, caprice, and extravagance, she was obliged to subsist, it is said, by button-making. She died in frightful indigence, the recipient of charity at a hospital at Bologna, in 1770.

A far different fate awaited Faustina. In 1726 she left England for Vienna, where she obtained an appointment of 15,000 florins. The next season she was singing in Venice, in the bloom of her beauty, the object of universal admiration. It happened that Adolfo Hasse was director of the orchestra at the same time, and in the flush of his celebrity; the Italian theatres intrigued for the honor of his services, and he was called *Il caro Sassone.* Faustina saw him for the first time. "Having once heard Hasse play upon the harpsichord, she immediately fell in love with him," says one biographer. He was appointed chapel-master in the *conservatorio degli incurabili;* but his increasing reputation attracted the attention of the King of Poland, and his majesty offered him the place of chapel-master at Dresden. Faustina was singing there, for the first time, in 1731, and they consequently met again; they were mutually pleased; they were nearly of the same age (Hasse being one year older than Faustina), and they were married in 1736. The king, desiring to retain both, offered them 12,000 dollars to stay at Dresden, and Hasse accepted the offer; but, being pressed to remain in Italy, he divided his time between the two countries. The couple remained seven years in the service of the court of Dresden. King Augustus, who squandered immense sums on pictures and musicians, gave Hasse unlimited power and ample resources, of which he

availed himself to place the Dresden opera on the most complete and splendid footing. At length, however, the weak, proud, and extravagant royal amateur was compelled to dismiss numbers from his service; among others, Hasse and his wife, who were obliged to be satisfied with a small pension. They came to England in 1740, where they were received most flatteringly.

In December, 1747, Faustina sang before Frederick the Great in the opera of *Arminio;* the monarch was so charmed with the freshness of her voice, although she was then forty-six, that he sent the composer a present of 1000 dollars and a diamond ring, as tokens of the pleasure he had received from the performance. Eight years after she was still able to sing, but her voice had lost its flexibility, and her intonation was uncertain. She finally quitted the stage in the winter of 1753.

In 1760, Hasse suffered much from the bombardment of Dresden by the Prussians, losing, among other property, all his manuscripts. This was a heavy loss, as he was about to publish a complete collection of his works, the expense of which the king had promised to defray. He resided with Faustina in Vienna till about 1775, when they retired to Venice, the birthplace of Faustina. Dr. Burney visited them in 1773, when they were living in a handsome house in the Landstrass, Berlin, and were rather a humdrum couple; Hasse suffering from the gout, and the lovely Faustina of former years changed into a jolly, chatty matron of seventy-two, with a couple of pretty daughters. As the doctor approached their residence with the Abate Taruffi, he perceived Faustina at the window, who, seeing them stop at the door, came to meet her visitors. "I was presented to her by my conductor," says the doctor. "She is a short, brown, sensible, and lively old woman, and said she was much pleased to see a *cavaliere Inglese*, as she had been honored with great marks of favor in England. Signor Hasse soon entered the room. He is tall and rather large in size, but it is easy to imagine that in his younger days he must have been a robust and fine figure: great gentleness and goodness appear in his countenance and manners."

Going to see them a second time, the doctor found all the family at home, and enjoyed a "cheerful and social visit." He was delighted with Faustina, who, he says, was "very conversable, and still possessed of much curiosity concerning what is

transacting in the world." She had a wonderful store of musical reminiscences; and he observes that "she has likewise good remains, for seventy-two, of that beauty for which she was so much celebrated in her youth, but none of her fine voice. I asked her to sing. 'Ah! non posso; ho perduto tutte le mie facoltà.' 'Alas! I am no longer able,' said she; 'I have lost all my faculties.'" "I was extremely captivated," adds the doctor, "with the conversation of Signor Hasse. He was easy, communicative, and rational, equally free from pedantry, pride, and prejudice. He spoke ill of no one, but, on the contrary, did justice to the talents of several composers that were occasionally named, even to those of Porpora, who, though his first master, was ever after his greatest rival." He played on the piano for Burney on this occasion, in spite of the gout, which had attacked his fingers; and then his daughters, two agreeable young ladies, sang for the doctor to his great gratification. One was a "sweet soprano," the other a "rich and powerful contralto, fit for any church or theatre in Europe;" both girls "having good shakes," and "such an expression, taste, and steadiness as it is natural to expect in the daughters and scholars of Signor Hasse and Signora Faustina."

Faustina and her husband both died in 1783, she eighty-three, he eighty-four.

CHAPTER VI.

CATERINA MINGOTTI.

Caterina Mingotti,* born at Naples about 1726, was the daughter of Valentini, an officer in the Austrian service, and a native of Carinthia, a German province in the dominions of Austria. While she was yet an infant, her father went to Gratz, in Silesia, accompanied by his wife and three little girls. Soon after their arrival Valentini died, and left his youngest child to the care of her uncle, who placed the little girl in a convent of the Ursulines at Gratz, intending that ultimately she should take the veil. Here she quickly evidenced an ardent love of music: she would sit for hours entranced, listening to the delicious strains of the choir. At last she went to the abbess, and with tears in her eyes, in trembling, confused accents, timidly begged that she would give her lessons, so that she too might be able to join in the singing. The abbess promised to "take her request into consideration," and the next day sent one of the elder nuns to ask her who had suggested her idea of learning music. The child answered that no one had said any thing to her about it, but her own love for music had inspired the thought. The superior, finding that the child really had an excellent voice and a correct ear, decided on granting her request, and on giving her a musical education. She promised to give the little petitioner lessons of half an hour's duration every day, being unable to afford more time; and in these lessons she taught her the first elements of music, the solfeggio, and the first principles of accompaniment, the young girl taking the contralto and the abbess the soprano. She preserved all her life the little book in which was written the text of her first lessons, with explanations in the German language.

* Signora Mingotti is called Caterina by almost all her biographers, but Mancini, her contemporary, gives her the name of Regina, which is adopted by Schilling. As she is best known by the name of Caterina, however, it is, perhaps, judicious to retain it.

Caterina remained with the nuns till she was fourteen, when the death of her uncle totally changed her future. She returned to her mother and sisters, when she found herself in a very uncomfortable situation. The elder girls, discovering that she understood nothing of domestic duties, jeered her unceasingly about her beautiful voice, telling her that she might be very clever, but that it would require a very skillful person to find out her abilities, for she was entirely useless in the house, and that one quick pair of hands was worth all the fine voices in the world. Her desire of escaping the tyranny to which she was subjected induced her to accept the matrimonial offers of Signor Mingotti, a Venetian, impresario of the Opera at Dresden, a man advanced in years, and for whom she had not a spark of affection. She went with him to Dresden, where the famous Nicolo Porpora, then in the service of the King of Poland, heard her, and spoke so rapturously of her talents that offers were made to Mingotti to engage her for the elector. Mingotti had faithfully promised that she should never be obliged to sing in public; but he had never had the smallest intention of keeping his word, and was now overjoyed at the prospect of making a fortune through the abilities of his fair young wife. He represented to Caterina in glowing colors all the advantages which were to be derived from entering the service of the court of Dresden, and told her how honored and happy she ought to feel. Caterina, who at first thought it was a jest, refused to entertain the idea for an instant; but he angrily insisted, and she accepted the engagement in much the same spirit as she had accepted her marriage. She was then placed with Porpora for the purpose of finishing her musical education.

Faustina was at that time the reigning cantatrice at Dresden, although she was no longer young; her husband, Hasse, hated Porpora, and he was furious at learning that Porpora received a hundred crowns a month for training a singer who was to rival Faustina, while he himself received only three or four hundred crowns a year. He thereupon indited a string of epigrams against Porpora, of which the only one that remains spitefully points out Mingotti as the last refuge of Porpora, the last branch to which he was clinging: *un clou pour s'accrocher!* But no petty jealousy interfered with Mingotti's plans.

Caterina appeared in Metastasio's *Attilio Regolo*, and was greeted with unbounded applause. She was pleasant-looking and plump, with a very expressive countenance, if a portrait by Mengs is to be trusted. Her style of singing was excellent, nay, grand, and "such," observes Burney, "as discovered her to be a perfect mistress of her art." She played with verve and boldness, and evinced fire and intelligence, disdaining ancient tradition, with inspiration and genius which took the spectators by storm. Most of her critics, however, even those who were her warmest admirers, were of opinion that her manner "would have been even more irresistible if she had had a little more female grace and softness." For this reason she was more admired in men's characters. The mild Faustina was supposed to be enraged at Caterina's success, and people thought she quitted Dresden in an ungovernable fit of jealousy.

Having attained eminence and the approval of Dresden, Caterina speedily obtained engagements elsewhere, and was able to dictate her own terms. She was invited to Naples, where she made her first appearance as Aristea in the *Olimpiade*, composed by Galuppi, in which part she gained extravagant applause, not only by her fine singing, but the new reading which, as an actress, she gave the character. Before going to Italy she applied herself so assiduously to the study of the Italian language that, when she arrived at Naples, she surprised the audience as much by the purity of her pronunciation as by her melodious voice and expressive, natural style of acting.

On her way from Dresden she passed through Vienna, when she called on Metastasio, entering his room unannounced and abruptly, in order to secure an interview and a letter to the Princess di Belmonte. It was early in the morning when she surprised the poet, and, being attired in a "military habit," and attended by "all the graces of youth, vivacity, and talents," the heroine of his *Attilio*, she made a conquest of him at once.

She was offered engagements from numerous theatres, but, being in the service of the court at Dresden, her delicacy dictated a refusal, and she returned to the scene of her first triumphs, to the disgust of her husband, who knew she was rejecting the most brilliant offers. Dresden was not ungrateful

for her constancy, and her salary was considerably raised (from three or four hundred crowns) when she resumed her duties. She repeated her character in the *Olimpiade* with splendid success. Hasse, who was just then engaged in the composition of his *Demofoonte*, and who, having been absent on a visit to England, was again in Dresden in his capacity of chapel-master, had not forgiven her for eclipsing his wife, the Faustina. He therefore insidiously offered to compose for the young vocalist the adagio "Se tutti i mali miei," which he did with a pizzicato violin accompaniment so arranged that any faults she might commit in singing it should be distinctly heard. Though pleased with the air on trying it over, Caterina Mingotti quickly perceived the snare that was laid for her, and, resolved to baffle her enemy, she sang the piece on the first night of performance in so exquisite and conscientious a manner that even Faustina, who listened with strained ears, was forced to admit she was faultless. Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, then embassador from England at the court of Dresden, who was the friend of Hasse and of Faustina, went every where saying that La Mingotti could not sing soft and pathetic airs; but when he heard her sing Hasse's adagio, deeply regretting what he had done, he entreated her pardon for the injustice of which he had been guilty, and remained her constant friend and zealous defender ever after.

In 1752 she went to Madrid in company with the modest Signor Gizziello (Giovachino Conti), having been invited by Farinelli, who was director of the Opera there. Scarcely had she settled in the Spanish capital before she found the control of the all-powerful vocalist and manager extremely irksome. He was so rigid, so intolerant, that he would not permit her even to practice in a room overlooking the street, and would not grant her leave to sing any where but in the Opera or at court. The Spanish nobility, eager to hear the charming cantatrice, overwhelmed her with pressing invitations to sing at private concerts and balls, but she was compelled to decline all such offers. Once Farinelli was forced to yield. A lady, in a very delicate state of health, felt a particular desire to hear Signora Mingotti, but was unable to gratify it by a visit to the theatre, fearing the excitement of the scene. Her husband urgently pressed on Farinelli the request that Mingotti should visit the invalid, but received a decided refusal; the señora per-

sisted, and her lord, wishing to indulge her, went at length to the king, and laid a complaint before him. His majesty immediately issued a royal mandate that Mingotti was to receive the lady at her house, and to sing for her; to which behest Farinelli, much against his inclination, was obliged to bow.

The Opera in England at this time was under the direction of Vaneschi, and the haughty and capricious Felice Giardini, who had arrived in London in the spring of 1749, was director of the orchestra. He had made his first appearance at a benefit for Cuzzoni, at the little theatre in the Haymarket, when he played a solo composed by Martini of Milan, and had created a great sensation. He had introduced a new discipline, and a new style of playing, which greatly conduced to the advancement of music; in fact, his coming forms a memorable epoch in the instrumental music of this kingdom. The Opera was at this period far from being in a flourishing condition; there were no eminent singers in England, and the public took very little interest in the proceedings at the Opera House. Such was the disdain evinced toward the singers, that, when a nobleman or gentleman wished to engage any of them for a concert, he sent his steward or butler to haggle with them about the price, "as they would for meat at a butcher's shambles." Vaneschi, hoping to revive the failing enterprise, brought together a new company, and in the autumn of 1754 sent to invite Signora Mingotti to England. She gladly quitted Spain and the irksome Farinelli, bearing with her a valuable diamond necklace, the gift of the queen, as a testimony to her talent, and came at once to London, passing through Paris.

On the 9th of November, 1754, the theatre opened with *Ipermestra*, an opera composed by Hasse and Lampugnani, in which there was a charmingly plaintive air by the former composer, "Tu sai ch'io sono amante," which Mingotti sang exquisitely; but the English public did not appreciate her power till she sang the celebrated "Se tutti i mali miei," which she introduced in *Demofoonte.* Ricciarelli, the leading male singer, had a neat and pleasing style, with a clear, flexible, and silver-toned voice; Ciprandi, the second singer, possessed taste and feeling; and Signora Columba Mattei, the second donna, was, according to Dr. Burney, "a charming singer and a spirited and intelligent actress, who soon afterward became a great favorite as first woman." The remaining remarkable singers were Curioni and Mandini.

The English public were delighted with the brilliant Italian vocalist, and the popularity of the lyric theatre revived magically. The opera of *Ipermestra* ran eleven nights before Christmas, and was several times performed afterward. Mingotti continued to sing with uninterrupted popularity till she suddenly fell ill, and her place had to be supplied in *Riccimero* by another singer, Frasi, about whom the public cared nothing. The public, suspecting that her illness was merely a "convenient cold," chose to be considerably out of humor, till she resumed her duties by appearing in Metastasio's (or, rather, Hasse's) admirable piece of *Demofoonte*, in which she gained much applause. She was very angry at the harshness which made no allowance for occasional indisposition or loss of voice, and years afterward complained to Dr. Burney of having been frequently hissed by the English because she had the toothache, a cold, or a fever, to which, she said, the good people of England would readily allow every human being to be liable except an actor or a singer. She continued to sing with few intervals till the November of the year following, 1755, when an ill-timed indisposition on the production of Jomelli's *Andromaca* again obliged her to relinquish her part to Frasi, whereby the success of the opera was seriously diminished. Her extraordinary popularity did not permit her to escape from envious criticism, and a dramatic satire was brought out called *Lethe*, in which Mrs. Clive sang a song from an Italian opera, written for the purpose of giving a ridiculous imitation of Signora Mingotti.

As a singer, it is not surprising that she should not have been on good terms with Vaneschi; and she had hardly commenced singing for him before she began squabbling with him; at length their disputes rose to a height which rivaled the celebrated fights between Handel and Bononcini, or Faustina and Cuzzoni, which had excited the fashionable and musical world thirty years before. The *beau monde* at once marshaled itself into two parties, one coming forward as the champion of the foreign vocalist, the other taking up arms for the manager. The anecdotes which have been recorded of the contention present a curious picture of the manners of the time. Ladies of the highest fashion took up the matter as if it had been a personal affair, and permitted it to occupy their principal time and attention. Among others, Mrs. Fox Lane, afterward Lady

Bingley, one of the most courtly leaders of *ton*, entered into the quarrel with great zest, as a vehement partisan of Mingotti. One day the Hon. General Crewe called upon her, when she eagerly begged him to give his opinion as to the merits of the dispute between Mingotti and Vaneschi; the general, having listened with exemplary patience to a long tirade on the points at issue, innocently inquired, "And pray, madam, WHO is Signora Mingotti?" "Get out of my house!" shrieked the fashionable dame, in a towering passion. "You shall never hear her sing another note here as long as you live!"

Mrs. Fox Lane was in the habit of giving the newly introduced "private concerts" at her house, at which Mingotti, with Giardini, used to perform, in company with several of the most distinguished dilettanti, and as it was impossible to hear the amateurs elsewhere, of course there was no humiliation or sacrifice to which fashionable people would not submit for the sake of obtaining an invitation, of which fact the lady was so conscious that she never let an opportunity escape of demanding contributions for her *protégées*. At these concerts the pupils of the prima donna and the talented violinist would perform; Mrs. Fox Lane, Lady Milbanke, and Lady Edgecumbe, taking the harpsichord, while Lady Rockingham, the dowager Lady Carlisle, and Miss Pelham, sang. Whenever a benefit was in contemplation for either of her favorite performers, their patroness would levy "black mail" on every body she knew, in the coolest manner imaginable. "Come," she would say to her friends and acquaintances, "give me five guineas!" without condescending even to inform them whether they should be favored with tickets in return. She was Giardini's friend to the last, for on her death-bed she bequeathed him £400 per annum.

The quarrels between Mingotti and Vaneschi were only terminated by the latter being reduced to bankruptcy, and finding himself first a prisoner in the Fleet, and then a fugitive. On his failure, Mingotti and Giardini were seized with the fatal ambition which has lured so many to ruin, and undertook the management of the Opera in partnership. At first they appeared to prosper, but a very short time betrayed a different state of things; and in 1757 they discovered themselves to be in a fair way to share poor Vaneschi's fate: by the end of the season their adventurous folly had involved them in such

difficulties that they gladly resigned the sovereignty of the Opera. Giardini supported himself by once more giving instruction in music, while Mingotti hastily quitted the scene of her triumph and humiliation, and, after singing for five years in the principal cities in Italy, settled in 1765 at Munich. Her unfortunate speculation in London had absorbed the fortune which she had acquired by years of diligence, and left her with an income barely sufficient to support her respectably with economy. Dr. Burney, who visited her in 1772, during his tour, found her occupying a very agreeable position, however. "She seemed to live very comfortably, was well received at court, and esteemed by all who were able to judge of her understanding and enjoy her conversation." He describes her conversation as highly interesting and instructive. "It gave me great pleasure," he continues, "to hear her speak concerning practical music, which she does with as much intelligence as any *maestro di cappella* with whom I ever conversed. Her knowledge of singing and powers of expression, in different styles, are truly amazing, and must delight all such as can receive satisfaction from song, unconnected with the blandishments of youth and beauty. She speaks three languages—German, French, and Italian—so well that it is difficult to say which of them is her own. English she likewise speaks, and Spanish, well enough to converse in them, and understands Latin, but in the three languages first mentioned she is truly eloquent."

She retired in 1787 to Neuborg, on the Danube, taking up her residence with her son, Samuel von Buckingham, inspector of woods and forests. As was usual with vocalists at that period, she trained and brought forward several pupils, one of whom, a German girl, was engaged in 1791 as "first woman" at the Haymarket. Lord Mount Edgecumbe, in his *Reminiscences*, mentions having heard Signora Mingotti when she came to England with this pupil, and says that the signora had then a strong, though tremulous voice, and gave him some of her most admired old songs. He heard her at Munich also, when he called to see her, his family having been among the number of her friends and patrons when she was formerly in England.

Signora Mingotti finally resided at Neuborg, on the Danube, with her son, where she died in 1807, at the advanced age of eighty-one.

CHAPTER VII.

CATERINA GABRIELLI.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the celebrated Cardinal Gabrielli had in his service a favorite cook who had two daughters—Caterina, born at Rome the 12th of November, 1730, and Francesca. Caterina was lively, audacious, and possessed an unusual share of beauty, a fine voice, and an accurate ear. Her father was fully aware of his child's vocal talents, but unable to afford the means of cultivating them, and was obliged to content himself with taking her frequently to the Teatro Argentina, thus giving her an opportunity of hearing the great singers. Caterina profited so far by these chance lessons that she learned with ease the most difficult pieces, and repeated them with fluency. Her musical gifts came to light when she was fourteen years of age.

The cardinal was one day walking in his gardens, when a flood of untutored notes burst on his ear, resolving itself into a very brilliant arietta by Galuppi. His eminence had often heard those wood-notes wild, but had never given them more than a passing thought; on this occasion, however, he listened for some time with pleased attention, and at length, turning to some of his attendants, he asked who was the young virtuoso who enchanted his gardens. The reply was that the songstress was the daughter of his cook. "S'è così," said he, smiling; "il mio cuoco deverra presto un asino d'oro." He sent for Caterina, and made her go through her whole stock of arias, a task which she willingly performed. Delighted with her talent, he immediately took upon himself the charge of the girl's education, and placed her under the care of Garcia (Lo Spagnoletto), and afterward of Porpora. Her princely protector watched her progress with a keen eye, and frequently gave concerts, in order to exhibit to his friends the youthful marvel. Her training was completed in the conservatorio of L'Ospedaletto, in Venice, while it was under the direction of Sacchini, who succeeded Galuppi.

Having gone through a rigid course of instruction, Caterina made her appearance at the age of seventeen, in 1747, at the Theatre of Lucca, as prima donna in Galuppi's *Sofonisba;* and La Cuochetina, as she was called, from her father's profession, produced a frenzy of enthusiasm. She was beautiful, intelligent, witty, and full of liveliness and grace, her only personal defect being a slight squint perceptible in the right eye, which, however, had the effect of imparting a roguish, piquant expression to her countenance; and she was an excellent actress. Though of low stature, as sketched by Burney, "there was such grace and dignity in her gestures and deportment as caught every unprejudiced eye; indeed, she filled the stage, and occupied the attention of the spectators so much, that they could look at nothing else while she was in view." No indication of her mean origin betrayed itself in her face or figure, for she carried herself with all the haughty grandeur of a Roman matron. Her voice, though not powerful, was of exquisite quality and wonderful extent, its compass being nearly two octaves and a half, and perfectly equable throughout. Her facility in vocalization was extraordinary; and her execution is described by Dr. Burney as rapid, but never so excessive as to cease to be agreeable; but in slow movements her pathetic tones, as is often the case with performers renowned for "dexterity," were not sufficiently touching.

No sooner had she appeared than her fame was established, both for talent and for beauty; the young cavaliers of Lucca spared no efforts to gain the favor of the haughty, capricious songstress, who laughed at all alike, and kept them in a state of mingled vexation and admiration by her whims and espièglerics. She infinitely preferred her theatrical comrades to even the greatest lords; and toward Guadagni, with whom she sang most frequently, she testified marked favor, and he was naturally flattered by her undisguised preference. Guadagni had a delightful voice and irreproachable taste, and his attitudes were so full of grace and dignity that they would have been "excellent studies for a sculptor." He was not at all jealous of Gabrielli's talents, but gave her very serviceable counsel.

Her reputation extending, she was invited to sing by all the leading managers in Italy. She resided at Naples after a brilliant tour, living there in great splendor, and in 1750 she ap-

peared at the San Carlo, in the *Didone* of Jomelli. The exquisite taste with which she sang the air "Son regina e sono amante," established forever her renown. Metastasio heard her, and, delighted with her genius, devoted himself to finish her musical education, especially in the delivery of recitative. It was surmised that the courtly, impressionable poet was not proof against the manifold charms and witcheries of his lovely pupil; but the coquettish vocalist was deaf to his passion, her worldly heart being now entirely bent on making a conquest of those who could afford to gratify her desire of accumulating wealth. Moreover, Metastasio, although still adored by the ladies and petted by kings and princes, was now fifty-three, and eternally complained of his nerves and his ailments. Gabrielli made no scruple of deceiving the grand seigneurs who, infatuated by her wiles, laid the most superb offerings at her feet. She received their gifts, laughed at them, and coolly dismissed them when she could gain nothing more; yet many of them, for the mere pleasure of exchanging a word with her, would linger for hours in her antechamber.

Francis I., probably at the instigation of Metastasio, had invited her to Vienna, and appointed her first cantatrice of his court; and during her residence there a *contretemps* occurred which had very nearly proved fatal. The French embassador paid assiduous court to her, and was the recipient of her sunniest smiles, while she secretly favored the Portuguese embassador, whose generosity furnished a great part of the money which surrounded her with such profuse luxury. At length the Frenchman, suspecting himself to be betrayed, resolved to watch her conduct, and found means to conceal himself in her house. He had not waited long ere he beheld his rival issue from her apartment, when, transported with jealous rage, he sprang out frantically, and made a thrust at her with his rapier. Fortunately, the fashionable whalebone bodice which she wore intercepted the thrust, and she received only a slight wound. At the sight of her blood the Frenchman relented, and, recalled to his senses, he fell on his knees and poured forth a torrent of self-reproaches, and entreaties for pardon for the outrage of which he had been guilty. She deigned to forgive him on condition that he should give her the sword with which he had inflicted the wound, her intention being to preserve it as a trophy, and to have engraved on it this inscription: "Epée

de M——, qui osa frapper la Gabrielli." The embassador, justly fearing the ridicule which would be cast on him if this idea was carried into effect, flew to Metastasio, and besought him to intercede in his behalf, and Gabrielli was prevailed on to relinquish the weapon. Fortunately for the repose of mankind, as Brydone, in his *Tour*, remarks, the faults of this dangerous siren were so very apparent; for, had she been more perfect, "she must have made dreadful havoc in the world; though, with all her deficiencies," he says, "she was supposed to have achieved more conquests than any one woman breathing." Her caprice was so stubborn, that neither interest, nor threats, nor punishment had the least power over it: she herself declared that she could not command it, but that it for the most part commanded her. The best expedient to induce her to sing when she was in a bad humor was to prevail upon her favorite lover to place himself in the principal seat of the pit, or the front of a box, and, if they were on good terms—which was seldom the case, however—she would address her tender airs to him, and exert herself to the utmost. When Brydone was in Sicily, her lover promised to give him an example of his power over her. "He took his seat accordingly; but Gabrielli, probably suspecting the connivance, would take no notice of him; so even this expedient does not always succeed."

Gabrielli quitted Vienna in 1765, laden with riches, and went to Sicily, where she excited the same enthusiasm, and exercised her caprice, regardless of consequences. Her insolence knew no bounds, yet no one dared to check her. She demanded and obtained whatever terms she chose, and sang when, where, and how she pleased; sometimes declining to sing altogether, or sending her sister Francesca, whom she retained as second singer, to perform her parts. No matter with whom she came in contact, she compelled them to give way to her whims. On one occasion, the Viceroy of Sicily invited her to dine with him and with some of the highest nobility of Palermo, and at the appointed time, finding she did not make her appearance, the viceroy dispatched a servant to remind her of her promise. She was found lounging on her sofa with a book in her hand; and on the man respectfully presenting his message, she affected to have entirely forgotten the invitation—an insult which the viceroy was at first inclined to pardon; but when, during the opera, she acted with the most intolerable negligence, and

sang all the airs *sotto voce*, he was so indignant that he threatened to visit her with some token of his displeasure. This did not make the slightest impression on the stubborn cantatrice. She declared that she might be forced to *cry*, but not to *sing*. The viceroy, exasperated by her impudent obstinacy, at length committed her to prison for twelve days. She gave costly entertainments, paid all the debts of her fellow-prisoners, and distributed large sums among the indigent, besides singing all her best songs in her finest style every day, until the term of her detention expired, when she came forth amid the shouts and rejoicings of the grateful poor whom she had benefited while in jail.

Two years later, in 1767, she went to Naples, where she received 2000 sequins for singing during the Carnival. From thence she went to Parma, where the Infanté Don Ferdinand saw and fell desperately in love with her. As he was able to gratify her extravagance, she was unusually complacent to him, despite his homely person; but she was so annoyed by his fits of blind, ungovernable jealousy that they were rarely at peace. Scarcely an hour passed in which they would not quarrel and bandy recriminations; he accusing her, justly, of being too gracious to his rivals, and she furiously retorting. Enraged at her conduct, he kept her once, for many days, shut up in his house, in a chamber of which he retained the key. This led naturally to farther outbreaks of passion, in which Gabrielli did not pause to measure her expressions. At last, one day, the prince being jealous of an English nobleman, they had a terrible scene, and she angrily termed him a "gobbo maladetto"—"accursed hunchback!" Carried beyond himself by this, and by various other impertinences of which she was guilty, the Infanté slammed the door on her, locked it, placed the key in his pocket, and walked off. He then seized upon some pretext for throwing her into prison; but, on entering the jail, Gabrielli was astonished to find an apartment furnished with the utmost magnificence, and a number of servants waiting to obey her slightest wish. It was a gallery belonging to the Infanté, and had been arranged by him for her reception. He soon came to visit her, and spared no pains to make his peace; but Gabrielli, who was piqued, and possessed a spirit not easily cowed, as soon as he left her, coolly opened the window and made her exit through it, scaled the walls of the garden, and

made her escape. She then went to Russia, where Catharine II. received her with every token of favor, and readily engaged her. But when the terms of her salary came to be discussed, the fair Italian demanded five thousand ducats. "Five thousand ducats!" repeated the empress, in amazement. "Why, I do not give more than that to one of my field marshals!" "Very well," replied the Gabrielli, with her customary nonchalance; "your majesty may get your field marshals to sing for you." This audacious reply made the empress laugh, and, instead of dispatching the impertinent cantatrice to exercise her voice in the clear atmosphere of Siberia, she immediately granted the required sum.

The beautiful Italian found her new position so agreeable that she remained for three years, during which time no peculiarity of individual character, national manner, or court etiquette escaped her quick observation. At the termination of her engagement she quitted Russia, laden with diamonds, a pocket-book stuffed with bank-notes, and a revenue of 20,000 francs. She was then invited to England. She ought at this time to have left the stage, for she was now beginning to be somewhat advanced in years, and her rare beauty already betrayed the influence of time; but vanity retained her on the scene of her former triumphs. At first she did not deign to accept the invitation to England: "I should not be mistress of my own will," she said, "and whenever I might have a fancy not to sing, the people would insult, perhaps misuse me: it is better to remain unmolested, were it even in a prison." At this period, a German singer named Schindlerin, a "weak and moderate performer," was the leading cantatrice in London, dividing the favor of the town with Miss Cecilia Davies, a fair young English singer of growing celebrity.

At last the Gabrielli agreed to sing in London, bargaining that her favorite, Signor Manzoletto, should be engaged as first male singer. Signor Rauzzini, the successor of Millico, was in the height of his popularity when this stipulation was made. Rauzzini was young and handsome, had an agreeable countenance, and was an animated actor, with a sweet though not powerful voice, and a taste at once elegant and scientific. On her way to England in 1775, Gabrielli sang at Venice, at the Theatre S. Benedetto, with the celebrated Pacchierotti. She had the reputation of eclipsing all who sang with her. This

Pacchierotti knew; and, although he was as great a favorite as his far-famed countryman, Farinelli, had been, he "gave himself up for lost" when he heard her. She executed an *aria di bravura* in a style so astonishing that, when it was half over, the unlucky signor "burst out crying," and ran behind the scenes, lamenting that he had dared to appear on the same stage with so wonderful a vocalist, where his talents must not only be lost, but where he must ever be accused of presumption, which he hoped was foreign to his character. "Povero me!" he cried, in despair. "Povero me! questo è un portento!" "Unfortunate that I am! Here is a prodigy." She was then forty-seven years of age. It was with some difficulty that he could be prevailed on to appear again; but, finding himself much applauded, he regained his courage, and in singing a tender air, addressed to Gabrielli in the character of her lover, deeply touched the imperious prima donna, while the audience were melted to tears.

From whatever cause it might be, the fair Gabrielli, whose fame as a beauty, a coquette, and a singer had preceded her, did not take the London world by storm, nor were the young bloods and bucks ready to fight for her smiles after the fashion of their compeers in the Continental cities which rang with her conquests. She was lazy and insolent, and would not take the smallest trouble to please the fastidious London audience; sometimes choosing to be indisposed on nights when she ought to have especially roused her best energies, and throwing up her parts to her sister Francesca, whom she carried about with her to act as seconda donna, and occasionally as her double. The operas in which she appeared during her stay in London were *Didone*, by Sacchini; *Cajo Mario*, by Piccini; and *La Vestale*, by Vento. The only criticism of her performance extant is by Lord Mount Edgecumbe, who saw her in the opera of *Didone;* but he avows honestly that he could say nothing more of her acting than that she took the greatest possible care of her enormous hoop as she sidled into the flames of Carthage.

Brydone endeavors to excuse her apparent caprice and supineness on grounds which are to a certain degree tenable. He alleged that she really was not always able to sing, and that it was not an invariable rule that *caprice* alone prevented her gratifying her audience. "And this, indeed," says Bry-

done, "I can readily believe; for that wonderful flexibility of voice that runs with such rapidity and neatness through the most minute divisions, and produces almost instantaneously so great a variety of modulation, must surely depend on the very nicest tones of the fibres; and if these are in the smallest degree relaxed, or their elasticity diminished, how is it possible that their contractions and expansions can so readily obey the will as to produce these effects? The opening of the glottis which forms the voice is so extremely small, and in every variety of tone its diameter must suffer a sensible change; for the same diameter must ever produce the same tone. So *wonderfully* minute are its contractions and dilatations, that Dr. Kiel, I think, computed that in some voices its opening, not more than the tenth of an inch, is divided into upward of 1200 parts, the different sound of every one of which is perceptible to the exact ear. Now what a nice tension of fibres must this require! I should imagine even the most minute change in the air causes a sensible difference, and that in our foggy climate fibres would be in danger of losing this wonderful sensibility, or, at least, that they would very often be put out of tune. It is not the same case with an ordinary voice, where the variety of divisions run through and the volubility with which they are executed bear no proportion to that of a Gabrielli."

Hurt by the slight appreciation of her talents in England, by that want of consideration which made an unfeeling public grumble whenever she chose to sing badly or not sing at all, and by the imperturbability of audiences who met coolness and impudence with disdain and indignation, Gabrielli quitted this country after a very brief stay. She was replaced by a singer named Anna Pozzi, a fine, handsome girl, with a brilliantly clear voice, but who was so unformed, both as a singer and an actress, that she totally failed. Miss Cecilia Davies then ascended the vacant lyric throne.

Gabrielli withdrew in 1777 to Rome, where she renewed a favorable impression notwithstanding her age, for she was now bordering on fifty. In 1779 she was at Naples; and in 1780 she went to Milan, where she sang with Marchesi. In the same year she retired with her sister Francesca to Rome, where she led a very regular life, giving concerts frequently, though she sang rarely. The Roman noblesse of both sexes

held her in high esteem, and visited her constantly. At this time, by her reckless prodigality, she had considerably reduced her income, having now but 20,000 francs a year, a sum far from adequate to her expenditure. She had lived and traveled with a splendor more suited to a royal princess than an artiste who had to exist by her own exertions, always having many domestics in her suite and a courier who preceded her; and at home, as at the theatre, she maintained the state of a queen. One day a Florentine nobleman came to pay her a visit, and by some accident one of his fine lace ruffles caught in a pin which fastened some portion of the Gabrielli's dress, and was torn. Gabrielli, to make amends for an accident of which she was partially the cause, sent him, the next day, six bottles of Spanish wine, and in place of corks she had them stopped with pieces of the most costly Flanders lace. However, despite her extravagance, Gabrielli had a good heart. She gave largely in charity, and never forgot her parents; she also defrayed the expenses of her brother's education, though unhappily he profited little by the trouble taken with him. He attempted at one time to come out at the Teatro Argentina as a tenor, but his effort was remarkable only for its non-success. He had scarcely got through five bars of his first song when the audience began to hiss and hoot him; and very deservedly, for his singing was as execrable as his sister Gabrielli's was faultless. Cries arose of "Get away, you raven!" The signor stepped forward with the family sang-froid, and, addressing the audience, said, "You fancy you are mortifying me by hooting me; you are grossly deceived; on the contrary, I applaud your judgment, for I solemnly declare to you that I never appear on any stage without receiving the same treatment, and sometimes much worse!" An explosion of laughter followed this oration, but it did not procure a second appearance for the poor fellow.

Having by degrees lost both voice and beauty, Gabrielli retired finally in 1780 to Bologna, where she died in April, 1796, at the age of sixty-six.

CHAPTER VIII.

SOPHIE ARNOULD.

In the Rue de Béthisy, Paris, stands one of those tall, old-fashioned houses, so familiar to the readers of Balzac and Dumas. It was originally the Hôtel Ponthieu, and belonged to Admiral Coligny; but in the middle of the last century it fell into the hands of a man named Arnould, who converted it into an *hôtel garni*, under the designation of the Hôtel de Chatillon.

In the very room where the unfortunate admiral was murdered, there was born, on the 14th of February, 1744, a child who, some few years later, became the boast of the operatic stage in France. The child was christened Anne Madeleine. M. and Madame Arnould had three boys and one other girl, but Anne was so pretty, and had such a lovely voice and pungent wit, that they resolved to train her with especial care, and she had masters for music and dancing. Anne was fully conscious of the value of her own gifts. "We shall be as rich as princes," the pert puss would say, exultingly. "A good fairy has given me a talisman to transform every thing into gold and diamonds at the sound of my voice."

Accident brought her talent to light. It was then the fashion for ladies, after confessing their sins in Passion Week, to retire for some days to a religious house, there to expiate by fasting the faults and misdemeanors committed during the gayeties of the Carnival. It chanced that when Anne was about twelve years old, the Princess de Modena retired to the convent of Val-de-Grace, and in attending vespers heard one voice which, for power and purity, she thought had never been surpassed. Fine voices were at a premium then in France, and the princess at once decided that she had discovered a treasure. She inquired who was the owner of this exquisite organ, and was informed that it was little Anne Arnould. The princess sent for the child, who came readily, and was not in the least abashed by the presence of the great lady, but sang like

a nightingale, and chattered like a magpie. The princess, delighted with her beauty, and her quick, audacious wit, clasped a valuable necklace round her white throat. "Come, my lovely child," she said, as she dismissed her, "you sing like an angel, and you have more wit than an angel. Your fortune is made."

On returning to court, the Princess de Modena could speak of nothing but the little warbler. She ran into the most rapturous praises of her voice, her wit, her beauty. She told M. de Fondpertuis, the intendant of the royal chapel, of the prize she had discovered. He immediately went to see Madame Arnould, and then went to hear the child sing at the convent. The result of these two visits was that Anne was sent for to sing at the king's chapel. Her mother, being pious and domestic in her tastes, was startled at the idea of trusting her young daughter within the limits of the dissipated circle which formed the court, and objected to the proposition; but her just prejudices were very soon overruled. The beautiful Pompadour heard Anne sing at the chapel. "Ah!" said she, sentimentally, "with such a talent she might become a princess." This remark decided the future fate of Anne, being equivalent to an order for the début of the pretty vocalist.

Louis Francœur, director of music at the Opera, was anxious that the young nightingale should appear at his theatre. "Every heart in France would beat at her divine voice," he said. Anne, child as she was, knew the dangers of the path which she was invited to enter. "To go to the Opera," said she, shrugging her pretty shoulders, "is to go to the devil; but what matter? It is my destiny." Poor Madame Arnould shuddered, then scolded. "It is not for the Opera, but for the convent that you are destined," she would say, angrily. And then she shut her up in her room. The king settled the matter by signing the paper which carried the child—she was only thirteen—to the Opera. Madame Arnould dared not oppose the royal authority.

Anne was placed with the famous *tragedienne*, Mdlle. Clairon, to learn acting, while the prima donna Mdlle. Fel was engaged to teach her singing; the consequence of this arrangement was, that she became a superb actress and but an indifferent singer. Anne now discarded her own name for the softer one of Sophie, though she always continued to celebrate

her fête-day on that of St. Anne. She first appeared at the Opera December 15th, 1757. She acted well, and sang very nicely; her beauty carried the audience by storm, and though in reality she had scarcely any voice at all, people imagined that such singing had never been heard before. She looked most captivating, dressed in a lilac robe embroidered with silver, which seems to have been the chief thing the critics thought of, as they omitted to say in what piece she appeared.

A fortnight after her début her name was in every body's mouth. Her genius, her beauty, her power, her magnificent eyes, her incomparable grace, her bewitching vivacity, were rapturously descanted on. She had, in truth, much expression, energy, dramatic intelligence, and great majesty of demeanor, while her faults were those of the detestable school in which she was trained. The Opera was besieged whenever her name was announced. "I doubt," said Freron, speaking of the crowds which waited patiently for the chance of hearing the lovely débutante, "I doubt if they would take so much trouble to get into Paradise." All the gentlemen of the time contested for the honor of throwing bouquets at her feet; and she passed on to the stage with as much nonchalance as if she had been for twenty years Queen of the Opera.

Poor Madame Arnould was obliged to content herself with accompanying her daughter behind the scenes, and frowning on the young roués who fluttered round the new star; for, once received at the Opera, a girl could no longer be claimed by father or mother. Sophie walked on roses. "Yes," said Madame Arnould, bitterly, to her child's admirers, "but do not strew thorns in her path." It became a matter for jesting and betting as to who should be the first to fix the attention of the brilliant young actress. Among her most frantic adorers was a young nobleman named Lauraguais, a handsome, dashing young fellow, full of wit and daring, and a great favorite with the ladies; he had already almost run through a superb fortune, and could write plays of no great merit. He was a member of the Académie des Sciences, and enjoyed lounging in fashionable saloons and behind the scenes at the Opera. Lauraguais had the temerity to attempt to carry off the young beauty, but, the enterprise failing, he had recourse to another expedient. One evening, supping with some friends, the conversation turned naturally on the star which had just risen, and

much cruel laughter was indulged in at the expense of the fond mother. The count laughed, and, filling his glass, offered to bet that before fifteen days were out Madame Arnould would no longer attend her daughter to the Opera. The wager was laid amid much merriment and jingling of glasses. The next day a distinguished-looking young man, with graceful manners and an air of modesty, presented himself at the Hôtel de Chatillon, where he engaged a room, and, being fluent in conversation and apparently a stranger in Paris, soon became acquainted with his landlady. He said his name was Dorval, and that he had just come up from the country to try if the managers would accept a tragedy which he had written. He had an insidious tongue, and Madame Arnould was not entirely free from the feminine tendency to like compliments, and he began to make love to Sophie before her mother's eyes.

Sophie's imagination had taken a romantic turn from reading the history of Madame de Montbazon and the Chevalier de Rancé, which she had studied till she knew it by heart; indeed, many of her best *bons mots* were taken from that edifying work. She was accustomed to the open adulations of the young fops who crowded round her at the Opera, yet she listened with a singular pleasure to the tender flatteries of the young provincial poet. The little drama of intrigue had a sad finale, for one fine frosty evening the young singer and the poet from the provinces disappeared. The count won his wager. Madame Arnould no longer accompanied her daughter to the Opera.

Sophie, finding herself at liberty, began to give the rein to her extravagant fancy. Her house, the Hôtel Rambouillet, was like a fairy palace. She shone at the Opera by her grace, her talent, her beauty, and in the "green-room" of the Opera she was surrounded by the grand seigneurs, ministers, diplomats, soldiers, poets, artists, rich financiers—all the men of wit and wealth who thronged thither. She could readily maintain a running fire of sarcasms with the pungent Helvetius, exchange canons of taste with the elegant and musical Duc de Nivernais, and bandy jests with Panard, most facetious of vaudevillistes. At home her wit drew round her the first men of the day: she held a little court, of which she was the reigning sovereign, and her salon, which was a museum of elegant and

curious things, was always crowded by men of the highest distinction.

There might be seen D'Alembert, the learned and scholarly, rough and independent in manner, who deserted the drawing-rooms of the great for saloons where he could move at his ease. There, also, Diderot would often delight his circle of admirers by the fluency and richness of his conversation, his friends extolling his disinterestedness and honesty, his enemies whispering about his cunning and selfishness. The novelist Duclos, with his keen power of penetrating human character, would move leisurely through the throng, picking up material for his romances; and Mably would talk politics and drop ill-natured remarks. The learned metaphysician Helvetius, too, was often there, seeking for compliments, his appetite for applause being voracious: so insatiable, indeed, that he even danced one night at the Opera. It was said that he was led to study mathematics by seeing a circle of beautiful ladies surrounding the ugly geometrician Maupertuis in the gardens of the Tuileries. Dorat, who wasted his time in writing bad tragedies, and his property in publishing them; the gay, good-hearted Marmontel; Bernard — called by Voltaire *le gentil*— who wrote the libretto of *Castor et Pollux*, esteemed for years a masterpiece of lyric poetry; Rameau, the popular composer, in whose pieces Sophie always appeared, and Francœur, the leader of the orchestra, were also among her guests. J. J. Rousseau was the great lion, courted and petted by all. When Benjamin Franklin arrived in Paris, where he was received with unbounded hospitality by the most distinguished of French society, he confessed that nowhere did he find such pleasure, such wit, such brilliancy, as in the salon of Mdlle. Arnould. M. André de Murville was one of the more noteworthy men of wit who attended her soirées, and he became so madly in love with her that he offered her his hand; but she cared very little about him. One day he told her that if he were not in the Académie within thirty years he would blow out his brains. She looked steadily at him, and then smiling sarcastically, said, "I thought you had done that long ago."

Poets sang her praises; painters eagerly desired to transfer her exquisite lineaments to canvas. All this flattery intoxicated her. She wished to be classed with Ninon, Lais, and

Aspasia, and did not disguise the delight she felt at being immortalized in the verses of Dorat, Bernard, Rhulières, Marmontel, and Favart. She was very good-natured, yet sometimes almost spiteful if an occasion for a jest presented itself. Seeing Bernard one day buried in reflection, "What are you thinking of?" she playfully asked. "I was talking to myself," replied he. "Take care," she said, with a warning look, "you gossip with a flatterer." Another day she met a doctor of her acquaintance with a gun under his arm, on his way to see a patient. "Ah! doctor," she said, "you are afraid of your ordinary resources failing." Her repartees were in every mouth from Paris to Versailles; though it is true that many of the piquant jests of the Demoiselles Carton, Clairon, and others were often attributed to her, and collections of her smart sayings were published.

The Comte de Lauraguais remained always passionately attached to her, but he wearied his beloved Sophie by his furious outbursts of jealousy. She took no pains to avoid giving him occasion for his fits of passion, yet that did not make her feel them acutely, and he, in turn, annoyed her by his gallantries. He fell in love with Mdlle. Robbe, one of the members of the operatic corps, and Sophie resolved to give him a quiet hint that she knew and disapproved of his passion for this pretty fair one. One day she contrived that he should discover her *tête-à-tête* with a Knight of Malta, when he broke into a storm of reproaches. "You are unjust," retorted Sophie. "This gentleman is only fulfilling his vow as Knight of Malta in making war upon an infidel (*infidèle*)." Still, she loved him tenderly, and for four years remained faithful to him; till at last, tired of his constantly recurring fits of jealousy, she only waited an opportunity of getting rid of him.

The count was about to visit Geneva to consult Voltaire on a tragedy, entitled *Electre*, which he had written. Sophie ordered her carriage to the door, and had it filled with the *écrins*, laces, and other superb gifts which the count had lavished on her, and she had her two children packed in with the rest of the property. The carriage, with its contents, was driven to the Hôtel de Lauraguais. The countess, who received the message, her husband being from home, accepted the charge of the children, but sent back the carriage, jewelry, and laces.

Being rather frightened at the idea of the scenes which

must ensue when the count should return, Sophie entreated the protection of the Comte de Florentin. Lauraguais was thrown into a state of the deepest misery by her unkind treatment; but, being at last somewhat calmed, he asked her to grant him a farewell interview, in order that they might come to some amicable arrangement. She received him very civilly, and he behaved discreetly, as he had promised, and proposed to bestow on her for life a pension of 2000 crowns. Sophie declined to receive any thing from him; and the countess interposed, Griselda-fashion, begging her not to refuse what *she* desired; adding that Sophie need be under no uneasiness regarding the children, as she would take as much care of them as if they were her own. Sophie could not refuse an offer so generously urged, and sent M. Bertin (of the Académie des Belles-Lettres) to arrange with M. de Lauraguais.

She appeared in all Rameau's operas, and acquitted herself to the ever-increasing delight of her audience.

Her most popular character for a long time was Iphise, in *Dardanus*, "created" by Mdlle. Pelissier in 1739. She performed to the satisfaction even of Rameau, who thought a good deal of himself. He was vain of his facility in adapting words to music, and boasted that he would set a Dutch gazette if it was required of him.

Sophie Arnould always gave her wit full play, sparing no one, utterly careless of the feelings of others, and never losing a jest even for the sake of decorum. One evening in 1766, she was present at a representation of La Mierre's tragedy of *Guillaume Tell*, and observing that the actors outnumbered the audience, she turned to some one who accompanied her and said, "They say usually 'no penny, no paternoster;' but here they give a great deal of paternoster, and there are no pence at all." Some one showing her a snuff-box on which were painted the portraits of Sully and the Duc de Choiseul, she smiled wickedly, and said, "Debit and credit." Seeing an actress who was very thin, she remarked, "Il n'est pas nécessaire d'aller à Saint Cloud pour voir jouer les eaux (les os)." Hearing one day that a capuchin had been devoured by wolves, "Poor beasts," said Sophie, compassionately, "hunger must be a dreadful thing." A lady, who was equally remarkable for her beauty and her silliness, complaining to her of the annoyances to which she was subjected by the persistency of her

lovers, Sophie told her she knew a way by which she could easily rid herself of their importunities. The lady besought her to mention it. "You have only to open your mouth and speak," was the reply. The ballet "Des Diables" for some time went all wrong in *Castor et Pollux*, the performers dancing *tout de travers*. Sophie said that they were so troubled by the arrival of M. le Duc de la Vauguyon that their heads were completely turned. A coxcomb, wishing to annoy her, said one day, "Oh, nowadays wit runs in the streets." "Perhaps some of the fools will try to run after it," she answered.

In November, 1769, Sophie's want of respect for Madame du Barry, at Fontainebleau, drew on her the serious displeasure of the king, who ordered that she should be imprisoned for six months at l'Hôpital. Fortunately, this order was given merely to end the squabble, and to frighten her; but her comrades took advantage of it to torment her, and whenever she appeared among them they would laugh significantly, and utter the word "l'Hôpital." At last she was so enraged that she flung up her engagement in a huff, and retired with a pension of 2000 francs and a splendid fortune. Two or three occurrences at this time made her quit the theatre in disgust. Some people, the moment she was under a cloud, pretended to discover that she had no voice, and that she had literally nothing but her beauty and good acting to recommend her. The Abbé Galiani being present one day at one of the court performances, and every one round him exclaiming in ecstasies on the voice of Mdlle. Arnould, they eagerly asked his opinion. He shrugged his shoulders and said, "It is the finest asthma I ever heard."

But she could not long stay away from the stage; so she returned with almost as much precipitation as she had left.

When Glück was brought to Paris by the then dauphiness, the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, who had been his pupil and patroness when she was an Austrian archduchess, Sophie Arnould had the great honor of appearing in the characters of the heroines of his operas, *Iphigénie en Aulide*, *Orphée*, and *Alceste;* and she acquitted herself not only to the satisfaction of the public, but of the great composer himself. This at first seems strange, when her very moderate vocal powers are considered; but Glück's music is easy of execution, while it is preeminently dramatic, and Sophie Arnould's talents as an actress

made up in these, as in all her other performances, for her deficiencies as a singer. But when Glück's *Armide* was produced in 1778, the principal character was given to Sophie's rival, Mdlle. Levasseur. Sophie, incensed beyond expression, at once quitted the theatre. She was not regretted, for her sarcasms and spiteful epigrams had raised enemies among her former comrades; nor was she missed by the public, who had latterly hissed her frequently when she appeared on the stage.

For a time she lived in a lodging which overlooked the gardens of the Palais Royal. She was full of freaks as ever, and still maintained her old hospitality. Some of her jokes were really silly enough. One evening in 1780 she gave a grand supper, to which, among others, she invited M. Barthe, author of *Les Fausses Infidélités*, and many similar pieces. He was inflated with vanity, though he was totally ignorant of every thing away from the theatre, and was, in fact, one of those individuals who actually seem to court mystification and practical jokes. Mdlle. Arnould instructed her servant Jeannot, and had him announced pompously under the title of the Chevalier de Médicis, giving M. Barthe to understand that the young man was an illegitimate son of the house of De Médicis. The pretended nobleman appeared to be treated with respect and distinction by the company, and he spoke to the poet with much affability, professing much admiration for his works. M. Barthe was enchanted. He was in a flutter of gratified vanity, and, to show his delight at the condescension of the chevalier, he proposed to write an epic poem in honor of his house. This farce lasted during the evening. The assembled company were in convulsions of suppressed laughter, which broke out when, at the moment of M. Barthe's most ecstatic admiration and respect for his new patron, Sophie Arnould lifted her glass, and, looking at the chevalier, said, in a clear voice, "Your health, Jeannot!" The sensations of poor M. Barthe may readily be imagined. The incident became the story of the day in all circles, and the unlucky poet could not go any where for fear of being tormented about "Jeannot."

The shadow of remorse for her past dissipated life never crossed the mind of Sophie Arnould; on the contrary, she often amused by recalling the scenes of her varied career. One day Voltaire said to her, "Ah! mademoiselle, I am eighty-

four years old, and I have committed eighty-four follies (*sottises*)." "A mere trifle," responded Sophie. "I am not yet forty, and I have committed more than a thousand."

At length she withdrew completely from the world, its pleasures, its cares, and its passions. She lived very quietly, but did not escape, even in her solitude, the criticisms of the world, which paid her back her audacity with interest. In the evenings she would amuse herself by singing her favorite airs, and often the passers-by would pause to listen. One night she was singing the air of *Iphigénie*—"Adieu, conservez dans votre ame," when suddenly a stentorian voice, issuing from the crowd of idlers, thundered in a lugubrious tone this phrase of *Alceste*, "Caron t'appelle, entends sa voix!"

In 1789 she was forced to sell her pretty villa at Port, which was bought by a musician named Baneux to give *fêtes champêtres*. She purchased, in 1792, the presbytère of Clignancourt, Luzarches (Seine-et-Oise), which had belonged to a community of monks of the Order of St. Francis. This abode she decorated prettily, and jestingly inscribed over the door "Ite, missa est." She had some idea of living altogether in retirement and devotion, and burying herself in the country, to enjoy the tranquil delights of a rustic life; but she met with a priest who terrified her, and she changed her mind. "He lost the chance of making a good conversion," she would say when in a melancholy mood. She remained perfectly undisturbed for a long time amid the storms of the Revolution. Once, however, she was alarmed by a visit from the *sans culottes*. A deputation waiting on her to know whether she was a good citizen, she received them politely, and assured them that she admired the Republic above all things. They were somewhat dissatisfied, however, fancying that she was not sincere, and were about to take her to prison to have her opinions more rigidly examined into, when one of them perceived on a console a bust in marble. It was Sophie in the character of Iphigenia. The man, deceived, perhaps, by a similarity of feature or expression, or by the scarf—for there could scarcely have been any nearer resemblance between the piquant Sophie and the coarse, brutal-looking Republican, imagined that it was the bust of Marat, and drew the attention of his comrades to the supposed effigy of their adored hero. "She is a good citoyenne after all," exclaimed he, as he saluted the marble;

and they bowed themselves out, convinced that Sophie was a stanch supporter of the tricolor.

She had then 30,000 livres a year, and friends without number. Alas for the mutability of human things! In less than two years she had lost her fortune, and her friends, dispersed by exile, imprisonment, and the scaffold, had vanished like the morning mist. She hastened to Paris with the wreck of her property, and a lawyer who took charge of her affairs completed her ruin: she was now reduced to the lowest stage of poverty.

The Count de Lauraguais was still in good circumstances, but Sophie did not solicit aid from her old lover. After a few days a thought struck her. In her brilliant days Fouché had loved her. He was now a great man, a minister, and able to afford her help if he would. One morning in 1798 a message was brought to Fouché that a woman demanded an audience, to confide to him something of importance. She was admitted, and he recognized Sophie Arnould. He listened to her recital with emotion, and deciding that the woman who had for twenty years labored to entertain the public was entitled to some recompense, he signed an order for a pension of 2400 livres, and ordered that apartments should be given her in the Hôtel d'Angevilliers. And now Sophie Arnould, who the day before had not a friend in the world, saw crowding round her all the poets, artists, fashionable loungers, and philosophers of the time. The charms of her conversation and her vivacity made them forget the ravages of time; she was once more the Sophie Arnould of the old golden days.

In 1803 she passed away, obscure, unnoticed. With her also passed away, their departure likewise scarcely recorded, two of the most eminent actresses of the French stage—Sophie's instructor, Clairon, and Sophie's rival, Mdlle. de Beaumesnil.

CHAPTER IX.

ANTOINETTE CÉCILE CLAVEL ST. HUBERTY.

ANTOINETTE CÉCILE CLAVEL, born at Toulouse about 1756, was the daughter of a brave old soldier, who was a musician, and répétiteur to a French operatic troupe in the service of the Elector Palatine.

At Manheim, in 1770, M. Clavel, with the troupe to which he belonged, was engaged for the theatre of Warsaw. He took his daughter with him, and the French composer, Lemoyne, who was chef d'orchestre to the company, gave lessons to the young girl during the four years they staid in that city, ultimately bringing her out in an opera of his composition entitled *Le Bouquet de Colette.*

From Warsaw the young candidate for operatic honors went to Berlin, where she married, it is said, a certain Chevalier de Croisy. After her marriage she was engaged at the theatre of Strasbourg, and sang there during three years under the name of Mdlle. Clavel. She was now beginning to be known, and at last obtained an opportunity of going to Paris, where she appeared, September 23, 1777, at the Académie Royal de Musique, in the little rôle of Mélisse, in Glück's *Armida.* She was at first hardly noticed, and was unable to obtain any but minor characters. Her salary was a mere pittance, and as it was all she had to support herself upon, she occupied a garret in the Rue du Mail; her furniture consisting of a small bed and a trunk, which also served for chair. She attended rehearsal every day dressed in a shabby, scanty black gown, and was obliged to bear without a murmur the sneers of her companions, who flaunted about in silks, laces, and jewelry: they nicknamed her Madame la Ressource, from the comedy of *Le Joueur*, by Regnard, and were pitiless in their ridicule.

In person she was small, thin, and fair; her features were not finely formed, and her mouth was of unusual size; but her countenance was expressive. She had no striking qualities

whatever, and a hard German accent vitiated her pronunciation, while extreme nervousness marred the effect of her acting.

Despite her faults, Glück, kind and discriminating, perceiving that she had fervor and talent which only needed careful culture, took a lively interest in the lonely girl, and not only defended her against the sarcasm of her comrades, but set himself to work to develop her gifts. Hearing her called *Madame la Ressource*, "Yes," he said, "the name is well bestowed, for this girl will some day be truly the resource of the Opera."

The efforts of poor Antoinette to correct her faults were unceasing, and justified the judgment of the great master; and at last she reaped the benefit of her labor. The approaching retirement of Sophie Arnould and of Mdlle. de Beaumesnil gave her an opportunity of being heard in an important part, and on May 12, 1778, she appeared as Angélique, in Piccini's *Roland*, with Moreau. It was her first success. The following July she appeared in *Iphigénie en Aulide*, with Mdlle. Duranci, Larrivée, and Legros; but in this she almost failed through excessive timidity.

In nowise discouraged, Antoinette still persevered, and in 1780 she gained a triumph in Grétry's new opera of *Le Seigneur Bienfaisant*. Her accents were so pathetic in a scena expressive of anguish and despair, that the theatre resounded with plaudits, and the spectators almost forgot that it was but a mimicry of human emotion. So energetically did she render this scena, that at last she seriously injured her health, and was obliged to repose for some weeks.

Her next triumph was Eglé, in *Thésée*, by Gossec, produced March 1, 1782, in which she was seconded by Larrivée, Legros, and Mdlle. Duplant. Her greatest achievement was in the *Ariane* of Edelmann. Never had the expression of tenderness and passion been so exquisitely delineated on the French stage. In October she appeared, with Legros and Larrivée, in *Iphigénie en Tauride*, which was successfully revived; and on November 26, she proved, by her performance of Rosette, in Grétry's *L'Embarras des Richesses*, that she had as much piquancy and delicacy in her talent as she had energy and sensibility.

Her conquest of the public was completed when she replaced Rosalie Levasseur as Armide in Sacchini's *Rinaldo* in 1783.

She excited transports of enthusiasm. Marmontel, the Abbé Arnaud, Ginguené, Morellet, united in saying that she caused all her predecessors to be forgotten. In expression of feeling she rose almost to the sublime, and her countenance was irradiated with fire and passion. The poor little girl who, clad in her worn black gown, had plodded patiently backward and forward from her squalid garret, and who had labored so perseveringly and waited so unmurmuringly, was now Queen of the Opera; and the death of Mdlle. Laguerre, at the commencement of 1783, and, a short time after, the retirement of Mdlle. Levasseur, left her in undisputed possession of the sovereignty of the lyric stage.

Her voice, acting, pronunciation, and enunciation were now irreproachable. She pronounced in a manner which appeared exaggerated at a time when it was the fashion for singers to regard the words as unnecessary appendages to the music; but, as she herself said, she did so to make them comprehended in every corner of the house.

In 1783, a new grand opera for the spectacles at Fontainebleau was demanded of each of the rival composers, Piccini and Sacchini. Sacchini's opera of *Chimène*, in which Madame St. Huberty (as she always designated herself) performed, was represented first, and once only, before the court. Marmontel was writing the libretto of *Didon* for Piccini, and invited the composer to his country house, and when the work was finished, Madame St. Huberty, who was to perform the Queen of Carthage, came to dine at Marmontel's house. She was delighted with the part, and sang it throughout from the score; "and she expressed it so well," says the poet, "that I imagined myself at the theatre."

During the rehearsals the critics prophesied no brilliant fate for the opera; but Piccini said, "Gentlemen, do not judge *Didon* until she arrives." And he was right; for, at the appearance of Madame St. Huberty, his opera was received with delight and admiration at Fontainebleau. Louis XVI., who did not care much for opera, had it performed twice: he was reconciled to this style of opera by the acting of St. Huberty, to whom he gave a pension of 1500 livres, adding one of five hundred more from his privy purse. When it was produced at Paris, December 1st, 1783, *Didon* had an extraordinary success, and was acknowledged to be Piccini's masterpiece.

As Didon, Madame St. Huberty surpassed herself. "Never," says Grimm, "has there been united acting more captivating, a sensibility more perfect, singing more exquisite, happier by-play, and more noble *abandon*." She was crowned on the stage: an honor hitherto unknown, and since so much abused. The secret of her marvelous gift lay in her extreme sensibility. Others might sing an air better, but no one could give to either airs or recitatives accentuation more pure or more impassioned, action more dramatic, and by-play more eloquent. Some one complimenting her on the vivid truth with which she embodied her part, "I really experience it," she said. "In a death-scene I actually feel as if I were dead."

Piccini next produced *Le Faux Lord* at the Comédie Italienne. In this Madame St. Huberty, who was now in the first rank of vocalists in lyric tragedy, excited frantic enthusiasm whenever she appeared. On one occasion the audience rose with one impulse, and cried "Vive Didon! Vive la reine de Carthage!" "Ariane abandonnée" was another part in which Madame St. Huberty excelled; and as Colette, in the *Devin du Village*, she appeared a simple country girl.

It has been said that Talma was the first who discarded the old absurd costumes of the theatre, but it was in reality Madame St. Huberty who effected the revolution. She studied the Greek and Roman statues, and wore robes in keeping with the antique characters which she assumed, and thus speedily suppressed hoops and powder. In arranging her costume for Didon, she had a design expressly sent from Rome. Yet still a costume of white satin, with red bordering for the Romans, a buff coat, with cuirass and helmet for the Cavaliers, a Spanish habit, and a ridiculous Turkish suit, constituted the wardrobes for tragedies; while Cupid was attired in stockings and breeches of rose-colored taffeta, with jeweled garters and black shoes embroidered in spangles.

Madame St. Huberty also appeared in Hypermnestra, in *Les Danaïdes*, an opera by Salieri, which was produced by Glück under his name to insure its success; and in 1785 she appeared in Grétry's *Panurge*, with Lays. On the retirement of Mdlle. Duplant, Madame St. Huberty was persuaded to essay, in April, 1785, the character of Clytemnestre, in *Iphigénie en Aulide;* but, from want of strength of voice, this performance was a failure.

On Madame St. Huberty visiting Marseilles in this year, the most distinguished ladies of the city formed her escort, accompanying her to the pavilion of Marseilles in a gondola, which was surrounded with two hundred little boats, crowded with persons of all classes, and she was saluted with a salvo of artillery as if she were a veritable sovereign. The Greek ladies at Marseilles presented her with a rich modern Greek costume, which she wore at her fête, August 15. This fête was most splendid. The popular cancatrice having arrived by sea in a very beautiful gondola, disembarked amid thunders of artillery and the acclamations of the people. She then re-embarked for the purpose of witnessing a water tournament. On leaving the gondola, the people danced round her with tambourines, and conducted her to an illuminated pavilion at a neighboring villa. In a tent was arranged a little théâtre champêtre, where was played a little allegorical piece composed in honor of this divinity of the Opera by a Provençal poet. During the ball which followed, Madame St. Huberty was placed on an estrade between Melpomene and Polymnie, the two muses of the piece. Then there were illuminations and a magnificent supper. At the close of the repast some couplets were sung in her honor, to which she replied in some couplets in the Provençal patois. On quitting Provence, she bore away with her in the imperiale of her carriage more than a hundred coronets, many of which were of great value.

In 1790 Madame St. Huberty sent in her resignation to the Opera, when she was complimented by a superb *fête d'adieux* on her retirement from the stage. On December 29 of that year she married the Count d'Entraigues, with whom she had been intimate for some time previous; but their union was kept secret for seven years. The count had served in the French army, and was one of the orators of the Constitutional Assembly; he was subsequently appointed Secretary of the French embassy to Spain, and after the peace was attached to the embassy to Russia. On leaving for Vienna he was arrested at Trieste, his papers seized, and himself thrown into the citadel of Milan, on a charge of connivance with Pichegru in the affair of Moreau. His wife managed to procure his escape, and he then announced his marriage with her. For this act of devotion, and for saving a portfolio of important papers, Louis XVIII. bestowed on Madame d'Entraigues the Order of St. Michel.

Count d'Entraigues afterward entered the political service of Russia. He was intrusted with secret missions, and derived great emoluments from carrying to St. Petersburg the secret articles of the peace of Tilsit, copies of which he also sold to the English ministry of which Canning was premier. The count and countess then settled in England, and resided at Barnes. But their life of retirement was soon cut short by the poniard of an assassin. The count's valet, a Piedmontese named Lorenzo, had been bribed by a Venetian refugee or a Swiss, an agent of Fouché, to betray his master and purloin certain papers. On the morning of the 22d of July, 1812, as the count was descending the staircase, Lorenzo, who had ascertained that his tragedy was discovered, stabbed his master twice with a dagger, and ran up stairs for a pistol to finish the bloody deed. Meeting the countess, and fearing detection, he stabbed her also, and then attempted to blow out his brains. Both the victims and their murderer died, and the envelopes of the papers he had stolen were found in the trunk of the assassin. Some years after, the wretch who suborned Lorenzo committed suicide by throwing himself from a window.

CHAPTER X.

GERTRUDE ELIZABETH MARA.

Gertrude Elizabeth Mara was the daughter of Johann Schmäling, a respectable musician in Hesse Cassel. She was born February 23, 1749. Soon after her birth she lost her mother; but her father, out of his very limited means and scanty leisure, tried to rear her as best he could.

It is easy to picture the little German girl in the home of her childhood, trying to amuse herself during papa's daily absences. Sometimes, as she sits shut up in her solitary apartment, debarred from all juvenile sports, she will watch the vibrating pendulum of the old French clock, and beat time to its motion with her head and hand. Then a noise in the street attracts her attention, and, flying to the window, she mounts a stool, and on tiptoe peers on the outer world—that is to say, on as much as is visible in the dull German strasse—and perceives an itinerant guitarist thrumming to a crowd. She drinks in the sounds rapturously, and beats time on the window-ledge with a feeling of delight which is never effaced from her mind.

Unexpectedly a new pleasure is presented to her, though accompanied by temptation, which perhaps renders it the more delicious. Her father, having picked up from an Italian the art of repairing musical instruments, is often at work mending such instruments as are portable. Gertrude sits on her stool, following his movements with the wondering eyes which belong exclusively to children, observing his busy fingers with lively curiosity. One day papa, having mended a violin, leaves it on his bench, and then goes out, committing the care of the little room to his almost baby daughter. The solitary child approaches the bench and eyes the violin; then, quaking at her temerity, she touches it. The strings vibrate; her ears tingle with the joy of a novel pleasure. She draws the strings again, and, grown bolder by impunity, indulges in a rather too violent pizzicato movement. Oh horror! one of the strings

snaps, and she can do nothing but sit down and wait tremblingly for her father's return. Of course she gets a smart scolding from the poor hard-worked musician and instrument mender, and is visited with terrible prophecies of what will befall her if she ventures to touch the violin again. For some days she does not dare approach the bench; but at last, in some more than usually lonely hour, the temptation proves too strong. She begins pulling the magic strings, and is so absorbed in her amusement that her father is in the middle of the room gazing sternly on her before she is conscious of his entrance. Dropping the instrument, she flies, in her dismay, into a corner, and waits for her father to declare what her punishment shall be.

"So," says he, menacingly, "you have again disobeyed me. Now, as a punishment, I will make you learn to play that instrument."

To his astonishment, the child, instead of beginning to cry or whimper, runs to the fiddle, and, seizing it with the ardor of a genuine virtuosa, draws from it tones of the softest and most pleasing kind, as if caressing it. Papa can not resist this, and with a half smile quits the field, leaving his daughter mistress of the violin. In a short time, such is her assiduity, she is able to run through the greater part of the scale with ease and correctness; and ere many weeks are out, she is so far proficient that she is, to her pride and delight, able to accompany her father in some easy duets.

The neighbors soon find out that the solitary little girl has proved a musical prodigy. They flock to the room of Herr Schmäling to listen to the child's performance. Then the more respectable inhabitants—the exclusives—send for the youthful genius; and frequently she may be seen carried in her father's arms through the streets, going from one house to another. Presents are showered upon her, which tend materially to better the circumstances of herself and her father; and as the good Herr has by this means more time to devote to the instruction of his child, the advantage is doubled.

Some friends advised Herr Schmäling to take his daughter to Frankfort. She was then six years old, and made a sensation. From thence they proceeded from town to town, till they reached Holland, where, after performing for some time, they were counseled to undertake a journey to England.

Gertrude—or rather Elizabeth, for her first name was generally dropped—was ten years of age when she ventured with her father to London, the city where merit is always rewarded. They were well received, as a novelty of the hour, and had the honor of appearing before the king and the court. The child was admired and petted; but some of the ladies, with the true British antipathy for female fiddlers, advised her to change the violin for the harpsichord. She agreed—or her father for her—to give up her favorite instrument, and he directed her studies toward singing. Meanwhile, as there were several juvenile performers in London at this time, it was determined to give a concert, combining their several talents; and a fashionable assemblage at the little theatre in the Haymarket one evening witnessed a display of precocious genius. Mdlle. Schmäling and Baron played on the violin, a Miss B. on the harpsichord, and Cervetto on the violoncello.

As her voice promised to be a very fine one, Herr Schmäling resolved to obtain good instruction for his daughter, and he placed her with an Italian singer of some repute—Paradisi. The cunning signor soon perceived the value of the gem he was required to polish, and artfully endeavored to enter into a bargain with the worthy German that they should divide all profits for a term of years as an indemnification for his services; Herr Schmäling, however, plainly saw the drift of the Italian's proposition, and quietly declined it. Signor Paradisi, disgusted and enraged, refused to have any thing more to do with these obstinate Germans, and the young vocalist's father had to take on himself once more the part of musical instructor.

But fashion is fickle, and soon the clever little German girl went out of vogue. She next appeared in a very different situation. It chanced that Dr. Harrington—famous for his large wig and the favorite duet, "How sweet in the woodlands"—was one evening sitting at his window, while he was living at Wells, conversing with some friends who had dined with him, when "a German family" approached, and began a musical performance; the father playing the flute, a woman who accompanied him thrumming the guitar, a girl singing, and a boy carrying round a hat to collect halfpence. The tones of the girl's voice, and her brilliant execution of a piece of music with which the doctor and his friends were familiar, drew their delighted attention, and the family were desired to come into the

hall to repeat their performance. The doctor, becoming interested in the musicians, inquired into their circumstances, when the father, in doleful terms, informed him that his name was Schmäling; that, being disappointed of obtaining employment in London, and having no pecuniary resources, he had been obliged to adopt this itinerant course as a means of support. Dr. Harrington could do little for him at Wells, which was not a musical place, but he gave Herr Schmäling letters to some influential people in Bath as an introduction to persons who would patronize a morning concert there. "The girl's voice did not fail to divest the doctor's recommendation of its appearance of enthusiasm. She was heard, wondered at, and talked of. Some amateurs immediately tendered their services to carry the father's project into effect; bills were printed, tickets issued and purchased, and the doctor rode over to superintend in person the musical arrangements." From the proceeds of this concert enough was obtained to enable the poor musicians to return to their native Germany.

On their return to Cassel they were received with delight and warmest welcome by the neighbors who had formerly crowded the room of the worthy Herr Schmäling to hear his clever child. Almost the first news that the musician heard was that the great Frederick had formed a chapel, and he immediately sought to obtain places for himself and his daughter on the establishment. Unfortunately, Frederick had an invincible prejudice against German musicians, and determined that he would not engage any if he could help himself; he therefore looked coldly on the application of Herr Schmäling. Yet, that he might not appear to act unfairly toward the young artiste, he sent his first singer, Morelli, to a concert which she gave, desiring him to report. Morelli went, listened, and came back. "Ella canta come una Tedesca," said he ("she sings like a German"). Frederick shrugged his shoulders, and did not engage either Elizabeth or her father that time.

After a short stay at Cassel, they went in 1766 to Leipsic, where a concert was organized under the direction of the celebrated Hiller, who desired to introduce the young singer to the notice of the amateurs of that place. Her success was plainly proved by an engagement at the theatre as first singer at a salary of six hundred rix dollars (about eighty pounds); a tolerably good beginning at that period for a débutante.

She now turned her attention to the harpsichord with such honest zeal, that in a very little time she had thoroughly mastered its difficulties, and played at several concerts in public.

Elizabeth's personal appearance was far from striking. She was by no means handsome, being short and insignificant, with a rather agreeable, good-natured countenance, the leading feature of which was—terrible defect in a singer—a set of irregular teeth, which projected, in defiance of order, out of their proper places. Her manner, however, was prepossessing, though she was an indifferent actress; but her voice atoned for every thing: its compass was from G to E in altissimo, which she ran with the greatest ease and force, the tones being at once powerful and sweet. Both her *portamento di voce* and her volubility were declared to be unrivaled. It was remarked that she seemed to take difficult music from choice, and she could sing fluently at sight; rather a rare accomplishment among vocalists of that day. Nothing taxed her powers. Her execution was easy and neat; her shake was true, open, and liquid; and though she preferred brilliant, effective pieces, her refined taste was well known. "Her voice, clear, sweet, and distinct, was sufficiently powerful," remarked Lord Mount Edgecumbe afterward, "though rather thin, and its agility and flexibility rendered her a most excellent bravura singer, in which style she was unrivaled." "Mara's divisions," observes another critic, "always seemed to convey a meaning; they were vocal, not instrumental; they had light and shade, and variety of tone."

About a year after Elizabeth had appeared in Leipsic, it was resolved to give a performance at Dresden in honor of the birthday of the prince. It happened that the Grand Duke of Saxony, in company with the dowager Duchess Maria Antonia, paid a visit to Leipsic on the occasion of the great annual fair, and hearing the young singer at a concert which she gave, they expressed their appreciation of her talents in flattering terms. The dowager duchess desired that the young girl should be invited to perform at Dresden, and she was invited thither accordingly. Inexperienced, and haunted by that indefinable distrust of herself which always pursues real genius, Elizabeth was fluttered at the idea of singing before a royal circle. Maria Antonia was all kindness, and testified an interest in even the costume the young singer was to wear; it

was rich and costly, and the gift of the royal lady. The duchess, seeing her timidity and alarm, which amounted to a ludicrous bashfulness, instructed her in the style in which she should walk and otherwise comport herself on the stage, pointing out the attitudes most appropriate to the situations of the piece.

Mdlle. Schmäling returned to Leipsic in the beginning of 1768, laden with presents and "decked out like a queen." Naturally the first inquiries of her friends were what impression she had made at Dresden, as people cross-examine young beauties after a ball as to how many partners they had, and how many conquests they achieved. "Did you succeed?" they asked. "They say so," was her naïve reply, "but I know nothing about it; I sang as well as I could; and only see how, in return, they have bedizened me out like a mantua-maker's show-block! This was the way I got on there." "But," they said, "you had some one to instruct you what to do?" "Oh yes; but then I made many sad blunders. I thought how it would be when they once got me there."

She was strongly advised to visit Italy, but, attached to her own country, and anxious, for some reason, to see Berlin, she coaxed her father to take her there instead. She was now twenty-two: her voice was completely formed, and its flexibility and power of expression excited the admiration of all true judges. It was with confidence that she made her début at Berlin, in 1771, in Hasse's *Piramo e Tisbe*, with the famous Concialini, who gave her some finishing lessons. She achieved a great success; to the astonishment of the flute-playing, grenadier-trapping king, who at first would "hardly deign to hear her," Zelter informed Goethe, his majesty having a special prejudice against the German style. He declared at first that he as soon expected pleasure from the neighing of his horse as from a German singer; but she was invited to Potsdam, and he agreed to hear her.

Indignant at the injustice of being thus condemned solely on account of her nationality, Elizabeth was too angry to feel any awe at the idea of singing before her royal critic. She presented herself with a degree of confidence which nerved her for any task, and found, sitting close to the piano-forte, a little, crabbed, lean old man, with a slightly stooping figure, attired with Spartan simplicity in an old blue coat with red

facings, and a liberal allowance of Spanish snuff on the breast, in whom she soon recognized the king. Beside him lay his battered military cocked hat and his thick cane, which he used as a riding-whip, hitting the horse between the ears. The royal physiognomy was not prepossessing: the thin lips, prominent jaws, snuffy nose, receding brow, and grim expression, did not seem to promise much leniency; and the eyes, of supernatural brilliancy, were fixed steadily on Elizabeth with a most disconcertingly piercing expression. As he said nothing, and made no sign for her to approach, the cantatrice, with a coolness acquired by her trying situation, commenced examining some paintings which hung near her. At length Frederick condescended to beckon to her. She advanced and courtesied.

"So you are going to sing me something?" he said, abruptly.

"As your majesty pleases," was her reply, curt as the inquiry; and she seated herself at the piano-forte without farther ceremony.

The king listened with profound attention. He was astonished, but would not admit it. Taking an enormous handful of snuff from his huge box, "Ha! can you sing at sight?" he asked. And, ere she had time to answer, he picked out the most trying bravura in his collection. "This, to be sure," said he, placing it before her, "is but poor stuff, but when well executed it sounds pretty enough."

She sang it without a single mistake; then sang another; and at last the king was fairly vanquished. He said a thousand flattering things, and dismissed her with a handsome present. After this she was daily, and for several weeks together, invited to Potsdam; and finally, the next year, she was retained as court singer, with a salary of 3000 Prussian dollars—about £450.

Being desirous of perfecting herself in the science of music, she went through a course of thorough bass under the well-known Kirnberger. She might have felt a fear lest his majesty should find her deficient in any particular; for Frederick's enthusiasm for music was only equaled by his love for war and his passion for snuff. His favorite amusement was playing on the flute; and he really was a master of the instrument. His splendid collection of flutes was attended to by a man specially retained to keep them dry or moist, as the

weather required. These flutes, which were all made by the same manufacturer, cost a hundred ducats each.

Nobody was permitted to attend his majesty's concerts besides the performers and a very few select friends. So fearful was Frederick, however, of being detected in a false note, that when first trying over some new piece of music, he would shut himself up for hours in his private apartment to practice it; and even then, when beginning it with the accompaniment, he would tremble like an aspen. The king defrayed the entire expenses of the Opera, the performances being always free. At six o'clock in the evening, with military punctuality, his majesty took his place in the pit, close to the orchestra, behind the leader, where he could easily see the score, and so detect the slightest deviation or fault committed by the singers. The orchestra consisted of fifty-one performers (two harpsichord players among the number). The vocalists were, Signora Agricola, wife of the composer, and fifty years of age; Signora Gasparini, a fine antique of seventy-two; Signor Concialini, Signor Porporino, and Elizabeth Schmäling. Charles Concialini, born at Sienna in 1744, had come from the court of Bavaria in 1764 to form part of the great Frederick's chapel. The qualities which distinguished him were a beautiful *mise de voix*, great lightness, and, above all, a delicious trill.

Being installed as principal singer at the court of Prussia, Mdlle. Schmäling, perhaps, found she had more time at her disposal than she knew well what to do with, for in 1773 she fell in love with a handsome violoncellist, named Jean Mara, a native of Berlin, a favorite of Prince Henry, the king's brother. He was a showy, extravagant man, and made such an impression on her susceptible heart that she accepted his offer of marriage. The king, knowing the morals and character of his brother's dashing violoncellist, gave his *protégée* some well-meant hints. But love is proverbially blind; and as it was difficult to obtain permission to marry, the lovers absented themselves without leave. They were captured immediately, and Mara was exiled to a regiment at Kastrin, where he was compelled to become a fifer. Probably Vater Fritz thought it would be more judicious and more gracious to give his consent to the alliance; so Mara was permitted to return to Berlin, and the union was solemnized.

In a very short time after her marriage, Elizabeth found

that her beloved Jean had a heavy arm and an energetic method of expressing his opinions, especially in such family debates as might be brought forward for discussion after dinner. The king heard of his doings; and being informed on one occasion that he had beaten his wife with such violence that she was unable to appear in the royal presence from a discolored eye, the indignant monarch (who did not hesitate to break even one of his favorite flutes on the head of a pet hussar in a moment of excitement) sent for the brute Mara, and telling him that as he was so fond of beating, it would be a pity to debar him full exercise in his amusement, packed him off to play the part of drummer to one of his regiments for a month.

Accompanied by her husband — whom she was always forgiving — Madame Mara paid a visit in 1777 to her native place, where she was enthusiastically received. A concert was proposed, and so great was the demand for tickets that no building, even the theatre itself, was sufficient to contain the number of applicants. A second concert was almost as fully attended. Between the parts of the programme she was invited into the grand duke's box, and received by the potentate with flattering attention: he kissed her on the forehead, and overwhelmed her with praises. After this she sang in a selection of sacred music, given for the benefit of the charitable institutions of the place, in the cathedral church, which was crowded to excess. Of the effect she produced, some idea may be formed from the well-known exclamation of the celebrated preacher, Pfister, when on his death-bed:

"I should die more at ease could I but once again hear Madame Mara in the temple of the Lord my God!"

In 1779, in consequence of the Bavarian succession, there was no Carnival. The same year Madame Mara received an invitation to sing in London. She was offered an enormous sum — it was said £1600 for three evenings, but that surely must have been a mistake—together with £2500 to defray her traveling expenses. It was awkward asking for a *congé*, as the royal Frederick was determined she should not leave his kingdom. She asked, however. The reply was laconic, but significant: "Madame Mara may go, but M. Mara must stay where he is." The great Fritz depended on her passionate love for her husband to keep her. Unluckily for this hypothesis, the handsome brute preferred money even to the society

of his fair Elizabeth, and he proved to her by striking arguments that she could easily make the journey under the protection of a female relative. The king, on hearing this, refused to let her go. Poor Madame Mara was so unhappy at the disappointment that she was laid up with a dangerous fever.

On recovering from her attack, she was forbidden by her physicians to sing for some time, and ordered to the baths of Toplitz. The grim Frederick being asked for leave of absence—

"Freyenwalde will do quite as well," said his majesty, in his customary laconic style.

But Elizabeth Mara was a woman, and as obstinate as Queen Anne. She repeated her asseverations that it was indispensable she should recruit her health by a visit to the Bohemian baths; and finding that her representations made no impression on the obdurate monarch, she determined to neglect her professional duties, in the hope of being dismissed.

It chanced that the Czarovitch, Paul I. of Russia, paid a visit to the Prussian capital at this juncture, July, 1780, to demand the hand of the Princess of Wirtemberg, and Berlin was in a state of extraordinary excitement. Old Frederick set the example of lavish magnificence, and his loyal subjects followed suit. Those who could afford, and many who could not, expended hundreds of crowns in lace and embroidery; while others who were more prudent either retired to the country, or else confined themselves to their houses. The Opera was in full preparation. At one of the rehearsals Jean Mara maliciously observed that he believed the composer understood more of soldiery than of music; and as this was not the first sarcasm of the kind he had been imprudent enough to indulge in, he was, by command of the great Frederick, made over to the *corps de garde*, with strict orders to correct him for his insolence. No particular mode of punishment was prescribed, so each soldier inflicted such chastisement as he considered most fitting. They began by rigging him out in an old uniform and a large pair of whiskers, loading him with the heaviest firelock they could find, and forced him to go through the manual exercise for two hours, accompanying their drill with the usual discipline of the cane. They then made him dance and sing for two hours longer, and ended this persecu-

tion by compelling the surgeon to take from him a large quantity of blood. In a miserable condition they restored him to his disconsolate wife, who had been essaying all her arts to persuade the officer of the guard to mitigate the poor wretch's punishment.

Madame Mara was announced to appear in one of her great parts in the opera; but now, being bent on effecting her escape, she feigned illness. Her royal patron sent her notice in the morning that she was to get well and sing her best. She immediately grew worse; in short, she was unable to leave her bed. Two hours before the opera commenced, a carriage, escorted by eight soldiers, drew up in front of her house, and the captain of the guard unceremoniously entered her chamber, intimating that he had orders to bring her to the theatre "dead or alive." The ire of madame rose.

"You can not," she exclaimed, with tears of rage. "You see I am in bed."

"That is of little consequence," imperturbably responded the captain of the guard. "We will take you bed and all."

Madame Mara's eyes flashed fire; but, reading determination in every line of the obdurate officer's countenance, she prudently demanded an armistice. "I will go to the theatre," she said, mentally resolving to sing so badly as, with a magnificent voice and irreproachable taste, she could possibly manage. Resolutely she kept to this idea till the curtain was about to descend on the first act, when a thought suddenly seized her. Might she not be ruining herself in giving the Grand Duke of Russia a bad opinion of her powers? In a bravura she burst forth in all her brilliance and glory, distinguishing herself especially by a marvelous shake, which she executed with such wonderful art as to call down thunders of applause.

Having thus voluntarily abandoned her first line of tactics, she tried another, and resolved to make her escape by means of a large harpsichord which she greatly valued, and which seemed to the king a security for its mistress. Pretending that she desired to have it repaired, she had it removed; but, instead of having it brought back to her house, she sent it out of the kingdom, and prepared to follow it. Her husband accompanied her. They intended to reach Vienna by route of Saxony and Bohemia, whence they might make their way to

Paris and London. An officer attempted to detain them on the frontier, when Madame Mara quietly drew a letter from her pocket, and held it toward him, declaring that the king had changed his mind. "Here is his permission," she said, with the utmost self-possession, "in which he has given me leave to go." The letter was actually from the great Frederick, but its purport was of a very different nature to what she represented. The officer, knowing her influence at court, did not venture to do more than glance respectfully at the royal signature, and allowed her to pass without farther questioning. They had just gained the gates of Dresden, when they found that the Prussian chargé d'affaires resided in the city. "No one can conceive my agitation and alarm," said Madame Mara, "when, in one of the first streets we entered, we encountered the said chargé d'affaires, who rode direct up to us. He had been apprised of our arrival, and the chaise was instantly stopped. As to what took place between him and my good man, and how the latter contrived to get out of the scrape, I was totally unconscious. I had fallen into a swoon, from which I did not recover till we had reached our inn." At length they reached the confines of Bohemia, and for the first time supped in freedom and security.

The fugitives reached Vienna in the beginning of March, 1780. Frederick dispatched a messenger to the Emperor Joseph, begging him to arrest them. The good, eccentric Joseph was too kind-hearted to do any thing of the sort; but he gave the pair a hint that, as there was no resisting the requests of the King of Prussia, their wisest course would be to get away as fast as possible, so that he might inform his royal neighbor that the messenger arrived too late.

When the alarm had subsided, Madame Mara appeared in Vienna. Although so eminent in Berlin, the Viennese had scarcely heard of the Mara, and she made a very slight impression. The Italian singers cabaled against her, determined to prevent her from having any access to the art-loving Maria Teresa; but the queen, who liked to know every thing about every body, sent for her, and was as kind as her son Joseph had been. She treated her with the greatest condescension, and became her warmest patron. Henceforth Mara's success was assured; and, after a stay of nearly two years, she determined on a journey to Paris, taking with her autograph letters

of introduction, which her illustrious patroness had written before her death to her daughter, the beautiful Marie Antoinette.

Madame Todi was then in the zenith of her fame, the object of the enthusiastic homage of the Parisians. But Madame Mara sang before the royal family at Versailles, and appeared in public in Paris, and was immediately elected a rival of the Portuguese prima donna; the French dividing into two opposition parties, one for Mara, the other for Todi. It was not long before Mara was honored with the title of *première cantatrice de la reine.* The queen gave her many testimonies of regard, and was very kind to her. Having a desire to visit Italy, Mara on one occasion mentioned her wish to her majesty. Marie Antoinette listened, and then replied, sadly, "Do not go to Italy. You would expose yourself to danger in so doing, and life is but too precious to us." The prophetic tone in which this was uttered, although there appeared to have been no ground for the queen's fears, struck a chill to the heart of Mara, and she gave up the idea, accepting in lieu an engagement offered by the directors of the London Pantheon, who gave her a thousand guineas for thirteen nights.

Madame Mara left Paris with her husband, and arrived in London in 1784. Her reception by the public was enthusiastic; and so great was the attraction, that the receipts of the house are stated to have amounted to an enormous sum. The Prince of Wales patronized her, and she became "the fashion" at once. Unfortunately for the continuance of her popularity, that was a bad year for the Pantheon; a dissolution of Parliament and general election absorbed the attention of the public to an extent that was seriously injurious to the theatres and other places of amusement.

On the expiration of her engagement at the Pantheon, Mara entered into a joint proprietorship with Linley and Dr. Arnold for the production of oratorios at Drury Lane.

When Madame Mara appeared in London, it happened that George III. conceived the idea of paying a grand tribute to the memory of his favorite composer, the immortal Handel, and it was decided that a selection of music exclusively from the works of that great master should be performed in Westminster Abbey. The directors were in sore distress for a leading female singer, as there were at this time but few first-class singers in London, and these were either pre-engaged, or dif-

fident of their power of making their voices heard to advantage in an enormous building like Westminster Abbey. Mara, wishing to overcome an unfavorable impression which had lately gained ground against her, and also to pay honor to her distinguished countryman, volunteered her gratuitous services. Her offer was gladly accepted, the directors of the Pantheon giving their consent to her appearance.

It would be impossible in words to give even a faint idea of the effect of that magnificent festival. The orchestra was led by the Cramers; the conductors were Joah Bates, Dr. Arnold, and Dupuis. The band consisted of several hundreds of performers. The singers were, in addition to Madame Mara, Signora Storace, Miss Abrams, Miss Poole (afterward Mrs. Dickons), Rubinelli, Harrison, Bartleman, Sale, Parry, Norris, Kelly, etc.; and the choruses, collected from all parts of the kingdom, amounted to hundreds of voices. The Abbey was arranged for the accommodation of the public in a superb and commodious manner, and the tickets of admission were one guinea each. The first performance took place on May 26, 1784; and such was the anxiety to be in time, that ladies and gentlemen had their hair dressed overnight, and slept in arm-chairs. The weather being very fine, eager crowds presented themselves at the several doors of the Abbey at nine o'clock, although the door-keepers were not at their posts, and the orchestra was not finished. At ten o'clock the scene became almost terrifying to the visitors, who, being in full dress, were every moment more incommoded and alarmed by the violence of the crowds pressing forward to get near the doors. Several of the ladies screamed; others fainted; and the general dismay increased to such an extent that fatal consequences were anticipated. Some of the more irascible among the gentlemen threatened to burst open the doors; "a measure," says Dr. Burney, "which, if adopted, would probably have cost many of the more feeble and helpless their lives, as they must, in falling, have been thrown down and trampled on by the robust and impatient part of the crowd." However, except that some went in with "disheveled hair and torn garments," no real mischief seems to have been done.

The spectacle was gorgeous. The king, queen, and all the royal family were ushered to a superb box, opposite the orchestra, by the directors, wearing full court suits, the medal of

Handel, struck for the occasion, suspended by white satin rosettes to their breasts, and having white staves in their hands. The body of the cathedral, the galleries, and every corner, were crowded with beauty, rank, and fashion, listening with almost devout silence to the grand creations of the great composer, not the faintest token of applause disturbing the impressive solemnity.

Mara was superb in this performance, and gained fresh leaves for her crown of laurel. She surpassed herself in the sublime recitative, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously." The full, solemn, and affecting tones of her voice impressed every heart, and her exquisite style almost vanquished criticism. There were a few, nevertheless, who resisted the magic of her tones. Miss Seward was one June morning, during these performances, breakfasting with Mr. Joah Bates, the director, when she remarked, as a delicate piece of flattery to his wife's singing of Handel's finest airs, that in her opinion Mara put too much gold and fringe upon that solemn robe of melody, "I know that my REDEEMER liveth."

"Do not say gold, madam," replied Joah, tartly; "it was despicable tinsel."

He was yet perfectly conscious of the Mara's magnificent qualities, and perhaps he had been put out of temper by some of the cantatrice's impertinences. A more innocent critic pronounced a judgment on her performance about the same time —the daughter of a nobleman, who was taken by her papa to hear the great vocalist. On the conclusion of "Holy, holy," the young lady continued standing as if entranced, until roused by some persons near her sneering at Mara's dress. Turning round suddenly, with an indignant look, she exclaimed, "She will go to heaven, for all that, to sing Allelujah."

The second performance was at the Pantheon, on Tuesday evening, May 27th. The audience assembled very early for fear of not gaining admittance, and the crowd was excessive. "The extreme heat of the weather," observes Dr. Burney, "augmented by the animal heat of more than 1600 people, closely wedged together, must have considerably diminished the delight which the lovers of music expected to receive from this night's exhibition." This evening Mara produced a tremendous effect in "While I retire," from *Atalanta*.

The three remaining performances were held at Westminster

Abbey, May 29th, June 3d, and June 5th. During one of them a striking coincidence happened. The morning had been cloudy and lowering; but when the grand chorus commenced, "Let there be light, and light was over all," the sun burst forth, and with its rays illumined every part of the venerable building. On another occasion, during one of the choruses descriptive of a storm, a hurricane burst over the Abbey, and pealed, and thundered, and rattled in unison with the music. But perhaps the most effective spectacle was presented during the performance of the chorus, "The Lord God omnipotent reigneth." The audience were so moved that the king, queen, and all present, rose by a simultaneous impulse, and remained standing till the close of the chorus. From this time it grew to be the fashion to stand while that part of the music was being executed.

Madame Mara gave great offense by persisting in retaining her seat while the royal family, with all who were present besides—the principal nobility and gentry of the kingdom—stood up. She offered many excuses for her conduct: she was not accustomed to join in the choruses abroad, and did not think it necessary to rise till her solos came; she was ill; her medical adviser had prohibited her from standing unless under positive necessity. Her supposed perversity became known at Oxford, where she was engaged for the Grand Musical Meeting, and the people of that city resolved to teach her a lesson. Upon her appearance in the theatre, she was called upon from all sides to explain whether she meant to practice the same disrespect there. She did not make any reply, not understanding a word of what they were saying; but Dr. Hayes, a worthy professor, whose leading characteristic was a love of "speechifying," came forward to assure the audience that Madame Mara would stand up during the execution of the choruses. In his eagerness to allay the storm of indignation, however, he blundered egregiously, and made an absurd and childish mistake; the audience laughed, and seemed inclined to recover their good-humor, when she again offended. One of the musicians in the orchestra happened to play a little out of tune, when Mara, in a passion, turned and flung her book at the delinquent. This outburst of irritability hurt the feelings of Dr. Chapman, then vice-chancellor, and he rose, exclaiming, "Madame Mara has conducted herself too ill to be

suffered to sing any more before this audience." Instantly a wicked wag cried out, "A riot, by permission of the vice-chancellor!" A scene of the utmost confusion ensued, and the agitated cantatrice quitted the theatre amid hisses and yells, in high dudgeon. A deputation of gentlemen waited upon her, and promised that she should do exactly as she pleased if she would only return. She did return, and sang the airs allotted to her, but remained seated as usual while the choruses were being sung. A cry arose of "Turn Mara out!" Not comprehending, she smiled, which provoked the audience still more; upon which the vice-chancellor said that it was always the rule for every vocalist to join in the choruses. Miss George, one of the singers, explained this to the prima donna, who, staring in bewilderment and vexation, exclaimed, "Oh! me does not know his rules; me vil go home;" which resolution she immediately carried into effect.

Madame Mara never could acquire a command of the English language, although she passed some time in this country, and had been here when a child. But such was her fire, dignity, and tenderness, that even those who were the most keenly sensible to the ridiculous effects of mispronunciation never could smile at her mistakes.

Dr. Chapman made her formally acquainted with the displeasure of the whole body of gownsmen, and prohibited her from ever singing again at the University. Indeed, he went so far as to announce in the *Oxford Journal* that "the unbecoming conduct of Madame Mara has given rise to just complaints; but we doubt not that, as the Oxonians have taken upon them to become her tutors, she will henceforth know better how to comport herself."

To this Mara published an angry reply in the same journal, trying to exculpate herself. "As to Dr. Chapman," she disdainfully concluded, "he deserves nothing but my pity."

She acquired a great reputation as a singer of sacred music, and the directors of the Ancient Concerts engaged her in 1785. It had not been her intention at first to appear on the stage, but chance enlisted her under the operatic standard. It was soon after her début in the metropolis that Michael Kelly, shortly after his return from Italy, happened one evening to offend her. She was in the green-room of Drury Lane, with some other ladies, at the conclusion of the first part of an ora-

torio, when Dr. Arnold, turning to the young composer, said, "Pray, Mr. Kelly, tell us what sort of a singer is Signora Storace?" He replied that in his opinion she was "the best singer in Europe," meaning "in her line." Madame Mara, highly offended, on Kelly's quitting the room, said that he was an impertinent coxcomb; and, actuated by professional jealousy, she exerted herself to prevent his being engaged by Dr. Arnold and Linley during the summer. By a fortunate accident, Kelly was enabled to atone for his offense. He went one night into the green-room to speak to Mrs. Crouch, but found the sole occupants of the apartment Madame Mara and M. Pontè, first French-horn player to the King of Prussia, an intimate friend of Mara's, who was engaged to perform a concerto at the oratorio. This gentleman said to Mara in German, "My dear friend, my lips are so parched with fear that I am sure I shall not make a sound on the instrument. I would give the world for a little water or beer to moisten my lips." "There is nobody to send," replied Madame Mara, in the same language; "and yet, if I knew where to get something for you to drink, I would go myself." Kelly, who was standing at the fire, addressed the cantatrice in German, and said, "Madame, I should be sorry for you to have that trouble, and I sit lazy by; I will with great pleasure go and get M. Pontè some porter." He accordingly dispatched a messenger for a foaming tankard, and on its arrival he handed it to the thirsty and grateful musician, who at that instant was summoned to play his concerto. Madame Mara gracefully thanked Kelly for his attention, and gave him a warm invitation to call at her house in Pall Mall—an invitation which he was so glad to receive that the next day, at two o'clock, he presented himself. During the interview which passed, she frankly told him that she had taken a violent dislike to him, but that his kindness to her timid friend on the preceding evening had gained her heart. Having thus apologized, she inquired pointedly if he took a benefit at the theatre that season. On learning that he purposed so doing, she said, "It was my intention not to appear on the stage; yet, if you think my playing for your benefit for the first and only time will be of service to you, I beg you will command me."

"I was thunderstruck at her kindness and liberality," says Kelly, "and thankfully accepted. She fixed on Mandane, in

Artaxerxes, and brought the greatest receipt ever known at that house, as the whole pit, with the exception of two benches, was railed into boxes. So much," he adds, sententiously, "for a little German proficiency, a little common civility, and a pot of porter." It was a wonderful act of condescension on her part, for she was as obstinate as she was gifted.

Madame Mara proved so valuable an addition to the Opera company that she was persuaded to remain on the stage. It was with difficulty that arrangements were made for opening the Opera House in the beginning of 1786. The bankruptcy being settled, Sir John Gallini was now the happy individual "invested with the power of ruining himself." No performers having arrived from Italy, the company was not completed till the middle of the season, when Madame Mara became for a time the sole support of the establishment. There was no leading male singer, so the weak and unequal, though scientific Babbini was promoted to first parts, his own being consigned to Tasca, a bass singer who had appeared in the comic opera of the preceding year. The first opera was *Didone Abbandonata*, a pasticcio, for which the Mara had made a very judicious selection of songs from Sacchini, Piccini, Mortellari, Gazzaniga, and other eminent composers; "all of which were so much admired," says Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "that two were encored every night, each of them receiving that mark of approbation in its turn," a token of admiration never accorded before to any other singer except Manzoli. Her own performance in this opera was perfect, and gave entire satisfaction.

In addition to singing at the Opera, Mara appeared at various musical festivals. That season she sang at Worcester, her husband too being engaged among the leading instrumentalists. He was now as attentive as possible to his wife. Once, while on a visit to the Earl of Exeter, at that nobleman's splendid seat, Burleigh, near Stamford, in Lincolnshire, Madame Mara expressed in private her distaste for the earl's claret. Mara immediately sent a servant to Stamford for a post-chaise and four horses, with which he dashed off to London, and returned the next morning with a case of claret from her own cellar. Certainly he was to assist in drinking it.

In 1788, Mara went to Turin for the season of the Carnival. At the theatre there it was an established custom to open the

new season with a fresh singer, who supplied the place of the departing vocalist, whether a soprano or a tenor. The tenor whom she was to succeed, piqued at his dismissal, and anxious to prevent her success, ridiculed her as a perfect monster of ugliness, and an abominably bad singer. Mara heard this, and devised a plan for mortifying the Italian. At her first rehearsal, she made her appearance in a formal old-fashioned dress, and, laughing to herself at the joke, sang as much out of tune as possible. Sure of his triumph, the signor went about saying to every body he knew, "Didn't I say so? In person she is as ugly as sin; and her voice—never was heard so vile a jargon of sounds." What was his dismay when, the following evening, Madame Mara presented herself dressed with simple elegance, and sang in a voice sweet as music itself, with an air of conscious superiority. The signor vanished, and was never heard of more in Turin. The German songstress was crowned upon the stage, and the next day was honored by an invitation to court, where she was received by the king and queen with the most condescending kindness, and loaded with rich presents.

She went from Turin to Venice, where she had again to contend against the jealousy of the Italian singers. But her reception by the public was enthusiastic; and on the night which terminated her engagement, an unexpected ovation was organized for her. On the fall of the curtain, when recalled, she found a richly decorated throne prepared. She was seated thereon, when the canvas clouds above opened, and a shower of roses, intermingled with complimentary sonnets, rained down, and the curtain rising behind her discovered the figures of Apollo and the Muses pointing toward her with admiring looks. A deputation of ladies and gentlemen then waited on her with congratulations, and she was induced to promise that she would return the following season.

After this she was invited to Rome and Naples, but she preferred to return to London, where she arrived in 1790. During that season she appeared at the Gloucester Musical Festival, her husband being, as usual, among the principal instrumental performers.

Unforeseen difficulties preventing the King's Theatre from opening the next season, the Pantheon was transformed into a temporary Opera House by Mr. Wyatt, who ingeniously

contrived to enlarge the building without injuring it. The regular opera was here very successfully carried on. Mara, Pacchierotti, and Lazzarini—a pleasing singer with a sweet tenor voice—were at the head of the serious opera, and Casentini, "a very pretty woman and genteel actress," with Lazzarini for tenor, Morelli and Cipriani, principal buffos, supported the comic. "It was the first time Pacchierotti had met with a good prima donna since Madame Lebrun," remarks Lord Mount Edgecumbe. "His ductos with Mara were the most perfect pieces of execution I ever heard." They appeared in Sacchini's *Rinaldo*, Bertoni's *Quinto Fabio* (revived), and a charming new piece by Sarti, called *Idalide;* or, *La Vergine del Sole.* Lord Mount Edgecumbe decides that, altogether, he never enjoyed the Opera so well as at this theatre.

In 1792, Mara, intending to return to Germany, went to Paris, where she witnessed the horrors of the Revolution, and saw the mob accompanying the unhappy queen to the Temple. With a thrill of grief, she beheld her former patroness, with a countenance pale and wan, seated in an open chariot, surrounded by guards with drawn swords. On returning to England she arranged her domestic affairs. Her husband had exhausted her patience by his extravagance and vices, and, painful as the alternative was, she felt that she must separate from him forever. She settled on him an annuity sufficient to afford him a competency for life, and from that time they never met.

Harris, of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, engaged Madame Mara in 1797; and, despite her personal disadvantages—which were great to those who had seen the resplendent Mrs. Billington or the lovely Mrs. Crouch in the character—she chose to appear as Polly, which she did with undoubted success. "She could not sing ill, but she was not exactly suited for the *pretty Polly* of the *Beggar's Opera*," was Mount Edgecumbe's remark. She sang the airs with a delicious simplicity, scarcely ever calling in the aid of a shake or a roulade. Pure enunciation, and the most precise intonation of the scale, were what she particularly aimed at. Dr. Arnold said that he had seen her dance, and go through the most violent and fatiguing gesticulations while running through the scale, yet such was her power of chest that the tone was as undisturbed and free as if she had been standing in the sedate position of the orchestra. Mrs. Billington, who had no professional jealousies, declared

that she considered Mara's execution to be superior to her own in genuine effect, though not in extent, compass, rapidity, and complication. "She was by turns majestic, tender, pathetic, or elegant," and neither in ornament, graces, nor in cadences did she ever lose sight of the original character of the melody. If any one praised the rapid vocalization of a singer, Mara would significantly demand, "Can she sing six plain notes?" To a full, rich-toned voice she added, however, when the occasion called for it, brilliant execution, and a pathos and elevation of sentiment which rendered her at once the finest bravura and oratorio singer ever heard. Her rendering of Handel's airs—especially "I know that my Redeemer liveth" — was faultless. Her contempt for unmeaning florid ornamentation was once very forcibly expressed. Being one night at the Lent oratorio, and hearing one of the female singers going through some of her own favorite pieces, she was asked by a lady who sat next her what she thought of the singer's performance. "Ma'am," she replied, "she dances a tolerably good fandango." She was a thoroughly scientific vocalist, and a pet theory with her was, that the best way to begin the education of a singer would be to teach the pupil to tune an instrument or to play on the violin. She declared that if she had a daughter, the child should "learn the fiddle" before she uttered a note; "for," said she, "how can you best convey a just notion of slight variations in the pitch of a note—by a fixed instrument? No. By the voice? No. But by sliding the finger up the string you instantly make the most minute variations visibly as well as audibly perceptible."

"Madame Mara, during her residence in this country, taught singing at home at two guineas per lesson," says Dr. Kitchener. "I mentioned to her that I feared the expense, being double any other musician, would confine her number. She said, 'Well, I can not help that: when I give a lesson in singing, I sing with my scholars; by so doing they learn in half the time they can if taught in the usual way—by the master merely playing the tune of the song on the piano. People can not teach what they don't know—my scholars have my singing to imitate—those of other masters seldom any thing but the tinkling of a piano. The fatigue to the teacher, and the superior ability required to teach it, certainly deserve double the price paid for learning to play on an instrument.'" It was

a favorite maxim of hers that singing can only be taught by a singer; adding, that such was the fatigue attending it, that they should not attempt to teach others till they have done singing in public themselves. She very benevolently gave gratuitous lessons to several professional singers; among others, she instructed Miss Povey, whom she pronounced to be the most promising singer she had ever heard in England.

As time wore on, Mara began to decline in voice, and consequently in favor; the managers of the Opera no longer cared to secure her services, and she had to content herself with singing at the Ancient Music and other concerts for a long time. In 1801, during Lent, she sang in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, in which she gave, for the first time, "the admired air" of "Consider, fond shepherd." In this she was accompanied on the oboe by Parke, who followed her with such wonderful accuracy through all her vocal flights, that at the termination of the evening's performance she observed good-humoredly to Dr. Arnold, "I think that, in the song 'Consider, fond shepherd,' if I could have made a flight to Germany, Mr. Parke would have followed me." "Yes, madame," replied the doctor, gallantly, "if you had made a flight to the infernal regions, no doubt he would have followed you there, to make the Apollo-like attempt of conducting you, like another Eurydice, back again to delight the public."

At last she quitted England in 1802, partly being offended, it was rumored, by some animadversions which had been made on a fracas which had occurred between herself and her maid; for Mara, who could sing sacred music in so thrilling a manner and with such sublimity of expression, had not the softest of tempers; though, like most irascible persons, she behaved with much courtesy "in company." She took a formal leave of the public in a concert, which yielded about seven hundred pounds. Mrs. Billington, in compliance with her entreaty, agreed to sing for her at this concert; and it is said that Mara was so overcome by her rival's generosity, that she burst into tears on being informed of her consent. The sister queens sang a duet, composed expressly for the occasion, but of which no trace remains.

"When the incomparable Madame Mara took leave of me on her return to the Continent," says Dr. Kitchener, "I could not help expressing my regret that she had not taken my ad-

vice to publish those songs of Handel (her matchless performance of which gained her that undisputed pre-eminence which she enjoyed), with the embellishments, etc., with which she enriched them. This inimitable singer replied, 'Indeed, my good friend, you attribute my success to a very different source than the real one. It was not what I did, but the manner in which I did it. I could sing six simple notes and produce every effect I could wish; another singer may sing those very same notes with very different effect. I am sure it was to my expression of the words that I owe every thing. People have often said to me, "Madame Mara, why do not you introduce more pretty things, and passages, and graces in your singing?" I say, "These pretty things are very pretty, to be sure, but the proper expression of the words and the music is a great deal better."' This and her extraordinary industry were the secrets of her undisputed sovereignty. She told me that when she was encored in a song, which she very often was, that on her return home she seldom retired to rest without first inventing a new cadence for the next performance of it. Here is an example for young singers!"

Madame Mara went to Paris, whence she proceeded the following year to Dresden, where she immediately became the object of universal enthusiasm, gaining her first plaudits by the irreproachable manner in which she performed the part of Agrippina, in the opera of *Britannico*, by Graun. Unbounded admiration was excited by the style in which she sang behind the scenes the aria "Mi paventi il figlio indegno," "with a voice of tremendous power, and yet with a maternal pathos that," Zelter affirms, "forced bitter tears from my eyes every time I heard her. The piece," he adds, "is a regular bravura air, such as was the fashion in those days: it was as if a thousand nightingales were straining their throats to warble for revenge." Her acting was fine, though connoisseurs sometimes censured her for want of "action" in passionate parts—hypercriticism which made her indignant. "What!" she would exclaim, "am I to sing with my hands and legs? I am a singer; what I can not do with my voice I will not do at all." Zelter, however, says that in tragic parts she seemed to rise a head taller than usual. "I never beheld any thing grander than her Queen Rodelinda," he declares emphatically.

She was determined at any sacrifice to preserve her dignity

as a Queen of Song, and having offered to sing for the entertainment of the elector, when told that his highness generally was pleased to have the musical performance during dinner, she replied, haughtily, that it would be impossible for her to sing while others were eating; so she lost a hundred ducats, and the elector an aria.

The good people of Rheinsberg compassionated the cruel situation in which she was placed by the misconduct of her husband, who had, by his extravagance, dragged her into debt, and they abused the prince's favorite in no measured terms. He had not the slightest regard for any body, and treated even his patron in a manner so insulting that it is surprising he was permitted to retain his position. "The prince being then at Berlin with his suite," Zelter tells us, "and eclipsing with his entertainments the royal redoutes, invited the court to hear the incomparable Mara perform. All came but the king and one other, who was also missed, namely, Mara himself. At last they dragged him in. He was drunk, and refused before the whole court, in spite of his patron, to play, so that the prince could not but feel himself publicly compromised. The king regarded the insult as a species of high treason against his consort, who was present, and this was considered to be the cause of his severity on the occasion of Mara's first desertion." He was connected with a gang of smugglers, who held their meetings in the fine residence of Rheinsberg, near the frontier of Mecklenburg. The king, who was continually exasperated by the audacious impudence of the reckless violoncellist, tried in vain to break him in, and once his irate majesty condemned Jean Mara to sleep in the guard-house, on hard boards, during the Carnival, the common soldiers being licensed to play the roughest tricks with him. Reichardt, as a patronizing Capell-meister, wrote a long account of the hardships to which the unfortunate wretch was subjected, and dispatched it to the king. "Humph!" said his majesty, reading the letter, and taking a handful of snuff, "I thought I should have thrown the trouble of the Opera off my shoulders, and now I have the old plague again, with the addition of one fool more into the bargain."

In 1801 Jean Mara was at Sondershausen, where, strange to say, he conducted himself very sedately, never betraying the least sign of that inclination to intemperance which was the

bane of his life. He was then in the greatest distress, although his wife supplied him from time to time with considerable sums of money and various presents; but his respectable conduct did not last very long. "About this time," says Gerber, "he went to Holland, where he indulged to such a degree his fatal inclination to drunkenness, that, after having lost every feeling of propriety, he was seen day and night in the lowest pot-houses, playing the fiddle for sailors to dance."

Nobody could imagine why Elizabeth Mara would not consent to give up her debauched, depraved husband altogether. She regarded him with admiration and affection in spite of his vices; and once, on Zelter expressing to her his surprise at the generosity of her conduct toward the unprincipled ruffian who held her in legal slavery, she replied, with a mixture of naïveté and loving tenderness, "But you must allow that he is the handsomest man ever seen!"

At last she was freed by death, in the summer of 1808. Jean Mara closed his existence in the company of his disreputable smuggling associates, dying at Schiedam, near Rotterdam. Four years before her husband's death Madame Mara went to St. Petersburg, where she enjoyed the patronage of the royal family, and sang at the Opera and at public concerts. From St. Petersburg she repaired, in 1806, to Moscow, where she was so well received that she resolved to settle there, and purchased property two years previous to the death of her husband. On finding herself at liberty, she married a flute-player named Florio. She remained at Moscow till the burning of that capital, when she lost much of her possessions. This reverse of fortune compelled her to go to Revel, where she supported herself by giving lessons in music.

Early in the winter of 1820 she came through Berlin to London, the scene of her greatest triumphs. No one was at all aware of her return, or, indeed, even of her existence, and her reappearance was totally unlooked-for, but she was foolish enough to determine on giving a public concert at the King's Theatre. She was now in her seventy-second year; her powers had failed her, and her youthful attractions vanished, though she would not admit this herself. That she had some doubts of her powers, however, was evidenced by her refusal to open her mouth at the rehearsal of her concert. It was to be anticipated altogether that the concert announced by the Messrs.

Knyvett, at which was to appear "a most celebrated singer, whom they were not yet at liberty to name," would prove a failure. Curiosity, however, drew a scanty audience; there were some persons of note in the boxes, and a good many connoisseurs collected in the pit. Two or three glees were sung by Miss Travis, the Knyvetts, Sale, etc., a fine aria of Storace's was given by Braham, and a concerto played by F. Cramer, who led the band; the concert being conducted by Mr. Greatorex. At the very moment of the most impatient expectation, when the cantatrice ought to have appeared and made her courtesy, Mr. Bellamy came forward to apologize for Madame Mara, who was, he said, laboring under a severe cold and hoarseness; but, rather than postpone her concert (the night had already been changed), she had determined to use her best endeavors, for which he solicited the indulgence of the audience.

Madame Mara herself then came forward, animated and smiling. She sang an air of Guglielmi's, Handel's "What though I trace," and a cavatina by Paer, "Quale smania in alma io sento?" People looked at each other when she began. Her tones were, it is true, less feeble, less tremulous, less attenuated than might have been supposed; but the swelling, thrilling voice which had once flooded Westminster Abbey with the glorious music of Handel could not be traced in this strange piping. The matchless organ, which, it had been declared, was miraculously preserved—the resistless energy and force which had erst held thousands in breathless attention—"the majesty and fervor that kept almost equal pace with the sublime sentences of Holy Writ"—all the exquisite qualifications of the Mara were passed away forever. Even her graces and ornaments, once so chaste, so scientific, were now absurd and tasteless; and in the middle of "What though I trace," she introduced a roulade of three ascending and five descending notes upon the monosyllable *I*, which was characterized as being at once vulgar and impertinent. After this, the attention of the audience was "scarcely respectful." "It was truly grievous," says Kelly, "to see such transcendent talents as she once possessed so sunk—so fallen. I used every effort in my power to prevent her committing herself, but in vain."

The result of this unlucky experiment was that Messrs. Knyvett relinquished her services, and in 1821 poor Madame Mara

turned her steps to her native land; and upon her arrival at Cassel, the first thing she asked for was "poor Der Truselgasse." The landlord of the inn was surprised to hear a lady who had dashed up in a handsome traveling equipage inquire for a mean street, but the lady's waiting-maid pronounced the magic name of Mara, and the mystery was explained. Madame Mara immediately sought the place of her birth, and indulged in the feelings the scene evoked. "Yes," she exclaimed, on returning, "I have seen our old habitation. I feel I am still a true Casselanarin."

From Cassel—where she was treated with much respect by the highest inhabitants of the town, and also with flattering attention by the elector—she again went to Esthonia, where she prudently subsided into a pleasant gossiping old music-mistress. Her manner was as lively and her conversation as agreeable as of yore, and doubtless she ascribed the bad taste of the English public to the innovations modern flippancy had made on the good old style. The most difficult thing in the world, perhaps, is to believe that one has outgrown one's youth; and those who hold the theory that impossibility is a myth of the imagination, have certainly never entered on the amiable task of trying to convince a faded queen of beauty or of song that it is her own fault or misfortune that she no longer attracts. Madame Mara celebrated her eighty-third birthday on the 23d of February, 1831, on which auspicious occasion the great poet Goethe offered her a poetical tribute. The latter part of her life was passed at Revel, where she died in January, 1833.

CHAPTER XI.

ANNA MARIA CROUCH.

Peregrine Phillips was descended from the younger branch of a respectable and ancient Welsh family, the elder branch of which was graced by a long line of baronets, the last of whom was created a peer of Ireland in 1776. His early life was unhappy, and he several times quitted his home to travel to various parts of the world, residing for some time in North America. On returning finally to England, he married a Miss Gascoyne, the daughter of a wealthy farmer in Worcestershire; he was then an attorney at law, held in much esteem. Six children were born to the couple: Mary Anne, Peregrine, Henrietta, Anna Maria, Sophia, and Edward Erasmus, who died in his infancy.

Anna Maria, through whose talents the family was afterward to become eminent, was born on the 20th of April, 1763, in Gray's Inn Lane. From her earliest childhood, her beautiful voice attracted universal attention and admiration. Her father being the professional adviser of Sir Watkin Lewes, the child was introduced to that gentleman's wife, who patronized her, and frequently invited her to her house. Of a singularly affectionate and unselfish nature, little Nancy often felt uncomfortable at the idea of being thus petted and praised, while her sisters were left at home unnoticed, though they never evinced the slightest jealousy. Sometimes, with tears trembling in her soft eyes, she would say pathetically, "I should be very happy if my sisters were going with me; but nobody can tell how I grieve at leaving them at home. Mary Anne, who is old enough to be my mamma's companion, may not, perhaps, mind it so much; but poor Henrietta, who is so near my own age, and who is my playfellow also, she, I am sure, must feel *very sorry*. Well, when I have any power of my own, my sisters shall know how I love them, for they shall share in all my pleasures." The cakes, sweetmeats, or any other treasures or dainties which she received, were all carefully preserved for

her two beloved elder sisters whom she was obliged to leave at home.

She was instructed in music, at a very tender age, by Mr. Wafer, organist of Berwick Street Chapel, by whose tuition she profited so well that at ten she could sing "The Soldier tired," and accompany herself on the piano-forte with precision and effect. Many of Nancy's early days were spent with a good little old man and his widowed sister, who partly trained her. The little girl was very assiduous, though exceedingly diffident. Being requested on one occasion to sing for an old friend, an officer who had just returned from abroad, she instantly commenced, "See the conquering hero comes!" and gave the words uncommon expression; but before she finished the song her fingers trembled, her voice faltered, and she fell back fainting, overpowered by her feelings, although she was under eleven years of age at the time.

Anna was still a child when Mrs. Phillips died, leaving her husband in charge of three very young daughters. A lucrative place in the Wine License Office, added to the emoluments of his profession, rendered Mr. Phillips able to support himself and family in a comfortable manner. Mary Anne was just married to a Mr. Scadgell, a builder, and Peregrine was apprenticed to a seal engraver. Anna Maria was placed with her aunt, Mrs. Le Clerc, a prudent and sensible woman, living in Prince's Street, Cavendish Square, who had entered into partnership with a trimming-maker, and Nancy, of course, assisted her aunt in the business, which was quiet and sedentary. While with her aunt, two ladies became acquainted with her, and, taking a fancy to her, invited her on a visit; she was sixteen, lively, lovely, and lovable, and a naval captain in his majesty's service made her an offer of his hand and heart, but, as he was considerably older than herself, the young girl declined it.

Her father did not lose sight of the advantages which might be derived from the proper cultivation of her voice, and, being fond of the stage, he decided to train his daughter as a vocalist, and articled her, in 1779, to Mr. Linley, the joint patentee of Drury Lane Theatre, for three years. She regarded this "dark, stern, gigantic" teacher with very different feelings from the love she had cherished toward Mr. Wafer, who, she said, was "of fairy race, light complexion, and of meek appear-

ance." Indeed, she confesses, "I trembled sometimes when I looked at him, for I actually believed that my poor dear little old master might go into the sleeve of Mr. Linley's great-coat."

At the expiration of her term of three years the young student was considered qualified to appear in the arduous part of Mandane in *Artaxerxes*, although she had not yet completed her seventeenth year. She made her début in the winter of 1780 at Drury Lane, and was received by a fashionable and crowded audience with flattering applause. Her powers were greatly checked by her excessive timidity, but the public were indulgent, and rather liked her modest diffidence; her youth, her beauty, and her voice pleaded effectually for the candidate. "I remember distinctly the surprise which her beauty excited," says Boaden, in his *Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons*. "She was always timid upon the stage, and really needed all the indulgence which she experienced; but she was infinitely promising of musical excellence; and as to countenance and figure, she realized the visions of even poetical imagination. He who came from the study of Spenser's Una beheld the seeming origin of such a portrait in Miss Phillips." For the sake of effect, Miss Prudom, who made her début the same evening, took the part of Arbaces, in which she acquitted herself very well, considering that she spoke English very badly. The beautiful Mrs. Baddeley was the royal Artaxerxes, and Miss Wright, afterward Mrs. Blanchard, was the Semira. "The evening," observes Boaden, enthusiastically, "seemed the triumph of beauty even more than that of harmony." Mr. Vernon was Artabanes, and Mr. Dubellamy, Rimenes.

Being now placed in a more independent position, the young singer took the upper part of a genteel private house in Drury Lane, which was furnished by her father, who came to reside with her. She also requested her aunt, Mrs. Le Clerc, to live with her, as that lady's business was going greatly out of fashion.

Her next character was Clarissa, which she performed for her own benefit, and at the termination of the Drury Lane season she was engaged as first singer at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool, where she appeared as Polly. From Liverpool she returned to Drury Lane, when she appeared as the Goddess of Beauty, in the masque of *King Arthur*, which was got up in a superb style. Miss Romanzini, afterward Mrs. Bland, was

the Cupid to her Venus; Mr. Smith played King Arthur, and Miss Farren made a most interesting Emmeline. She was again engaged in 1782 at Liverpool. Her reputation was now firmly established, and Mr. Daly, manager of the Theatre Royal in Smock Alley, Dublin, having heard of the fame of the lovely Miss Phillips, offered her an engagement in the summer of 1783. She accepted it, and went with her father to Ireland at the close of the London season. Dr. Johnson, desirous of befriending her, gave the beautiful young prima donna a somewhat original letter of introduction, couched in terms scarcely flattering to his charming friend:

"London, May 31, 1783.

"Sir,—The bringer of this letter is the father of Miss Phillips, a singer, who comes to try her voice on the stage at Dublin.

"Mr. Phillips is one of my oldest friends, and as I am of opinion that neither he nor his daughter will do any thing to disgrace their benefactors, I take the liberty of entreating you to countenance and protect them, so far as may be suitable to your station and character, and shall consider myself obliged by any favorable notice which they shall have the honor of receiving from you. I am, sir, your humble servant,

"Sam. Johnson.

"To the Right Hon. William Wyndham."

In Ireland the young vocalist met with John Kemble, who had appeared the preceding February, and who was then engaged with his sister, the glorious Siddons, in the Emerald Isle. They were mutually pleased to become acquainted, and contracted a friendship which gave rise to a report that they were engaged to be married—a rumor which gained color from a circumstance which happened, when they both went shortly after to perform at Limerick with Mrs. Siddons. Miss Phillips performed on alternate nights with the tragedian and his sister; and as the lovely English songstress was beyond measure popular, and the theme of universal conversation in the city, she was, of course, the cynosure of the young men. One evening, on the conclusion of the piece, *Love in a Village*, some officers of a militia regiment quartered in Limerick, being flushed with wine, declared their intention of escorting the beautiful Rosetta home, and rushing behind the scenes, terrified the

young prima donna by their loud tones and tipsy gallantries. She ran into her dressing-room and locked the door, "which these heroes swore they would break open without ceremony." Her father, who was laid up with gout, having requested Mr. Kemble to see his daughter home, the tragedian, hearing the uproar and ascertaining its cause, hurried to the scene of action, and politely requested the officers to withdraw. They declined to comply, and vehemently reiterated their intention of not quitting the theatre without Miss Phillips. Kemble drew his sword, and said that, having been deputed by the lady's father to see her safely home, he should execute his commission at the hazard of his life. He then requested Miss Phillips to open the door of her dressing-room, promising that she should not be molested; and the agitated girl issued forth, but at the sight of the brawlers was about to retreat precipitately. "Be under no apprehension," said Kemble, audibly; "I am resolved to protect you. If any gentleman is dissatisfied with my conduct, I will meet him, if he pleases, to-morrow morning; if he can prove it to be wrong, I shall be ready to apologize for it." Then, offering his arm to his trembling charge, he led her in safety to her chair.

The following morning, Lord Muskerry, the colonel of the regiment, called upon the tragedian, and told him that every apology he might demand should be made by the offenders. Kemble referred him to Miss Phillips, who was, he said, the really insulted person. Miss Phillips, however, told the commanding officer, with her usual naïveté, that "she would have no apology; all that she required was that the gentlemen in future would go from the theatre with the rest of the audience, and leave her to return home quietly with her father, or with the person whom he might appoint to conduct her." This incident was ever gratefully remembered by Miss Phillips, who never mentioned it without expressions of admiration of the spirit and perfect command of temper displayed by Kemble.

The next year she again went to Dublin, and was received with renewed favor. While there she had many admirers, one of whom, to prove the fervor of his attachment, threatened to shoot her if she declined his suit, saying he would go into the theatre for the purpose. On the next night she peeped through the interstices of the curtain to see if he was prepared to carry his threat into execution, and seeing him seated in the second

row of the pit, she did not for a moment doubt that he intended to keep his resolution, and in terror flew to procure some one to remove him from the house. He was taken into custody, but no weapons being found upon him, he was liberated; his friends subsequently persuaded him to leave the country.

Among those admirers who adopted more persuasive measures to win her favor was a young Irish nobleman, who induced her to elope with him. They fled; but an insuperable obstacle to their legal union unexpectedly presented itself. The youthful lord was a minor, and so well known that he could not prevail on any priest in Ireland to perform the marriage ceremony. In despair at this unlooked-for impediment, they set out for Scotland with all possible celerity; but their mutual friends had set out in pursuit, and came on them just as they were waiting for the wind to change, that they might sail. The lovers were immediately severed, never to meet again, and Miss Phillips was obliged unwillingly to return to her theatrical duties. Her first appearance at Drury Lane after this most untoward adventure was as Emily in the *Double Disguise*, in which Mrs. Wrighton had, as an Irish chambermaid, to sing to her a song, one verse of which ran thus:

"Each pretty young miss, with a long heavy purse,
Is courted, and flattered, and easily had;
She longs to be taken for better, for worse,
And quickly *elopes* with an IRISH LAD."

These lines she sang with such a malicious archness, that the audience, quickly applying them, were in convulsions of laughter, and the song was vociferously encored. The situation in which Miss Phillips found herself became almost insupportable: confused, blushing, and scarcely able to stand, she was forced to retain her place while the lines were repeated.

Some months afterward, the fascinating Anna Maria noticed one evening in the stage-box a very handsome man, who constantly kept his eyes fixed on her with such open admiration that his feelings could not be mistaken. This was Mr. Crouch, a lieutenant in his majesty's navy, who had become deeply smitten with the captivating singer. He obtained an introduction to her, declared his passion, and pressed his suit with such ardor that before the February of 1785 they were married. For family reasons, the marriage was kept secret some time from all but the bride's relations. The match was cer-

tainly not altogether a prudent or a brilliant one, for the gentleman had, besides his pay, nothing but "expectations" to look forward to, while the bride had several drains on her liberal salary: she was obliged to provide for her father, who was subject to frequent and expensive illnesses; for her aunt, who had been disabled by a terrible fall down stairs; for her youngest sister Sophia, whom she had just apprenticed to a fashionable milliner in Jermyn Street, and partially for her brother, who was an artist. Mrs. Crouch continued to perform in her maiden name for the remainder of the season, when an accident happened which almost proved fatal. At the latter end of the season she had one morning attended rehearsal, and turning round hastily when at the top of a flight of steps, she missed her footing and fell to the ground. She suffered agony all day, but generously resolved, if possible, to sing at night, fearing to cause loss and disappointment to the friend for whose benefit she was to appear. After the performance she got home to her lodgings in Charles Street, St. James's Square, suffering acutely, and at an early hour the next morning she was prematurely delivered of a little girl, who lived only two days. For weeks her life was in danger, and her death was often announced: grief for the loss of her infant preyed greatly upon her mind.

On her recovery Mr. Crouch took apartments in Rathbone Place, and her engagement at Drury Lane was renewed in her married name. She was greeted with the warmest sympathy on her reappearance, and again became the favorite of the public, though on the advent of Mrs. Billington in 1786, she was compelled to yield the position of first singer to that wonderful vocalist. Soon after this she had the satisfaction of seeing her young sister Sophia, then fifteen, married to Mr. Horrebow, a wealthy Dane, captain of a Danish East Indiaman. That summer Mrs. Crouch was engaged at Liverpool, and at the close of the winter theatres set out, accompanied by her husband.

On her return to town she was introduced to Michael Kelly, who had just appeared at Drury Lane, and from his long absence had nearly forgotten his native language; Mrs. Crouch, taking a fancy to him, good-naturedly bestowed much pains in recalling it to his memory, a kindness which he repaid by instructing her in music. Mrs. Crouch proposed to her husband

that Kelly, a stranger in London, should reside with them, a proposal which the young musician on his part gladly accepted, and they accordingly took a house in Titchfield Street. Lionel was the first character in which Kelly appeared, Mrs. Crouch being the Clarissa. Kelly had imparted new graces to her singing, and she had taught him to give proper emphasis to the dialogue, so that when they appeared together they played and sang with such spirit and judgment that the audience applauded them "to the echo."

Scarcely three years from the date of her first accident she met with another which likewise threatened to be fatal. At the end of January, 1788, she was going to rehearsal one morning in a hackney-coach, when the vehicle suddenly overturned, and her face was dreadfully cut by the broken glass; for, having her sister Sophia's little boy in her arms, she flung herself between him and the window. She was carried to a house near, and a surgeon sent for, who assured her that there was no glass in the wounds, and was going to bind them up. The torture she felt convinced her that he was deceived, and she sent for Mr. Cruikshanks, her own surgeon, who extracted many pieces of glass. It was long before she was sufficiently recovered to present herself on the stage: slight scars always remained, materially injuring the delicacy of her face.

In 1788–9 Mr. Kemble produced *Macbeth*, with the music of Matthew Lock. Mrs. Crouch was one of the witches, and created great dissatisfaction by appearing in "a fancy hat, powdered hair, rouge, point lace, and fine linen." The summer approaching, Mrs. Crouch went to Ireland with her husband and Kelly. She was so grateful for his tuition that she would now never consent to accept engagements unless he also was engaged. "I will never sing in any theatre without him," she frequently declared.

In the course of a sojourn at Margate in 1790, Mrs. Crouch had an opportunity of indulging the native benevolence of her heart. A poor girl, an inhabitant of the place, being deprived of the use of her limbs, was reduced to the utmost distress. Mr. Phillips, who was living at St. Peter's, drew up a petition to the inhabitants and visitors, by which he gained a considerable sum, and some persons of rank undertook to obtain subscriptions. They came to Mrs. Crouch and Kelly, who thought their best donation would be to play a night at the theatre for

the girl's benefit. The piece announced was the *Beggar's Opera*, Mrs. Crouch as Polly, and Kelly as Macheath. Every place in the house was taken; the whole pit, one row excepted, was railed into boxes; and the receipts of that night, with many liberal presents sent to the poor girl, were sufficient to procure her a comfortable subsistence for life.

From Margate Mrs. Crouch went with a party to Paris, where she staid three weeks, attending the theatre every night. Her first visit to the Grand Opera might have had unpleasant results. She sat in a conspicuous part of the house, and noticed that the eyes of every one were directed toward her box; the audience whispering and frowning, and looking from her to each other with every token of displeasure. She was inexpressibly annoyed and perplexed, until a gentleman who sat near explained the cause: she wore a white rose in her hair, and white was the Royalist color! "She was on thorns until she quitted the house," says Kelly, relating the incident, "but met with no insult."

On the 1st of January, 1791, the opera of the *Siege of Belgrade* was brought out with great success at Drury Lane, Mrs. Crouch performing Catharine, and Kelly the Seraskier.

A few months after this, Mr. and Mrs. Crouch, who had not lived happily together, agreed to separate, and she consented to allow her husband a portion of her professional emoluments, which he was mean enough to take. Kelly still continued to board with Mrs. Crouch, and they gave delighful musical parties at their house in Pall Mall, where the talents of Mrs. Billington, Madame Mara, Mrs. Bland, Signora Storace, Jack Johnson, and other vocalists, enhanced the attractions of these reunions, which were patronized by the Prince of Wales. At these meetings Mrs. Crouch would preside, arrayed in the costume which she had worn at the theatre; a fancy which was carried off so coquettishly by her wit, grace, and beauty, that it was irresistibly charming. The first personages of the day were to be met here; and sometimes Sheridan would arrive from a late debate, and sparkle in the saloon with his carefully-prepared impromptus. "Points of management were often settled in five minutes at such a rencounter with Sheridan that he could not be brought to decide by all the morning solicitations of the parties who besieged his dwelling-house." Kemble, and his brother Stephen too, would frequently be

found in company with the numerous celebrities who clustered round the lovely vocalist.

On their way to Ireland in 1793, Mrs. Crouch and Kelly encountered a terrific storm, and an alarm was spread that they had been cast ashore lifeless; but Mr. Phillips received a letter from his daughter dated the day after that on which the papers alleged she had been found dead. Anxious friends thronged daily to Suffolk Street to inquire into the truth of the report, and when they reappeared in London the pair were welcomed with uproarious delight and congratulation.

Upon the 19th of June, the next year, the splendid musical spectacle of *Lodoiska* was produced. It was translated from the French by John Kemble, and the music selected by Storace from the works of Cherubini and Kreutzer, and enriched with some charming melodies of his own composition. The *mise en scène* was "picturesquely grand and beautiful," the dresses gorgeous, and every detail perfect. Kemble, who was part proprietor of the theatre at the time, took the utmost care in getting up the piece, and was rewarded by the rapturous reception it met with. Mrs. Crouch was the Princess Lodoiska, Kelly personated Floreski, and the two Bannisters, Barrymore, Charles Kemble, Dignum, Sedgwick, Aikin, and Palmer, also performed in the spectacle. The last scene was heightened by an unexpected and fine effect from an accident which happened to Mrs. Crouch. When she was in the blazing castle, the wind blew the flames close to her; but she had sufficient fortitude and presence of mind not to move from her painful situation, although she remained at the hazard of her life. Kelly, seeing her danger, ran up the bridge, which was at a great height from the ground, toward the tower to rescue her, when, just as he was quitting the platform, a carpenter prematurely pulled away one of its supports. "Down I fell," says Kelly, "and at the same moment the fiery tower, in which was Mrs. Crouch, sank down in a blaze, with a violent crash. She uttered a scream of terror. Providentially I was not hurt by the fall; and, catching her in my arms, scarcely knowing what I was doing, I carried her to the front of the stage, a considerable distance from the place where we fell. The applause was loud and continued; in fact, had we rehearsed the scene as it happened, it could not have been done half so naturally or produced half so great an effect. I always carried her to

the front of the stage in a similar manner, and it never failed to produce great applause. Such are at times the effects of accident."

At the close of this season a second mishap of an even more alarming nature befell Mrs. Crouch. She was traveling, in order to fulfill some country engagement, when her carriage overturned, and a weighty dressing-case, containing all her stage ornaments and other theatrical property, fell on her throat and nearly choked her. This accident severely injured her voice; for, although the most eminent of the faculty were consulted, and various means tried to restore its clearness and strength, it never regained its former beauty. Henceforth she was obliged to take songs lower, and found her voice in speaking seriously weakened. Nor did this misfortune come alone: her father was at this time confined to his bed with gout; her aunt was in a state of mental derangement; and her eldest sister, Mrs. Scadgell, was in a deep decline. Yet her cheerfulness enabled her to bear up against these troubles, and to preside with apparent ease and tranquillity at a table adorned almost nightly by the first and most brilliant characters of the age. Mrs. Scadgell died in 1796, leaving a son and a daughter in the care of Mrs. Crouch, who adopted and advanced them.

Some short time after this, Mrs. Crouch performed, as one of the Priestesses of the Sun, in Sheridan's *Pizarro*, a play so popular that on the first night the pit was nearly filled by those who had paid box prices, and scrambled over to it from the suffocating lower boxes; many windows were broken to give air to the almost stifled throng in the passages; and one of the door-keepers had his ribs broken in endeavoring to restrain the impatience of the crowd. Late as the play came out, it ran thirty-one nights. The last new piece in which Mrs. Crouch appeared after *Pizarro* was the *Pavilion*, which was played only two nights. Mrs. Crouch was at this time engaged jointly with Kelly in the tuition of his pupils, who were instructed in deportment, acting, and elocution. Among them was a young girl named Griffiths, the daughter of the stage-door keeper in the Edinburgh Theatre. She was so struck with the performance of Mrs. Crouch, that, shortly after that lady had quitted the city, she, without giving any intimation of her project to her father, set out from Edinburgh and walked to London, where she sought out Mrs. Crouch, and entreat-

ed her to teach her to sing. Finding that the girl had a sweet voice, an accurate ear, and a great deal of intelligence, the kind-hearted prima donna took her under her tuition and patronage, and bestowed the utmost care on her instruction. The girl profited by the trouble expended on her, and made a decided "hit" as Polly and Clarissa, performing with Kelly, who took a strong interest in her.

In 1799 Mrs. Crouch and Kelly accepted an engagement at the Plymouth Theatre from Mr. Foote, father of the lovely Miss Foote, of Covent Garden Theatre. The house was crowded every night by admiring auditors. One night, in *No Song no Supper*, Mrs. Crouch, who acted Margaretta, introduced a pretty ballad, composed by Dr. Arnold for Miss Leak, entitled "Poor little Gipsy." It was every where a favorite, and she sang it exquisitely. A jolly tar in the pit listened with rapt attention, and when she came to the line "Spare a poor little gipsy a halfpenny," Jack hallooed, "That I will, my darling," and suited the action to the word by throwing a shilling on the stage.

Mrs. Crouch withdrew from the stage in 1801; but she occasionally exercised her skill in musical composition, and in sketching subjects for musical dramas. Her house adjoined the theatre, and she had a door of communication to her box, but she scarcely ever attended unless a new piece or a new performer interested her. She occupied much of her time and attention with the children of her sister Sophia, one of whom, Harry Horrebow, had appeared with credit on the stage. Her charms were now almost entirely faded, but this gave her no pangs of mortified vanity. "Oh," she would playfully remark, "I am not one of those ladies whose looking-glasses can never persuade them they are getting into years." And she would laughingly add, that, on reflection, she was "too old for characters of five-and-twenty."

Just before she left the stage she lost her father, who died in April, 1801, aged seventy-two; and soon her own health began to fail. It was suspected that the overturning of her coach had produced some internal derangement, which eventually proved fatal. The sea air temporarily restored her, but she gradually sank under the effects of a painful disease.

She expired on the 2d of October, 1805, in the forty-second year of her age. The injured wife had always spoken with

the utmost kindness of Mr. Crouch. "I sincerely forgive the whole conduct of Mr. Crouch to myself," she often said; "he is older now, and I hope is sufficiently sensible of his errors to abjure them, and render the present object of his choice, who I hear is a deserving woman, far happier than he did me; and they may rest assured that I will never take the least step to interrupt their felicity." And to the last she continued to speak kindly of him, and never was heard to betray the slightest vindictive feeling. Just before her death she expressed a wish to be interred in Brighton church-yard, saying that as it pleased God she should die at Brighton, she might be buried there: that "as the tree falls, there let it lie."

Michael Kelly placed a handsome monument, with a suitable inscription, over her grave. No one mourned the loss of the beautiful, amiable, and talented Anna Maria Crouch more than her faithful friend and comrade, Michael Kelly. In the course of his *Reminiscences*, he has given many tributes of admiration to that sweetness of nature which made her beloved in private life, and to her talents, which gained for her the enthusiastic plaudits of the most fastidious critics.

CHAPTER XII.

ANNA SELINA STORACE.

Nancy Storace—her name was properly Anna Selina, but every body called her Nancy—was, like many of our great female singers, born in a "musical clique." Her father was a Neapolitan named Storace, and a good performer on the double bass; he had settled in London, where he played for many years at the Opera House, when it was led by Felice Giardini. He married one of the Miss Truslers, of Bath, "celebrated for making a peculiar sort of cake," Kelly tells us, "and sister to Dr. Trusler, well known in the literary world as a chronologist."

In partnership with Dr. Arnold and Lowe the singer, Storace opened Marylebone Gardens in 1769, for the performance of burlettas and other entertainments. There he produced, in 1771, a musical piece called the *Coquet*, and a translation of *La Serva Padrona*. The speculation succeeded for a time, owing to the attractions of the music and Mrs. Storace's plum-cakes; but, after a while, the directors began to squabble, and were obliged to give up their enterprise, with loss.

Nancy, the only daughter, was born in 1765. Lively and imitative, she displayed unusual talent at a very tender age, and at eight she could play and sing at sight. Her brother Stephen, who was just two years her senior, was even more clever, for he had a universal genius. "He was the most gifted creature I ever met with: an enthusiast and a genius," says Kelly; but he especially excelled in music and in painting. While Stephen and Nancy were little children, Sheridan came to lodge with their father in the winter of 1772, bringing his fair young bride, Miss Linley, from Bath, and, being doubtless introduced through the Truslers, commenced a friendship which always remained firm. Sheridan was delighted with the bright, clever boy, and declared afterward that if he had been bred to the law he would indubitably have arrived at the dignity of lord chancellor. But as Stephen's father had more

influence in the musical than in the legal world, he determined to educate the boy in his own profession, and sent him to the Conservatorio St. Onofrio at Naples.

Nancy, evincing a decided taste for music, was trained as a singer, and had the good fortune to obtain the instruction of Rauzzini and Sacchini. She made such rapid progress under the care of these eminent masters that papa took her to Naples, where she sang at some of the oratorios given at the San Carlo during Lent. She was very well liked, and being now fifteen, it was decided that she should formally "come out." She had already sung as a juvenile performer at the meeting in Hereford in 1777, with her first master, Rauzzini.

They took her accordingly, about 1780, to Florence, where the famous Marchesi was engaged at the Pergola Theatre, and Nancy was engaged as "second woman" in the Opera. She had not, apparently, all the qualities necessary to insure success to a female singer: there was an unpleasant "harshness" in her countenance, though her physiognomy was striking when lighted up by lively emotions; her figure was clumsy, her manner totally unfitted for serious opera, and there was a certain coarseness in her voice. Her natural style was, therefore, necessarily the comic, for which she had an innate humor; and she was an excellent actress, though her musical science was such that she could sing any kind of music.

Marchesi did not much like her, perhaps because she was not pretty; and soon they came to open warfare. It happened that Bianchi had composed for Marchesi the celebrated cavatina, "Sembianza amabile del mio bel sole." Marchesi sang this with exquisite taste, and in one of the passages he ran up a flight of semitone octaves, giving the last note with such tremendous power, that it became famous under the title of "La bomba di Marchesi." Immediately after he sang this in the opera, Signora Storace had to sing an air of a similar character, and, fired with emulation, she took it into her head that she would throw out "a bomba," and she executed her song with a brilliancy which amazed and enraptured the audience. Poor Marchesi was furious at being eclipsed, and indignant at any body attempting even to rival him, more particularly the "second woman;" and Campigli, the impresario, requested her to discontinue the air. She peremptorily refused. "I have as good a right to show the power of my bomba as any body

else," was her reply. Marchesi declared that if she did not quit the theatre, he would; and the manager, fearing to lose a singer of celebrity like Marchesi, sided with the imperious signor; so poor Nancy was dismissed.

From Florence Nancy went, accompanied by her mother and brother, to Lucca, and thence to Leghorn, where she had scarcely arrived when she made an acquaintance which was destined to exercise some influence on her future life. She was standing with her brother on the Mole, at eight o'clock in the morning, when there approached a figure "slender as a walking-stick," attired in a Sicilian capote, with a quantity of fair hair floating over the shoulders, a face so delicately fair, and an appearance so peculiarly youthful, that the personage, whoever it might be, was evidently a girl dressed in boy's clothes. As the slim form stepped lightly from the boat to the landing-place, Nancy and her brother began to laugh and make jocose remarks in English upon the supposed girl. They were very much disconcerted when, addressing Nancy in the same language, the wearer of the Sicilian capote and the flowing tresses said, "You are mistaken, miss. I am a very proper *he* animal, and quite at your service." A ringing burst of laughter followed this speech; all three laughed till they were tired, and ultimately became fast friends. Stephen asked the stranger's name: it was Michael Kelly, who was coming in search of his first engagement, and they invited him to dinner.

The Signora Storace went shortly after to Venice, where she speedily became "the rage." She performed at the Theatre St. Samuele, in comic opera, with a powerful company. Every time she appeared the house overflowed; and when she took her benefit—the first ever given to any performer at Venice, and only granted to her because she was an Englishwoman—her mamma standing at the door to take the money, the delighted Venetians not only paid the usual entrance-money, but left all kinds of trinkets, chains, rings, and other acceptable trifles to be given to their favorite.

The Emperor Joseph, hearing of the clever young vocalist, invited her to Vienna in 1784, at a salary of eight thousand ducats. The naïve, laughter-loving girl was a great pet with his imperial majesty, despite her habit of committing some gaucherie in the etiquette of court life, and involving herself in some ludicrous scrape. The emperor himself, however, was

noted for his oddities, and often made the most sober spectators indulge in a quiet titter; he was not, therefore, so easily disconcerted by his fair English friend as he might otherwise have been. One day the signora was riding in the Faubourg to witness a *fête*, when his imperial majesty rode up and asked if she was amused, inquiring if he could do any thing for her. With her usual bluntness, Nancy took him at his word. "Why, sire," she said, in an off-hand manner, while those about her held their breath in dismay, "I am very thirsty. Will your majesty be so good as to order me a glass of water?" Joseph good-humoredly turned round, and directed one of his attendants to bring it.

About this time she involved herself in a mistake of a more serious nature. There was a certain Dr. Fisher, a violin-player, at the court of Vienna, who was a most eccentric man, of very peculiar ideas, an inordinate prattler, and fond of relating of himself the most extraordinary things, which he expected every body to believe implicitly. He was a preposterous coxcomb, and, though disagreeably ugly, he fixed his eye on Nancy Storace, determining that she should be his second spouse. Of his character a just estimate might be formed from an anecdote related of his conduct on one occasion at Covent Garden Theatre. In right of his first wife—the daughter of Mr. Powell—he was the possessor of a sixteenth share in the great London operatic establishment, and being one evening in the green-room, he rated an actress for having torn her petticoat. The actress questioned his right to do so. "All the right in the world, madam. I have to look after my property," he replied, loftily. "For know, madam, the sixteenth of the petticoat which you have destroyed belonged to me, and is mine, to all intents and purposes."

This conceited individual laid such close siege to the heart of poor Nancy that she was fain to capitulate. By dint of prodigious perseverance, and frequently taking tea with her mamma, he persuaded the young lady that he was one of the nicest fellows in the universe, and that she could not do better than accept his hand and heart, and share his musical fame. Nancy was bewitched: her friends remonstrated in vain, and she became Mrs. Fisher. The marriage ceremony was performed by a Protestant German clergyman in the chapel of the Dutch embassador. Dr. Adam Auersperg and Lord Mount

Edgecumbe led the bride to the altar, and the wedding breakfast was given by the English minister, Sir Robert Keith, whose proxy was the music-loving earl.

Scarcely was she married than she repented of her rashness. She and her *caro sposo* spent their entire leisure in fighting—literally, not figuratively; the doctor, it was said, making no scruple of enforcing his arguments with his young bride by a word and a blow, the blow coming first. One of her friends went to the emperor—the good-natured Joseph—and detailed this unfortunate concatenation of circumstances, whereupon his majesty significantly suggested to the doctor that travel sometimes enlarges the ideas. The violinist prudently took the broad hint in good part, and repaired to Ireland, where, being much admired for his skill on the violin, he supported himself by teaching and playing at concerts.

During the visit of the Duke of York to Vienna, Stephen Storace produced his first opera, in which his sister, who had now resumed her maiden name, and Michael Kelly, took the leading parts. In the middle of the first act Signora Storace suddenly lost her voice, and she in vain strove to recover herself: she could not force a note. This made her wretched, not only on her own account, but because it caused the failure of the opera. There is little doubt that the loss of her voice was occasioned by nervous excitement consequent upon her rash and unhappy marriage.

For five months she had no voice, and she was beginning to despair of its return, when all at once she discovered to her great joy that she could carol in her old bird-like tones. In a delirium of delight she ran to inform her brother of the fact. His second opera, the *Equivoci*, adapted by Da Ponte from the *Comedy of Errors*, was put in rehearsal without delay; and the elated singer made her brother ample amends for her former unlooked-for failure. This opera had a long and brilliant run, and established the musical reputation of Stephen at Vienna.

Some time after this Stephen Storace left Vienna for England, returning in 1787 with an engagement for Nancy from Gallini (then manager of the Opera House in London) as prima donna for the comic opera. Her engagement at Vienna was to expire after the ensuing Carnival, and she gladly accepted this offer of appearing in London. Kelly resolved to leave

Vienna likewise, and waited on the emperor at Schönbrunn, from whom he obtained permission to depart. The same night he went to the Ridotto Rooms, and was induced, contrary to his usual habit, to join in some play going forward. He lost forty zecchinos to a gallant English colonel, and, having only twenty in his pocket, was obliged to promise to pay the other twenty in the course of the week. His folly came to the ears of Nancy, and the next morning she called on him very early. "So, sir," she said, with a severe countenance, "I hear you were gambling last night, and not only lost all the money you had about you, but are still in debt. Such debts ought not to be left unsatisfied a moment. You may one day or other go to England, and should the transaction of your playing for more than you possess become known among the English, it might give you a character which I know you do not deserve. It must be settled directly." She drew the twenty zecchinos from her pocket, and told him to go at once and discharge the obligation. "Such an act of well-timed, disinterested friendship was noble," said Kelly years after, "and never has been forgotten by me."

Every thing was arranged for their departure, when, four days before the appointed time, a slight *contretemps* nearly broke up the plans of the party. Some friends supped with Kelly and Stephen at the Ridotto Rooms, and the latter, though habitually sober, drank too much Champagne. From the supper-table they adjourned to the ballroom, where they saw Nancy Storace dancing with an officer in full uniform, booted and spurred. While waltzing, the officer's spurs entangled in Nancy's dress, and he fell, with his fair partner, to the ground, "to the great amusement of the by-standers." Stephen, fancying his sister had been intentionally insulted, flew at the officer, whom he furiously attacked, and the uproar and confusion ended by half a dozen *gendarmes* seizing Stephen and dragging him to the guard-house. Several English gentlemen who were present followed him; and the officer of the guard, being a good-natured man, allowed them to send for any thing they chose; so the party remained with the prisoner all night, making his durance as pleasant as possible under the circumstances.

The next evening Kelly placed himself in the corridor leading from the dining-room to the emperor's study. Joseph, passing through, in his usual custom, saw Kelly, and paused,

saying, "Why, O'Kelly, I thought you were off to England." "I can't go, sire. My friend, who was to travel with me, was last night put in prison." And he related the unfortunate affair. The emperor laughed. "I am sorry for Storace," said he, "for he is a man of great talent; but I regret to observe that some of the English gentry who travel appear much altered from what they used to be. Formerly they traveled after they had quitted college; it appears to me that now they travel before they go to it. *Bon voyage*, O'Kelly," he added, passing on; "I shall give directions that Storace may be set at liberty."

Anna Storace made her first appearance at the King's Theatre with Signor Borelli—a basso of remarkable talent—in Paesiello's comic opera, *Gli Schiave per Amore*, as Gelinda. Her performance in this opera established her reputation, and her success was so great that she determined on settling in England. Sometimes she appeared alone, sometimes she was called in to give additional strength to a particular opera, as in Martini's *Arbore di Diana*, with Fabrizi, Viganoni, Braham, and Morelli, and in *La Cosa Rara*, when Mrs. Billington was substituted for Fabrizi.

Stephen had the direction of the Italian Opera for a short time, and gained considerable applause for the manner in which he produced the first piece in which his sister appeared. But his ardent, open nature soon revolted against the petty intrigues and jealousies of the green-room, so he gave up in disgust his musical pursuits, and went to Bath, where he devoted himself to drawing, in which art he excelled.

Signora Storace sang at the Ancient Concerts at the end of the year, and on the 8th of December the King's Theatre opened under the direction of Mazzinghi, with a new comic opera by Paesiello, *Il Rè Teodora in Venezia*, in which Signora Storace, Signora Sestini, and Signor Morelli supported the principal characters. Morelli had a bass voice of a fine rich mellow quality, and was an excellent actor.

The engagement of Mara and Rubinelli having terminated, and the latter quitting England, the season of 1788 began with comic opera, in which Signora Storace took the lead. Benucci was the first buffo, but his fine bass voice, excellent acting, and undoubted talent were not enough to make him a popular favorite. In the following season the comic performers were

dismissed, and exchanged for a new set, "all execrable." The dancers, too, were so bad that loud dissatisfaction was expressed every night, and the manager was at last compelled to send to Paris for a better corps de ballet, with whom came the famous Mdlle. Guimard, then, it was whispered, nearly sixty years of age, but who looked a charming sprite before the lamps. Signora Storace then transferred her services to Drury Lane, where she was received gladly as a most effective burletta singer. She was a valuable addition to any theatrical establishment, even apart from her talents, for she was never more happy than when attending to her professional duties. She defied colds and nervous complaints, wearing strong "shoes in the dry and pattens in the wet" to and from the theatre.

The first comic singer, Signora Giuliani, not having pleased the public, Signora Storace was re-engaged in 1789 at the King's Theatre, and appeared on the 11th of June in Paisiello's comic opera, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, as Rosina. She sang the airs with great taste and animation, and was ably supported by the spirit and humor of Signor Roselli, who made his first appearance as Figaro.

She returned to Drury Lane the next season, when the *Haunted Tower* was produced on the 24th of November, 1789. Stephen Storace (having returned to the theatre) composed the music, for the copyright of which he received five hundred pounds. The cast was good: Lord William, Michael Kelly; Edward, Mr. Bannister; Lady Elinor, Mrs. Crouch; Adela, Signora Storace. Baddeley, Moody, Suett, Dignum, Sedgwick, also combined to add to the attractions. The success of this piece was wonderful; it continued to "draw" for fifty nights, and was for a long time afterward a favorite.

The next year, the charming little operetta, *No Song no Supper*, by Prince Hoare, was brought out for the benefit of Kelly, in which Signora Storace acted Margaretta, and made a great "hit." She was admirable as an actress, though her imperfect knowledge of the English language was against her; but for this defect she amply atoned by her vivacity and arch humor, though her manner was a little vulgar. Her ballad, "With lowly suit" (the melody of which was taken from an old street ditty), was so admired as to be always honored with a unanimous encore. The operetta was received with great applause, and remained for years a favorite with the public,

being also remarkable as the only entertainment on the stage in which real edibles were provided; for, no matter where it was played, a veritable leg of mutton invariably figured on the table.

This season there were oratorios at both the winter theatres. Those at Drury Lane began on Friday, February 19th, with the *Messiah*, which was admirably sung by Reinhold and Kelly, Mrs. Crouch and Signora Storace.

The *Siege of Belgrade* was produced January 1, 1791, Signora Storace, Kelly, Bannister junior, and Mrs. Crouch appearing in it. This opera presented a marked instance of the rapid transition which English opera had made "from the simplicity of the musical farce to the captivating splendors of the Italian drama." The copyright was sold for a thousand pounds. In 1792, *The Pirates*, an opera by Stephen Storace, in which he introduced some of the music from the *Equivoci*, was produced. The scenery was designed by Stephen himself, from sketches made at Naples.

In March, 1796, Stephen Storace, when actively engaged in the production of the *Iron Chest*, was suddenly attacked by gout, and his anxiety to see the piece produced properly was so intense that, against the entreaties of his wife and best friends, he insisted on going to see the last rehearsal. Wrapped up in blankets, he was carried in a sedan-chair to the cold stage of the theatre, where he remained to the end of the rehearsal, after which he returned to his bed, from which he never rose again. He died on the 19th of the month, at the early age of thirty-three, leaving several children and a widow, daughter of Mr. Hall, the engraver. Deeply regretted by his friends, their first thought was to provide as far as possible for the helpless ones he had left, and a benefit was given on the 30th, when the incomplete opera of *Mahmoud* was performed, with the consent of Hoare, the librettist, some additional music having been selected by the composer's sister, to render the work presentable.

England became insupportable to Signora Storace after the death of her brother; so, resigning her lucrative engagement at Drury Lane, she accompanied Braham on a musical tour in 1797.

They first visited Paris, where they intended to have made only a brief sojourn; but finding themselves petted, applauded,

and pampered with ceremonies to stay, they consented to give a series of concerts. Tickets were issued at the novel price of one louis, a sum never before given at any concert in the then fashionable republic, the general price being six livres; but, notwithstanding the increased price of the tickets, their performances brought together numerous and elegant audiences, and they remained eight months in Paris, which they at length left with difficulty. They then went to Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Leghorn, Genoa, and many other cities, meeting every where with success beyond their most sanguine expectations.

After four years of this wandering life, they returned to England on the urgent entreaties of Mr. Harris, who made them offers impossible to resist, and December 9th, 1801, they appeared in the opera of *Chains of the Heart*, which had been manufactured by Prince Hoare out of several popular dramas. The marked contempt evinced by the audience for this "tissue of nonsense and folly" agitated Signora Storace to such a degree that she was nearly deprived of her powers. She recovered herself, however, and went through her part with her "usual ability and archness," though the critics objected that the character was too "genteel" for her style. Braham was "prodigiously impressive," according to the theatrical critics of the day, displaying not only a voice of exquisite sweetness and flexibility, but wonderful taste and executive skill. The new style which he had adopted during his absence from England was not at first generally popular; the public were not accustomed to the profusion of embellishment with which he embroidered even the most simple airs; indeed, he himself did not admire the florid style, though he assisted to make it fashionable.

In February, the following year, Braham's popular opera, *The Cabinet*, was brought out, in which Storace appeared (as Floretta) with Braham and Incledon; and on the 15th of March she took her benefit (at Covent Garden), when the *Siege of Belgrade* and *No Song no Supper* were performed to an overflowing house.

In 1803, Harris, the spirited proprietor of Covent Garden, produced on the 13th of December a new comic opera by Dibdin and Braham, called the *English Fleet in* 1342. The airs which were sung by Signora Storace and Braham were not so

effective as those of *the cabinet*, and had to be staged and delivered to encounter a tempest of opposition at its launch; "but, through the skill of its pilot, Mr. Harris, it was at length brought into safe and secure anchorage, where, with flying colors, it afterward rode in triumph." For this piece Braham received the largest sum that had ever been paid for the copyright of a musical drama—one thousand guineas.

A violent dispute arose between Braham and the manager when Signora Storace took her benefit, April 1st, 1805, originating in the refusal of the manager to give Braham the privilege of selecting songs for the night's programme. This refusal the tenor chose to regard in the light of an insult, and, after some altercation, sent in his resignation; but, that the signora might not suffer, he appeared that evening in the *Siege of Belgrade*. The public took up the quarrel, and marshaled itself into two parties. The house was crowded, and the instant the popular tenor appeared on the stage, the uproar began, and the clamor became so deafening that it was in vain Braham attempted to make himself audible. Wearied with their own noise, the rioters at last desisted, and consented to hear what Braham had to say. He stated that it had been hitherto the custom to allow him the privilege he had claimed, and he had exercised it without opposition, having always taken what songs he pleased from any operas he liked, to introduce them in any piece for his benefit. That this established custom having now for the first time been refused by the manager, he could only consider such refusal as personal to himself, and that he felt proportionately hurt, not from being denied the privilege, but from the abrupt withdrawal. An explanation from the opposition was then vehemently demanded, and some one came forward to offer an apology; but Kemble, as acting manager, was violently called for. He was not in the house, nor was it known where he was to be found. However, the audience insisted that he should appear.

After some delay Mr. Kemble came on, and stated that Mr. Braham might have been permitted to take whatever songs he pleased from pieces that were not now on the stock-list, but not from those which still brought money to the theatre. The audience at last allowed the opera to proceed.

During the latter part of this summer Signora Storace and Braham were engaged to perform six nights at the Brighton

Theatre. In the rehearsal of their first opera, the *Haunted Tower*, when Braham's leading song, "Spirit of my sainted sire," came on, it was discovered that there were no kettle-drums; and as the absence of the drum accompaniment would completely ruin the song, the manager faithfully promised that the drums should be behind the scenes in the evening. At night the drums were at hand, but there was no one to beat them! Braham and the manager were in despair, as the song was to be given immediately. Storace, who was standing by, seized the drumsticks, and, with her usual merry manner, undertook to beat the drums, a task which she performed as if she had been a drummer all her life.

From various reasons Signora Storace resolved to quit the stage in 1808. She was aware that her voice was of a nature to crack and grow husky, and she had made enough to retire on in comfort. On the 30th of May she appeared for the last time on the stage, in her favorite part of Margaretta, in *No Song no Supper*. Colman wrote for her a farewell address of about two dozen lines, which she sang in that character, thus making "a swanlike end, fading in music." Her emotion was visibly perceptible, and was more than her strength could bear. When she reached the line, "Farewell, and bless you all forever!" she was so overcome by her feelings that she was borne senseless from the stage. She quitted the stage esteemed and regretted by all Opera frequenters, and withdrew altogether into private life, reserving her inimitable powers for the amusement of her friends. She was visited in her retirement by a large circle of noble and fashionable acquaintances, for she enjoyed a considerable income, was luxurious in her habits, intelligent and agreeable, and considerably accomplished. Every year she gave a *fête*, "to which the love of whim drew some, and the folly of fashion drew others."

Seven years after her retirement Signora Storace was dining with her old friend Kelly, who had invited Signor Ambrogetti and another friend to meet her, when suddenly she was seized with a shivering fit, and complained of being very ill. The next day Dr. Hooper advised her to be bled; but this she vehemently refused, because it was Friday, her superstitious feelings making her regard it as an unlucky omen. It may fairly be said that she sacrificed herself to this superstition, for it was confidently asserted that had she lost blood her life might have

been saved. She died at her country house at Herne Hill, at the age of forty-nine, May, 1815, of dropsy of long standing.

Her generosities were as numerous as her eccentricities. She left a legacy of a thousand pounds to the Royal Society of Musicians. She had already contributed largely toward erecting in the Abbey Church, at Bath, a monument to her old master, the celebrated Rauzzini.

MRS. BILLINGTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

ELIZABETH BILLINGTON.

One of the leading performers in the orchestra of our Italian Opera, about the middle of the last century, was a native of Saxony named Charles Weichsel. His wife (whose maiden name was Wierman) was a leading vocalist at Vauxhall, who appeared at the Hereford Musical Meeting in 1768 and 1769. She had been a pupil of John Christian Bach, who came to England in 1763, and her talents were highly appreciated by the frequenters of Vauxhall, where she sang from 1765 to 1775. Her voice was of unusual compass, reaching to the E in alt, and it had one striking peculiarity—an approximation to the tone of a clarionet, from which instrument she had studied her solfeggio. Her facility of execution was singular, her style was elegant and florid, and she had attained a remarkable neatness in staccato passages, in which she rivaled the pizzicato of the best violinists of the day. The only defect in her otherwise mellow voice was a certain reediness of tone.*

This musical couple had two children, a girl, born in 1770, in Litchfield Street, Soho, named Elizabeth, and a son named Charles. Both were clever and sprightly, and displayed a genuine love of music; they studied together, and were very much attached; but the girl's taste turned toward singing and pianoforte performance, and the boy's toward the violin. Elizabeth, whose general musical education was superintended by her father, with a severity amounting to harshness, received instruction from her father's countryman, Schroeter, and occasionally

* "Mrs. Weichsel imitated the tones of her husband's hautboy till she contracted a reedy tone. I mentioned the circumstance one day to Mrs. Billington, at Fulham, when, taking me to the window, and pointing to an old gentleman, who was walking at the farther end of the garden, 'Yonder,' she said, 'is the cause. The applause with which my father's excellence on his favorite instrument (the hautboy) was uniformly received, led my mother to copy its tones till she lost her own. Sensible of her mistake, I have always preferred to emulate, with what success I know not, the more liquid notes of the flute.'"—Busby.

from some of the first masters of the time, who were astonished at her rapid progress and early proficiency: lessons which to others would have been tasks, were with her mere pastimes. At the age of seven she assisted at her mother's benefit at the little theatre in the Haymarket, singing and playing on the piano in a way that surprised every one. Her brother Charles also played a solo on the violin in a style which delighted and astonished the public, always ready to welcome juvenile phenomena.

Elizabeth, when she was only eleven, composed original pieces for the piano-forte; and at fourteen, when others were beginning to study, she appeared at a concert at Oxford. As she grew older, she continued her piano-forte studies under the care of Mr. Thomas Billington, one of the band belonging to Drury Lane. He was a clever, pleasant man; she was young and lovely, with bewitching manners; they were both young and deplorably poor, but they were romantic, and papa was unbearably severe and irritating. The natural consequence was, that they were married at Lambeth Church, at the beginning of 1785, in direct opposition to the wishes of Elizabeth's parents.

Too soon the young pair found themselves in a sad predicament. They had no money, and were at their wit's end; so, pressed by necessity, they went on a journey of speculation to Dublin, where they succeeded in obtaining engagements at the theatre in Smock Alley, from Richard Daly. Mrs. Billington made her first appearance on the lyric stage at the age of fifteen in Glück's opera of *Orpheus and Eurydice*, with the celebrated Tenducci. Tenducci was a very fine singer, and a popular favorite. In 1766 he had delighted the Dublin public by his performance as Arbaces, and his exquisite singing of the air "Water parted from the Sea," in *Artaxerxes*. At his benefits he used to obtain thirty, forty, and even fifty guineas for a single ticket. The "frolicsome Dublin boys" sang about the streets, in his honor, this stanza, to the old tune of "Over the hills and far away."

> "Tenducci was a piper's son,
> And he was in love when he was young,
> And all the tunes that he could play,
> Was 'Water parted from the say!'"

Unfortunately, the aspiring young vocalist, Mrs. Billington,

was doomed to disappointment and mortification, for the audience infinitely preferred a Miss Wheeler, and always applauded her, taking no notice of the new-comer. This was very vexatious, but her annoyances did not cease here. Daly, the manager—they called him "Dick the Dasher"—was an intolerable tyrant, and ground down his wretched company in order to keep his carriage and squander money on his own pleasures. Brutal and overbearing, he was constantly exacting forfeits on every imaginable pretense. Another uncomfortable circumstance was that every performer, however respectable, on going to receive the week's salary, was obliged to stand on a dismal narrow staircase which led to the office, huddled together with the lamplighters, scene-shifters, carpenters, tailors, and supernumeraries, the latter being frequently so distressed as to be driven to stealing the clothes of the performers. Daly was continually threatening, on the slightest pretext, to throw performers into prison, in order to bully them into yielding to his schemes, or to take revenge for imaginary offenses.

Disgusted by the annoyances to which she was subjected, the timid débutante almost relinquished the stage in despair; but another engagement was obtained for her at the Capel Street Theatre, then under the management of Signor Giordani. About the end of this summer a girl was born to the young couple, but it did not live long.

Mrs. Billington left Dublin, and went to Waterford with her husband, who was engaged in the orchestra of the theatre there. It happened that the company were getting up some difficult musical performance, and wanted a female voice; so, seizing the auspicious opportunity, Billington asked permission to bring his wife, a request which astonished every body, for till that moment no one had heard of her. She was introduced, and took by storm those of the actors who listened to her, for she united to great musical science rare natural gifts as a vocalist; her beauty, too, was of a brilliant type, and altogether she created a "sensation" among the performers. John Bernard, the actor, who entertained a lively friendship for Billington, volunteered to give the young singer any assistance or advice in studying one or two characters; and after the lapse of a few mornings she was perfect not only in the words, but the characters of Rosetta and Clarissa. A full rehearsal was called, and the only objection raised against her was, that ti-

midity almost paralyzed her powers: this explained the secret of her failure in Dublin. However, after some farther rehearsals, she gained such confidence that the manager put her name in the bills, and she appeared in public. Her success "was equal to her deserts;" yet, at the conclusion of the season, she was without an engagement. Her husband, being in the same predicament, went to Bernard, and begged him to use his influence with Mr. Palmer, of the Bath Theatre, in procuring him a situation. Bernard received for answer that the arrangements for the orchestra had been long since completed, but that if the young couple chose to join the company under the condition of making themselves generally useful, Palmer would give them three guineas a week. Billington, of course, gladly received the offer; but circumstances induced the pair to return to Dublin, where Mrs. Billington sang again at the Rotunda with some success; they then went to London.

Mrs. Billington, who now felt confident in her powers, applied to Harris, the proprietor, and Lewis, the manager, of Covent Garden, for an engagement. They replied that if she liked to perform three nights, they would be willing to give her a trial; but so short a probation frightened her. She desired to have thirteen nights, under the reasonable apprehension that, as in Ireland, overanxiety might at first mar her efforts; and this was agreed to. She demanded twelve pounds a week, to which they demurred, that being the highest sum then given to Miss Wheeler, Mrs. Billington's Dublin rival, who was then at Covent Garden, and whose reputation was established. The comparison irritated Mrs. Billington, and she was about to decline farther negotiations, but prudently changed her mind; and her name was announced as "Mrs. Billington, late Miss Weichsel." It happened to attract the attention of the king, who commanded her appearance two days sooner than it had been advertised. This circumstance, so highly flattering, encouraged the trembling débutante, who resolved to stake every thing on her present chance, and to quit the stage if she failed.

Nature and study had both combined to make Mrs. Billington ready to profit by those "lucky chances," of which people talk so much, and which never avail grumblers and idlers; and she labored day and night to insure her success. The compass of her voice—a pure soprano, more sweet than pow-

erful—was of extraordinary extent in its upper notes, from A to A in alt; but the lower part was very limited. Of this she was aware, and in a bravura she would often substitute one octave for another, a license which passed unnoticed by the undiscriminating multitude, while it was easily excused by cultivated ears, being, as one connoisseur remarked, "Like the wild luxuriance of poetical imagery, which, though against the cold rules of the critic, constitutes the true value of poetry." She had not the full tones of Banti, but rather resembled those of Allegranti, whom she closely imitated. Her voice, in its very high tones, was something of the quality of a flute or flageolet, or resembled a commixture of the finest sounds of the flute and violin, if such could be imagined. It was then "wild and wandering," but of singular sweetness. "Its agility," says Mount Edgecumbe, "was very great, and every thing she sang was executed in the neatest manner and with the utmost precision. Her knowledge of music enabled her to give great variety to her embellishments, which, as her taste was always good, were always judicious." In her cadenzas, however, she was obliged to trust to her memory, for she never could improvise an ornament. Her ear was so delicate that she could instantly detect any instrument out of tune in a large orchestra;* and her intonation was perfect. In manner she was "peculiarly bewitching," and her attitudes generally were good, with the exception of an ugly habit of pressing her hands against her bosom when executing difficult passages. Her face and figure were beautiful, and her countenance was full of good-humor, though not susceptible of varied expression; indeed, as an actress, she had comparatively little talent, depending chiefly on her voice for producing effect on the stage.

On the 13th of February, 1786, in the presence of the king and queen, and before a house crowded by fashion, Mrs. Billington made her début at Covent Garden, in the character of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*, which she had studied so assiduously with her friend Bernard in Waterford. Her success was beyond her most sanguine anticipations. It was declared that Rosetta had never had so able a representative. She sang in a resplendently brilliant style; brilliancy being then an innovation in English singing, for the once celebrated Catley thought

* Her sense of hearing was so painfully acute that she was often seriously annoyed by the sound made by small flies in a room.

one cadenza enough in each verse, and Mrs. Bannister scarcely ever used any ornament whatever, her style being purely that of ballad-singing. The innovation was considered dangerous, and it was said the presence of royalty alone shielded the young vocalist from disapprobation. The pit was bewildered; the gallery gaped in sheer amazement; but the musical world unanimously applauded, and the effect produced in the orchestra by her performance was magnetic, the leader being so absorbed during one of her beautiful cadences that he neglected to give his chord at its close. So much science, taste, flexibility, birdlike sweetness, and brilliancy had not been united in any preceding singer. Miss Wheeler was routed, and Mrs. Billington assumed undisputed sovereignty in the realm of song.

At the expiration of the twelve nights the managers waited on the successful débutante to renew the engagement, and questioned her cautiously regarding her expectations. More in jest than earnest, for she hardly credited her triumph, she demanded a thousand pounds and a benefit for the remainder of the season; and, to her utter astonishment, the managers gladly assented. So great was their satisfaction, indeed, that at the end of the season they voluntarily gave her a second night, in return for the extraordinary emoluments they had derived from her performances.

For her second part she chose Polly, in the *Beggar's Opera*, and in music of a simpler character proved that she was mistress of every style, and had that judgment so rare in a singer —to discern the true limit of embellishment.

She appeared at the Ancient Concerts immediately after making her début, and sang "Come rather, goddess, sad and holy," from Handel's *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, and "Dove sei" (from *Rodelinda*), now better known as "Holy, holy Lord." Mara, who was then in the zenith of her fame, was seized with a furious jealousy of the rising young vocalist, and evidenced her smothered rage by disputing with her for places and pre-eminence. Mrs. Billington, being very good-tempered, never resisted the haughty German, but took every opportunity, on the contrary, to speak of her in flattering terms.

During the season, although her theatrical duties were unremitting, Mrs. Billington never relaxed from the most sedulous pursuit of the general knowledge and practice of her art. She labored incessantly, and received lessons of Mortellari, an

Italian master of celebrity at that time in England. The pianoforte occupied a good deal of her attention; and so exquisite was her touch, that Salomon used to say of her, "Sare, she sings wit her fingers." Had she devoted herself to the piano instead of to vocal art, she would have been the most celebrated pianist of her day; but she was eagerly intent on becoming a finished singer. Often would she go from the theatre to her master, never tiring, and determined on leaving nothing to chance, the god of fools. So much were the public struck by the novelty and singular beauty of her vocal graces and ornaments, that her favorite songs were published as nearly as possible in the way she sang them, her fioriture being exactly taken down. Her husband was intoxicated with her success, and took care that nothing should be neglected to give effect to her performance. One night, when she was singing the bravura in the last act of *Artaxerxes*, her husband, who was seated in the orchestra, considering that the trumpeter did not accompany her with sufficient force, whispered frequently to him, "Louder! louder!" The leader of the band, agreeing with Billington, repeated the same command so often that at length the indignant German, flinging down his trumpet in a rage, turned to the audience, and exclaimed, in a tone of angry remonstrance, "It be vary easy to say 'Louder and louderer,' but, by gar! vere is de vind?"

On the theatre closing, Mrs. Billington availed herself of the interval to visit Paris, Billington remaining in London teaching music, and living splendidly on the joint earnings of himself and spouse. She also seized the opportunity of obtaining instruction from Sacchini, neglecting no means of fortifying and enriching her natural endowments with the aid of science. From him she quickly caught "much of that pointed expression, neatness of execution, and nameless grace by which her performance was so happily distinguished:" indeed, she may be said to have been the last pupil of that master, for he died soon after.

The next year Kelly appeared, when he saw Mrs. Billington perform Rosetta. "I thought her an angel in beauty, and the St. Cecilia of song," says he, enthusiastically. It having become "the fashion" to translate popular French pieces for the English stage, an operetta, founded on Sterne's story of "Maria," was produced at Covent Garden, April 24th, this year,

under the title of *Nina*, with the original music by Dalayrac, the words having been adapted by Dr. Walcot (Peter Pindar). Mrs. Billington performed Nina with great feeling and expression, and was loudly applauded. She performed at Covent Garden for several seasons.

In the summer of 1789 she went to Dublin, when she sang with Miss George, afterward Lady Oldmixon. This singer's voice was of such compass that it reached B in alto perfectly clear and in tune, being three notes higher than any other singer. "Mrs. Billington, who was engaged on very high terms for a limited number of nights, made her first appearance on the Dublin stage in the character of Polly in the *Beggar's Opera*, surrounded by her halo of popularity. She was received with acclamations, and sang her songs delightfully; particularly 'Cease your funning,' which was tumultuously encored. Miss George, who performed the part of Lucy (an up-hill singing part), perceiving that she had little chance of dividing the applause with the great magnet of the night, had recourse to the following stratagem. When the dialogue duet in the second act, 'Why, how now, Madam Flirt?' came on," Mrs. Billington having given her verse with exquisite sweetness, Miss George, "setting propriety at defiance, sang the whole of her verse an octave higher, her tones having the effect of the high notes of a sweet and brilliant flute. The audience, taken by surprise, bestowed on her such loud applause as almost shook the walls of the theatre, and a unanimous encore was the result."

Many persons having said that it was only in bravura-singing that she was a proficient, Mrs. Billington selected for her benefit on the 19th of February, 1790, the musical piece of the *Flitch of Bacon*, the first opera composed by Shield. As Eliza, she sang with touching effect the simple and plaintive melodies in the most chaste and beautiful style, thus silencing those who had limited the range of her talents.

Haydn gave this opinion on her in his *Diary* in 1791: "On the 10th of December I went to see the opera of *The Woodman* (by Shield). It was on the day when the provoking memoir of Mrs. Billington was published. She sang rather timidly, but yet well. She is a great genius." The tenor was Incledon. "The common people in the gallery are very troublesome in every theatre, and take lead in uproar. The

audience in the pit and boxes have often to clap a long time before they can get a fine part repeated. It was so this evening with the beautiful duet in the third act: nearly a quarter of an hour was spent in contention, but at length the pit and boxes gained the victory, and the duet was repeated. The two actors stood anxiously on the stage all the while."

The great composer paid her one of the prettiest compliments she ever received. Reynolds was painting her portrait in the character of St. Cecilia, and one day Haydn called just as it was being finished. Haydn contemplated the picture very attentively, then said suddenly, "But you have made a great mistake." The painter started up aghast—"How! What?" "Why," said Haydn, "you have represented Mrs. Billington listening to the angels; you should have made the angels listening to her!" Mrs. Billington blushed with pleasure. "Oh, you dear man?" cried she, throwing her arms round his neck and kissing him.

Early in 1794 she quitted England, having resolved to abandon the stage, and went with her husband and brother Charles, the violinist, on a Continental tour. Charles's excellent taste, and the discrimination of his style of accompaniment, were said to have contributed not a little to set off Mrs. Billington's talents to the best advantage. Intending to travel incognito, they declined the letters of introduction offered by friends; but two days after they reached Naples a *valet-de-place* betrayed Mrs. Billington's name to Lady Hamilton, who immediately called on the great English singer, and insisted on presenting her to the queen. She was then persuaded to perform in private, accompanied by Mr. Weichsel, before the king and queen at Caserta, their country residence; and so gratified were their majesties by her performance that they requested her to appear at the San Carlo, then looked on as the finest operatic establishment in the world. It is difficult to refuse royal requests; and accordingly, in May, 1794, she made her début before the Neapolitans in *Inez di Castro*, which had been specially set for her by Francis Bianchi. Her success was complete.

To *Inez di Castro* succeeded the *Didone* of Paisiello, the *Ero e Leandro* of Paer, and the *Deborah e Sisera* (an oratorio, or rather sacred drama) of Guglielmi. In the latter Mrs. Billington was supported by Davide, the most celebrated tenor

of Italy, who had a pretty good opinion of his own abilities. Speaking one day of Braham, he declared that there were only two real singers in the world—himself and "the Englishman."

It became the vogue to patronize the beautiful English donna, from national pride as well as from personal admiration. The royal example was followed by Lady Templeton, Lady Palmerston, Lady Gertrude Villiers, Lady Grandison, and all the English and Irish nobility then resident in Naples who either affected or possessed musical taste.

She went in June, 1796, to Bologna, where she found herself unexpectedly singing to an audience consisting of French officers and soldiers, whom the rapid victories of Napoleon had led in less than two months across the whole of Northern Italy from the Varennes to the Adige. Bonaparte himself arrived in Bologna on the 19th of June, and learning that Mrs. Billington had an engagement at Milan, a city already occupied by his troops, he assured her not only of perfect security, but that Madame Bonaparte would pay her every attention in her power. During her engagement at the Pergola, therefore, Mrs. Billington was a frequent guest at the table and private parties of Josephine. From Milan she proceeded to Venice, where she was engaged to sing during the Carnival of 1796. Nasolini, a young composer of great promise, wrote *Semiramide* for her début. She sang only one night, however, being suddenly seized by severe illness, which confined her for six months to her bed. To the honor of the impresario be it said, that he generously brought her the whole of her salary, which she recompensed by singing without any farther remuneration during the season of the Ascension, on the occasion when the annual fair drew immense numbers of strangers to Venice. On her recovery the theatre was illuminated for three nights, and the *corps diplomatique* presented her with a jewel of great price and beauty. On going from Venice to Rome, she was earnestly requested to give a concert in the Eternal City. She at first declined, but the society of Cavalieri undertook the arrangements, and she and her brother Charles performed to a crowded audience. She returned to Naples at the close of this year; and as about this time an eruption of Mount Vesuvius took place, the superstitious bigotry of the Neapolitans attributed the visitation to the per-

mission granted to the heretic Englishman to perform at the San Carlo. Serious apprehensions were entertained by Mrs. Billington's friends for her safety; but her talents and popularity triumphed, and she continued to appear.

Her engagement was terminated in a most melancholy manner. She and her husband were dining one evening with the Bishop of Winchester (North), who was then staying at Naples. After dinner, Mr. Billington went up stairs to fetch a cloak for his wife to go to the Opera; while coming back, he suddenly fell dead in the arms of his friend Bianchi. The consternation which his mysterious death created may readily be imagined. Many persons shook their heads, and whispered that he had died from poison or the stiletto. Mrs. Billington having been the object of the devoted attentions of all the young nobles of Naples, horrible stories were industriously circulated. It is said that they feared to tell Mrs. Billington, and that she sang at the theatre that night; but such an assertion is scarcely to be credited. The Queen of Naples interfered to prevent her reappearing until she had completely recovered the shock.

A servant of the public has not much time to devote to grief; and there were only too many reasons for supposing that Elizabeth Billington did not particularly regret the husband with whom she had eloped in her girlish years. Having, by the irruption of the French army, lost twenty thousand sequins which she had placed in the Bank of Venice, she was glad to take an engagement from the proprietors of La Scala, and left Naples to fulfill it.

She had not been long at Milan when she became acquainted with a Frenchman, the son of a banker of Lyons, and employed in the commissariat department; he was named Felican, Felissant, Fleissont, Felisson, Felissent, Felissini, Florresent, or Felipent, for thus variously has the name been spelt. He was a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life, of fine athletic form, military appearance, and seemingly every thing that could be desired in temper and disposition; and he laid strong siege to the heart of the lovely Englishwoman. So successful was he in his wooing, that the beautiful widow declared she was "now in love for the first time in her life," and they were married in 1799. But in the very first week of the honeymoon "the dove assumed the fierceness of the hawk:"

her husband treated her unmercifully, and if she dared to complain, "plates, dishes, and any other movables were thrown at her." Raised from a state of poverty to one of comparative affluence, the ungrateful Felican now bedecked himself in an elegant French uniform, and ordered his wife to tell every body that she had bought him a commission; but for thus assuming a character to which he was not entitled, and for other *fourberies* he had committed, of which his cruel usage of his bride was not the least, he was PUBLICLY FLOGGED, by order of General Serrurier—a punishment which, while it cut his wife to the soul, and humbled her to the dust, had not the slightest effect on his hardened nature.

The next year Braham, who had come to Italy chiefly for study, was singing during the Carnival at the Scala, and was announced to appear with Mrs. Billington in an opera by Nasolini, *Il Trionfo di Claria*. The applause which he received at rehearsal enraged Felican, who intrigued till he persuaded the leader to omit the grand aria for the tenor voice, in which Braham's powers were advantageously displayed. This piece of spite and jealousy being noised about, the public openly testified their displeasure, and the next day it was announced by Gherardi, the manager, in the bills, that Braham's scena should be performed, and, on the second night of the opera, it was received with tumultuous applause. Braham, justly indignant, avenged himself in an ingenious manner, but his wrath descended on an innocent head. Mrs. Billington's embellishments were always elaborately studied, and, when once fixed on, seldom changed; the angry tenor, knowing this, caught her roulades, and on the first opportunity, his air coming first, he coolly appropriated all her fioriture. Poor Mrs. Billington listened in dismay at the wings. She could not improvise ornaments and graces, and when she came on, the unusual meagreness of her style astonished the audience. She refused, in the next opera, to sing a duet with Braham; but, as she was good-natured, she forgave Braham, and they always remained excellent friends.

Notwithstanding Felican's abominable behavior, and the public disgrace he had undergone, the infatuated singer still loved her husband, and they went together to Treviso, in the Venetian States, where she had purchased a country house. But no sooner were they settled in it than the ruffian resumed

his infamous conduct: he insulted and beat her continually, and, worst of all, compelled her to wear the coarsest garments, and threatened to kill her if she did not surrender to him her jewels, which he thus wrenched from her. Driven to despair, she at last ran away, joined her faithful brother Charles at Venice, and set off with him, in 1801, for England.

On reaching London she was engaged at once: in fact, there was a pitched battle between Harris and Sheridan as to which should have her. She gave the preference to her old friend Harris, and signed a contract with him, the terms being 3000 guineas to perform from October to April, three times a week, a free benefit being insured at £500, and £500 insured to her brother for leading the band on the nights she sang. Sheridan, however, stoutly persisted that he had first offered those terms, and the dispute was ended by an arbitration, when it was decided that she should perform alternately at both houses.

Mrs. Billington appeared at Covent Garden the 3d of October, 1801, in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, so much admired at the period; in it Dr. Arne was said to have "consolidated the beautiful melody of Hasse, the mellifluous richness of Pergolese, the easy flow of Piccini, and the finished cantabile of Sacchini, with his own pure and native simplicity." Thunders of applause greeted her entrance on the scene, and she responded "after the French manner," by courtesying respectfully to the three sides of the house. At the very commencement of her performance all the expectations of her audience were satisfied. In the duet of "Fair Aurora," which she sang with Incledon, she glided through the chromatic passage which closes the first and second strain with a sweetness of effect which no one but herself could produce. In the air, "If o'er the cruel tyrant Love," she was exquisite, displaying in almost every bar an irreproachable taste. Her ornaments, though abundant, were chaste, and the additional notes, in which she soared with ease to D in alt, were as ingenious and tasteful as they were forcibly expressed. In short, nothing remained to crown the triumph of the evening but the execution of the familiar bravura which precedes the finale, "The soldier tired of war's alarms," in which she attained the acme of her art, and was vehemently encored. Incledon was an excellent Arbaces; and Mrs. Atkins, as far as her limited powers would allow, sang Semira's airs with sweetness and expression.

At the end of the first act, as the bills of the day announced, a bravura song, "Lost in anxious doubts," composed by Bianchi, was sung by Mrs. Billington, with an obbligato accompaniment by Mr. Weichsel. This piece displayed the wonderful extent of her vocal powers, and the facility with which she executed it enraptured and astonished the audience.

She had much improved, every one remarked, since she was last in England: she was less redundant in ornament, and had acquired a more distinct articulation. Lord Mount Edgecumbe says she resembled Mara so much that the same observations would apply to both equally well. "Both were excellent musicians, thoroughly skilled in their profession; both had voices of uncommon sweetness and agility, particularly suited to the bravura style, and executed to perfection and with good taste every thing they sang. But neither were Italian, and consequently both were deficient in recitative; neither had much feeling, both were deficient in theatrical talents, and they were absolutely null as actresses, therefore they were more calculated to give pleasure in the concert-room than on the stage." It was noticed that her pronunciation of the English language was not quite free from impurities, arising principally from the introduction of vowels before consonants, a habit probably acquired from the Italian custom. "Her whole style of elocution," observes one writer, "may be described as sweet and persuasive rather than powerful and commanding. It naturally assumed the character of her mind and voice." She was considered the most accomplished singer that had ever been born in England.

On Friday, November 13, she made her appearance in another part—that of Clara, in Sheridan's popular opera *The Duenna*. In this character she was amiable and captivating, and her dress was exquisitely tasteful. Incledon was the Carlos; and nothing could be more excellent than Munden's Don Jerome.

She played Mandane for many nights at both theatres. One night she came to Drury Lane so hoarse as to render it a question whether she could possibly appear. As she was going off to dress in great perplexity, her maid came to tell her that the key of her jewel-box was missing, inquiring if she had it with her. "What can I have done with it?" exclaimed the vexed vocalist; "I suppose I must have swallowed it without

knowing." "And a lucky thing too," said Wewitzer, always watching for an opportunity of launching a joke; "it may serve to open your chest."

On Thursday, October 15, as she was acting Mandane at Covent Garden, she suddenly fainted on the stage at the end of the second act, and a succession of the most alarming fits rendered it impossible for her to go on again. The cause of this distressing accident was singular. The day before she had sent for Mr. Heaviside, the surgeon, to look at her arm, which was much inflamed, and gave her acute pain; and a few days afterward he extracted an entire needle from below the right shoulder. The arm had assumed a black appearance, and the friendly surgeon strongly dissuaded her from performing; but she could not bear to disappoint the public. Happily, no evil results followed the accident, and in a fortnight she was well. She took a short holiday to recruit her strength and her nerves, and on the 4th of November sang in the *Duenna* at both houses. Till then, that opera had never been acted at Sheridan's own theatre. In the part of Clara, it might have been supposed that "Adieu, thou dreary pile," was difficult enough for the most exigent admirers of florid singing, but Mrs. Billington introduced a piece by Nasolini "which rendered her hearers breathless with astonishment." Quick, the original Mendoza, appeared with her.

By December the public had grown rather tired of Mandane, and the house was not well attended. Mrs. Billington therefore appeared, January 5, 1802, in a third character—that of Rosetta, a part which afforded her talents a greater scope than either Mandane or Clara. She was delightful; acted with a charming ease and comic humor, and sang the airs with spirit and perfect skill. Incledon played Young Meadows.

The crowds, which had diminished, now returned. On the first night the house had never been so crammed, the stage being so covered with ladies and gentlemen that the performers had scarcely room to move. Among the notabilities who crowded the house one night when she was playing was Jekyl, the witty barrister, accompanied by a friend from the country. When the curtain rose and "discovered" Rosetta and Lucinda in the garden, the ovation was so tumultuous that Mrs. Billington came forward to courtesy in acknowledgment. The country gentleman, fixing his eyes on the prima donna,

who had prodigiously increased in bulk during her residence abroad, asked, "Is that Rosetta?" "No, sir," replied Jekyl, "it is not Rosetta, it is Grand Cairo!"

On the 30th of April, a new comic entertainment called *Algonah*, the drama by Cobb, the music by Kelly, was produced at Drury Lane, for the benefit of Mrs. Billington, the chief parts being performed by Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Crouch, and Mrs. Caulfield. The performance was altogether very successful, and the heroine of the evening was surrounded by flatterers offering their congratulations on her triumph.

On returning home a painful surprise awaited her. Comfortably lolling on one of the sofas in her drawing-room she found—her husband! Desperately enamored of her English guineas, he vowed he could no longer bear to be separated from his "beloved Bettina." Overcome with terror, the only course that remained to the triumphant Queen of Song, the idol of the public, was to bribe her legal lord and master to depart. "I never saw any woman so much in awe of man as poor Mrs. Billington was of him whom she had married for love," said Kelly, who hated him cordially, and refused to know him. The scoundrel Felican accepted the bribe, and left his wife in peace for a time.

Mrs. Billington appeared with Madame Mara on the 3d of June, 1802, the farewell night of that most distinguished singer. They sang a duet together, composed to display their mutual accomplishments; the contest excited both to the utmost pitch of their skill, and every one who heard them was astonished.

Having concluded her splendid career at the English theatre, Mrs. Billington entered into an engagement with the proprietors of the Italian Opera. Her brother was also engaged as leader, to the exclusion of Salomon. She appeared on the 4th of December in Nasolini's serious opera *Merope*.

She was now wonderfully popular. Engagements multiplied; for no fashionable concert or musical entertainment was complete without her. Her income averaged fourteen thousand pounds a year; for she made large acquisitions in the shape of presents, allowances, benefits, etc.: at one period her property did not fall far short of sixty-five thousand pounds. Of her earnings she was not at all miserly. She took care to place her old father in comfortable circumstances

(her mother had died young); and, being childless — though she had had one child by Billington, which had died in infancy—she adopted two little girls. The eldest of these children, a girl of nine years old, was sent to Brussels, to be educated at a convent there; the other, the daughter of a friend named Madocks, was brought to her when only seven days old, and reared with great care at a respectable boarding-school. She maintained a free hospitality at her charming villa at Hammersmith; her establishment was conducted on a scale of princely taste and magnificence, and she received royal, noble, and gentle visitors, ladies of title and high connections being pleased to attend her concerts and accept invitations to her splendid entertainments. Her early poverty, however, had impressed on her mind the necessity of economy, and she contrived to live rather under than above her income. Her hospitality and the habit of accommodating herself to her guests once led her into an awkward embarrassment. She had frequently received at her table a barrister of eminence, with whom she had several times talked on legal subjects, asking his opinion, from mere curiosity, on various points of law; and he, finding his affairs much deranged, had the impudence to send in a bill of costs to her, amounting to three hundred pounds, for consultations! This she showed to her solicitor, who informed her that, though the barrister could not legally enforce the claim, yet he would advise her, the man being in great distress, to compromise the matter by making him a present of a hundred pounds.

As a hostess Mrs. Billington was irresistibly charming; but at this period, although her manners were bewitching, she was beginning to become somewhat coarse and masculine, the outlines of her once sylph-like figure being lost in her embonpoint. The pencil of Sir Joshua has depicted her as St. Cecilia, by way of companion to his portrait of Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse; and of this picture (which drew forth Haydn's famous compliment), Ward, the engraver, executed a very faithful and spirited reproduction.

In public she was always good-humored and obliging, and would often put aside difficulties or annoyances with easy good-nature. Once she had to sing at a concert with a Miss Parke, when this young lady, jealous of the supremacy of the great cantatrice, threatened to fling up her engagement if her

name were printed in smaller type than that of Mrs. Billington. The conductor nervously informed his prima donna of this threat, and asked her what he should do. Mrs. Billington laughed and said, "Print my name in the smallest letters employed in the bill," which was done; "and much Miss Parke gained by her corpulent type," says the narrator of the circumstance.

A splendid combination of talent was offered to the frequenters of the Opera House in 1804, when Mrs. Billington and Madame Grassini, who had just appeared, performed together in *Il Ratto di Proserpina*, composed expressly by Winter for these two beautiful women and exquisite vocalists. The charming duet, sung by them, "Vaghe colli," was always enthusiastically encored; a beautiful trio, also, sung by them, accompanied by Viganoni—the cavatina "Che farò senza la madre?" was rapturously applauded. The entire opera was admired, indeed, and considered Winter's chef-d'œuvre, although he had written it in three weeks.

In January, 1805, Winter produced a new serious opera entitled *L'Amore Fraterno*, the music of which was very beautiful. Mrs. Billington was the heroine, and sang as only she could sing, ably supported by the two tenor singers, Viganoni and Braham. She also appeared in Nasolini's opera of *Ferdinand in Mexico;* and in May, Winter composed for her the opera of *Calypso*, the music of which she sang to perfection, and "looked the character divinely." Lord Mount Edgecumbe gave it as his opinion that the operas in which Mrs. Billington excelled were *La Clemenza di Scipione*, composed by John Christian Bach, and revived for her; Paisiello's *Elfrida; Armida*, *Castore e Polluce*, and others by Winter; and Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito.*

She was still admired, and overflowing houses testified to her popularity; but, finding her health beginning to fail, Mrs. Billington wisely resolved to quit the stage. For her benefit, which took place March 30th, 1806, she selected Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, which had never been heard in this country, thus being the first to introduce the immortal composer's music into England. There was only one manuscript score of *Clemenza di Tito* in the kingdom: this copy was in the possession of the Prince of Wales, who kindly sent it to the Opera House for the use of Mrs. Billington. The band, the

singers, and chorus being very anxious to hear the contents of so precious a novelty as a manuscript opera by Mozart, Mrs. Billington, with her customary good-nature, sat down to the piano-forte, and played the accompaniments from the score, singing the principal part—that of Vitellia. In this way she went through the entire work, from beginning to end, giving Mozart's expression and character so admirably, at sight, that the impromptu audience were enraptured not only with the beauty of the music, but the wonderful power and musical skill of the singer.

The performance on her benefit night was highly successful, and proved that it was not from any lack of applause that she retired from the stage. "She sang with uncommon effect, and seemed anxious to repay with every exertion the approbation and attention of so splendid and numerous an audience." At the close of the season she retired. Almost her last appearance was on a performance for the benefit of a charity at Whitehall Chapel, at which the queen, prince regent, and most of the royal family were present.

After Mrs. Billington had relinquished public singing, she was asked by J. B. Cramer to appear for his benefit. She replied, "I can not sing for you, but I will play for you, if you like." Latterly she had accompanied herself, in her bravura songs on the Opera stage, in a style which was equal to her vocal performance. In 1809 she retired. No entreaties were spared by the noble directors of the Ancient Concerts, and the managers of every theatre or concert at which she had assisted, to induce her to sing; but her resolution was finally taken. The only time she ever appeared after this was on the 3d of May, 1811, at the concert-room of the King's Theatre, for the benefit of her brother. She sang a fine composition of Cimarosa's, and the "Soldier tired," in which she seemed determined to leave a lasting impression of her extraordinary powers on her hearers.

After a separation of fifteen years, Mrs. Billington actually invited her husband to England in 1817, and then proceeded with him to Italy, accompanied by one of the girls whom she had adopted—Miss Madocks, to whom she meant to bequeath her large fortune. Her plate and valuable ornaments were transmitted by sea, while the two old, but newly-united lovers crossed at Calais, *en route* for the shores of the Adriatic.

After revisiting their mansion at St. Artien, near Venice, it was their intention to go to Rome and Naples. The ill-fated wife had not been long reunited to her brutal husband, however, before he renewed his brutality, and at length gave her a blow that laid her on a bed of sickness, from which she never rose again. She was taken ill August 18th, 1818, and died on the 25th of the same month.

On the death of his wife, Felican, possessed with the idea that Miss Madocks was the daughter of a royal duke and of Mrs. Billington, and that by marrying her he would obtain a handsome fortune, laid a plan for entrapping her into accepting his hand. Fortunately, his vile scheme was detected by some individual in England, who, through the agency of the physician Aglietti, obtained the poor girl's release from the convent in which she had been placed by Mrs. Billington's caution, and caused her to be brought over to this country.

Mrs. Billington had, at different epochs, amassed three different fortunes. One was spent with her friends, another was seized by enemies, and the third was left partly in possession of, and the remainder claimed by, her husband, to the amount of twenty thousand pounds.

Napoleon the First once asked whether the English were not proud of Mrs. Billington.

CHAPTER XIV.

GIUSEPPA GRASSINI.

One of the most charming and popular singers at La Scala, in the Carnival of 1794, was Giuseppa Grassini. She was born in 1775, at Varese, in Lombardy, where her father, a farmer, resided. The rare beauty of her voice and appearance induced General Belgioso to offer to defray the expenses of her musical education. He gave her the best masters to be found in Milan, who neglected nothing that could develop the natural abilities of their pupil; but Giuseppina was a wayward, indolent little beauty, who disliked any kind of study, and seemed resolved to leave it entirely to chance whether she should become a great vocalist or not. Nevertheless, her progress in the good and "large" manner of the old school was rapid; for she could sing to perfection, but could not give the slightest reason for any thing she did.

She appeared for the first time at La Scala during the Carnival of 1794, singing with Marchesi and Lazzarini in the *Artaserse* of Zingarelli, and in the *Demofoonte* of Portogallo. The advantages she derived from making her début with the first artistes of her time—Marchesi and Crescentini—were the means of perfecting her talent. Never was début more brilliant; and soon the principal theatres of Italy offered her engagements. In the Carnival season of 1796 she appeared at La Scala in *Apelle e Campaspe*, by Traetta, and Zingarelli's *Giulietta e Romeo*, with Crescentini and the tenor Adamo Bianchi.

Girolamo Crescentini was the last of the fine Italian school which produced Senesino, Farinelli, and others. He was endowed with one of the most beautiful voices imaginable. "Nothing could be compared to the suavity of his accents," says Fétis, "to the force of his expression, to the perfect taste of his fioriture, to the breadth of his phrasing, or to that cluster of splendid qualities, any one of which, cultivated to the same degree of superiority, would have sufficed to assure to

the possessor the first rank among the singers of the day." He had, however, the most inflated idea of his own consequence; and his vanity and impertinence, of which many amusing stories are related, were utterly ridiculous.

In 1797, Giuseppina was the reigning prima donna at La Fenice, where she took the part of Orazia in the new opera by Cimarosa, in which she created an extraordinary sensation. The same season she was engaged at Naples to sing at the San Carlo during the fêtes in honor of the marriage of the hereditary prince. Surrounded by homage and flattery, she was now the acknowledged Queen of Song.

Grassini was an exquisite vocalist in spite of her ignorance, and, albeit fickle and capricious, a most beautiful and fascinating woman—luxurious, prodigal, and generous, though heavy and dull in conversation. Her voice was originally a soprano, but changed to a deep contralto; it was rich, round, and full, though of limited extent, being within its proper compass of about one octave of good natural notes. Though not unfrequently a little husky and guttural, it was of delicious quality, and of great volume and power; but if she attempted to go higher than its small range of notes she produced only a shriek, "quite unnatural, and almost painful to the ear." Her style (exclusively the cantabile) was rich and finished; and though she had not much execution, what she did was elegant and perfect; she never attempted what was beyond her powers. Her dramatic instincts were always true, and in the expression of the subdued and softer passions she has never been excelled. As an actress she had many advantages. Her figure was tall and commanding, and her carriage and attitudes had a classic beauty combined with a grace peculiarly her own. Her head was noble, her features were symmetrical, her hair and eyes of the deepest black, and her entire appearance had an air of singular majesty.

From Naples she returned (in 1800) to Milan. After the battle of Marengo she sang in a concert before the great Napoleon, who was so fascinated by her many and irresistible attractions that he desired to be introduced to her. Las Cases gives a sketch of this interview in many respects irreconcilable with the real circumstances of the life of Grassini. However, he says, she reminded the mighty conqueror that she had "made her début precisely during the early achievements of the gen-

eral of the army of Italy. 'I was then,' said she, 'in the full lustre of my beauty and my talent. My performance in the *Virgins of the Sun* was the topic of universal conversation. I fascinated every eye, and inflamed every heart. The young general alone was insensible to my charms; and yet he was the only object of my wishes. What caprice—what singularity! When I possessed some value, when all Italy was at my feet, and I heroically disdained its admiration for a single glance from you, I was unable to obtain it; and now how strange an alteration. You condescend to notice me now, when I am not worth the trouble, and am no longer worthy of you.'" An extraordinary speech for a very lovely and very vain woman of twenty-five, almost at the outset of her career. Be that as it may, Napoleon invited the young singer to Paris. Grassini's beauty was, in one sense, a disadvantage to her in accepting this invitation, for Josephine was so jealous that, as was well known at the time, many ladies had been banished from Paris on mere suspicion. She took an inveterate dislike to Grassini, and violently hated her.

Grassini sang on the 22d of July at the grand fête given in honor of Marengo, in the Church of the Invalides, where there were assembled eight hundred musicians. This magnificent solemnity created an extraordinary excitement. The bronzed warriors of Marengo were there, their helmets flashing in the summer sunlight, and two regiments of Grenadiers of the Guard arrived at the moment the concert commenced. The military airs which Gossec had composed for the occasion were executed with marvelous precision by the immense orchestra. Lays surpassed himself; and Madame Grassini, who had made a profound sensation in Paris, seemed inspired. The Opera corps gave the chorus from *La Caravane*, "La victoire est à nous," with a grand trumpet accompaniment, which was almost drowned in the explosion of public joy and delight.

In two concerts which Madame Grassini gave soon after at the Académie she achieved a splendid triumph. At the first the most exclusive members of the Parisian monde and the most distinguished strangers crowded the theatre; on the second occasion, despite the tropical heat, the house was completely invaded long before the hour for commencing. The Opera did not perform works of a character suited to her style; she knew but little French, and her pronunciation was very defect-

ive, so that she could not appear at the Opera Français, and was therefore obliged to restrict her performances to concerts and private soirées. Being debarred from performing at the Opera, Madame Grassini quitted France almost immediately, receiving before her departure a magnificent present from Napoleon.

In November, 1801, the Italian prima donna was in Berlin, where she announced concerts which seem never to have taken place. In 1802 she returned to France, and Napoleon made her directress of the Opera in 1804. At first Josephine had permitted her to appear at her private concerts at the Tuileries, but she did not detest the beautiful singer less cordially than heretofore. It was whispered that the cantatrice did in reality seek to attract the attention of Napoleon, and that she turned her eyes fixedly toward the throne of the Dictator—another Cleopatra endeavoring to captivate Cæsar.

"I hear, madame, that our Grassini is a favorite with the great Napoleon," said Count Sommaglia to Josephine one morning. "Yes," answered the irate wife of the First Consul, hardly able to disguise her spite, "the ridiculous vanity of the creature amuses us amazingly. Since she has been made directress of the Italian Opera, there is more intriguing going on among these gentry than there is with the diplomats: in the midst of a serious conversation, she will break out into a horse-laugh, throw herself on a sofa, and, fancying herself Semiramis on the throne of Nineveh, burst forth in a great style with 'Son Regina, e son amata!'" ("I am a queen, and I am beloved!") "One day," says Fouché, "Bonaparte observed that, considering my acknowledged ability, he was astonished I did not perform my functions better—that there were several things of which I was ignorant. 'Yes,' replied I, 'there certainly are things of which I was ignorant, but which I now know well enough. For instance, a little man, muffled in a gray cloak, and accompanied by a single servant, often steals out on a dark evening from a secret door of the Tuileries, enters a closed carriage, and drives off to Signora G——. This little man is yourself, and yet this fanciful songstress jilts you continually for Rode the fiddler.' The Consul answered not a word; he turned his back, rang, and immediately withdrew."

The Italian Opera of London was, in 1804, opened under the direction of Mr. Francis Goold, who engaged Madame Gras-

sini for the season, to perform alternately with Mrs. Billington, giving her a salary of £3000 for the months of March to July. Grassini made her first appearance in the serious opera of *La Vergine del Sole*, by Meyer, and her fine voice was heard to peculiar advantage in the duet of "Parto, ti lascio," with Viganoni. The melody of the effective grand chorus, "Qual error," in this opera, was much admired for its unusual beauty and originality. The origin of this chorus, as told by Madame Grassini, was curious. Meyer, the composer, was at a supper-party at Venice, when a young Englishman being asked to give a song, sang the ballad "Pretty Maud, pretty Maud." Meyer, delighted with the melody, asked for pen and ink, and having requested the young man to repeat it, set it down, and transformed the simple ballad into a grand chorus.

Madame Grassini, although she had so fine a voice, was extremely beautiful, and an excellent actress, yet did not make much impression at first; and this want of appreciation on the part of the public alarmed the Italian donna so much that when her benefit was about to take place, she feared to venture on singing alone, and begged of the good-natured Mrs. Billington to assist her. *Il Ratto di Proserpina* was composed by Winter for the occasion, Ceres being personated by Billington, and Proserpina by Grassini. The music of each part was admirably adapted to display the respective powers of the two performers, so different, yet each so exquisite. The plaintive accents of Grassini in the little simple air, "Paga fui," in which she laments the happy days of her childhood, subdued and melted every heart, and brought tears to many eyes. The tide of popularity suddenly set in for Grassini. She carried off all the applause: her beauty, her command of expression, her grace, were universally admitted, and she became at once a reigning Queen of Song. Her deep tones, harmonizing with the clear, birdlike notes of Mrs. Billington, produced a thrilling effect. "Not only was she rapturously applauded in public," says Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "but she was taken up by the first society, fêted, caressed, and introduced as a regular guest in most of the fashionable assemblies." Of the claims to admiration of the two singers he says, somewhat maliciously, "No doubt the deaf would have been charmed with Grassini, and the blind must have been delighted with Mrs. Billington." The airs sung by the two prima donnas were to be

found on the piano-forte of every lady who affected to sing Italian music.

Il Ratto di Proserpina was the only opera in which they appeared together, for Goold, contrary to all advice, engaged them on condition that, with the exception of the one opera, they should appear singly on alternate Tuesdays and Saturdays. It was understood that the Saturdays were to be strictly kept, for the difference between the days was most extraordinary, five hundred pounds being sometimes taken on Saturday, and often only sixty pounds on Tuesday. This arrangement had nearly caused the theatre to be shut one Tuesday night. It was Mrs. Billington's turn to perform, but she was so hoarse from a cold that she could not sing a note. Goold implored Grassini to sing, but she declared that no inducement should prevail with her to exchange her Saturday for a Tuesday. Kelly, as stage manager, did all in his power to persuade her to relent, but she was deaf to all entreaties. At last he resorted to a somewhat reprehensible method of inducing her to agree. He called on her in the morning, and began talking carelessly on the subject. "My dear Grassini," said he, in an off-hand way, "as manager I ought to prevail upon you to perform, but as a performer myself, I enter entirely into your feelings, and think you perfectly right not to sing out of your turn: the Saturday is yours; but what I say to you I trust you will not repeat to Mr. Goold, as it might be of serious injury to me." "Depend upon it, my dear Kelly," answered Grassini, "I will not; I look upon you, by what you have just said, to be my sincere friend." As he was leaving the room, he turned, as with a sudden thought. "To be sure, it is rather unlucky you do not sing to-night, for this morning a message came from the lord chamberlain's office to announce the queen's intention to come incognita, accompanied by the princesses, purposely to see you perform; and a large grillée is actually ordered to be prepared for them, where they can perfectly see and hear without being seen by the audience; but I'll step myself to the lord chamberlain's office, and state that you are confined to your bed, and express your mortification at disappointing the royal party." "Stop, Kelly," cried the cantatrice, all in a flutter; "what you now say alters the case. If her majesty Queen Charlotte wishes to see *La Vergine del Sole*, and to hear me, I am bound to obey her majesty's commands. Go

to Goold, and tell him I *will* sing." Accordingly, she did perform in the evening. "When I went into her dressing-room after the first act," says Kelly, "her majesty not having arrived, Grassini, suspicious that I had made up a story to cajole her, taxed me with the trick; and when I confessed it, she took it very good-naturedly, and joined in the laugh at her own credulity."

Early in 1805 Madame Grassini appeared in Cimarosa's chef-d'œuvre, *Gli Orazi ed i Curiazi*, which was got up with great care. Her acting in this piece was pronounced to be almost equal to that of Mrs. Siddons; in the last scene particularly, where she exclaimed, "O Orazio, mio bene," leaning over her dead husband, she was "positively heart-rending." The opera drew crowded houses to the King's Theatre, as it had done at Venice, where it had been originally produced. Grassini appeared at Braham's benefit, June 13. She performed between the acts in a scene representing Andromache mourning over the tomb of Hector, in which the graces of her action, and the pathetic tones of her voice, vanquished criticism itself.

After several brilliant seasons, Madame Grassini left England, and returned to the Continent in 1808. She was immediately engaged at the Parisian Opera, and at the concerts of the court, where she sang with Crescentini, Brizzi, Crivelli, Tacchinardi, and Madame Paer. Her salary was 36,000 francs, exclusive of about 15,000 francs' worth of presents, while her *pension* was 15,000 francs. Among the operas which she sang at the theatres of the Tuileries and of St. Cloud was *Didone*, which Paer composed expressly for her, and in which she performed with rare talent and dramatic expression. She was also admirable in the works of the ancient repertoire, especially in the *Œdipe* of Sacchini.

Talma used to say of Grassini that he had never seen any other actress—not even Mars, Dorval, or Duchesnois—endowed with a physiognomy so expressive or so mutable. The Grecian outline of her profile, her beautiful forehead, rich black hair and eyebrows, her superb dark eyes, "now flashing with tragedy's fiery passions, then softly languishing with love;" finally, "that astonishing ensemble of perfections which Nature had collected in her, as if to review all her gifts in one woman—all these qualities together exercised on the spectator such a charm as none could resist. Pasta herself might have

looked on and learned, when Grassini had to portray either indignation, grief, anger, or despair."

One night in 1808 she sang with Crescentini, in *Romeo e Giulietta*, at the Tuileries. During the exquisite scene of the third act the audience were bathed in tears. The emperor, carried away, and forgetting the rules of etiquette, clapped his hands and "shouted like a school-boy;" and Talma, seated on a bench near the orchestra, did not attempt to conceal his emotion: the great tragedian confessed that he had never been so deeply touched by any thing in his life before.

When the performance was over, Napoleon sent to La Grassini a slip of paper, on which he had written, "Bon pour vingt mille francs, NAPOLEON."

Crescentini glanced at the paper. "Twenty thousand francs!" cried he. "That is a round sum."

"It is the marriage portion of one of my nieces," replied Grassini, smiling.

To Crescentini the emperor sent the Order of the Iron Crown.

One morning, at St. Helena, Napoleon was speaking of the tenacity with which the French clung to slight matters of decorum: "In conformity with my system," observed he, "of amalgamating all kinds of merit, and of rendering one and the same reward universal, I had an idea of presenting the Cross of the Legion of Honor to Talma; but I refrained from doing this, in consideration of our capricious manners and absurd prejudices. I wished to make a first experiment in an affair that was out of date and unimportant, and I accordingly gave the Iron Crown to Crescentini. The decoration was foreign, and so was the individual on whom it was conferred. This circumstance was less likely to attract public notice or to render my conduct the subject of discussion; at worst, it could only give rise to a few malicious jokes. Such," continued the emperor, "is the influence of public opinion. I distributed sceptres at will, and thousands readily bowed beneath their sway; and yet I could not give away a ribbon without the chance of incurring disapprobation, for I believe my experiment with regard to Crescentini proved unsuccessful." "It did, sire," observed some one present. "The circumstance occasioned a great outcry in Paris; it drew forth a general anathema in all the drawing-rooms of the metropolis, and af-

forded ample scope for the expression of malignant feeling. However, at one of the evening parties of the Faubourg Saint Germain, a *bon-mot* had the effect of completely stemming the torrent of indignation. A pompous orator was holding forth, in an eloquent strain, on the subject of the honor that had been conferred on Crescentini. He declared it to be a disgrace, a horror, a perfect profanation, and inquired what right Crescentini could have to such a distinction. On hearing this, the beautiful Madame Grassini, who was present, rose majestically from her chair, and, with a truly theatrical tone and gesture, exclaimed, '*Et sa blessure, monsieur!* do you make no allowance for that?' This produced a general burst of laughter and applause, and poor Madame Grassini was very much embarrassed by her success."

"The emperor, who now heard this anecdote for the first time," says Las Cases, "was highly amused by it. He often afterward alluded to it, and occasionally related it himself."

In 1812 Madame Grassini reappeared in England at the King's Theatre, and was at first rapturously received. But she was no longer what she had been. Her beauty was undiminished, but her acting was now languid and ineffective; at least it appeared so, contrasted by the energetic and animated manner of her successor, Catalani. Her voice, too, was changed: she had endeavored to regain its upper register, and, instead of a mellow contralto, it had become a hoarse soprano. Still, however, she displayed much of her former grace and style, especially in her favorite part of Orazia, and in Paer's opera, *Didone*. But the public found that she was no longer the Grassini of four years back; and after one season she departed, unregretted.

She went to Milan in 1816, where she sang with Trammezzani; and appeared there also in 1817, in *Gli Orazi*, etc., with her sister Rosa and the tenor Banderoli. She went next to Amsterdam; and in 1818 she sang in concerts at the San Benedetto, Venice. In 1820 she was singing at Brescia, in Nasolini's *Semiramide*, and Rossini's *Eduardo e Cristina;* in 1822 she was at Munich, and then at Vienna, where she sang in Cimarosa's *Gli Orazi ed i Curiazi*, and in a new opera by Pixis. In the spring of 1823 she was at Florence, with Rosa Morandi and Eliodoro Bianchi.

Madame Grassini married Colonel Ragani, afterward direct-

or of the Opera in Paris; and that city, where she had passed the happiest years of her life, was chosen by her for her retirement.

In private life Madame Grassini was exceedingly agreeable, though she had no pretensions to brilliant conversational powers. She was gay and good-humored, and very unaffected. Exempt from all feelings of envy or jealousy, she was always ready to oblige other artistes, and to bring forward young aspirants to fame.

M. Scudo, in his *Musique Ancienne et Moderne*, tells an amusing anecdote of the famous cantatrice. At a party, given in Paris some time about 1838, at which Madame Grassini was present, the conversation turned on Napoleon and Louis XVIII. Some one imagined the two meeting in the Elysian Fields, and discussing the great events which had taken place in their time, and every one present contributed an idea to this improvised dialogue of the dead. Madame Grassini archly said, "I am sure that the first question which the great Napoleon would put to King Louis would be this: 'Why did you not continue the pension which I had given to my dear Grassini?'"

Madame Grassini died, January, 1850, at Milan, in her eighty-fifth year. So well had she preserved her looks, that she did not appear to be more than fifty. Her portrait, by Madame Lebrun, is at Avignon, in the museum of that city.

CHAPTER XV.

ANGELICA CATALANI.

In a fertile valley near Sinigaglia, a small obscure town about forty miles from Rome, there dwelt, toward the latter end of the last century, a humble family, consisting of father and mother, four girls, and two boys. "Contented wi' little," because they never dreamed of having more, the family was just sufficiently raised above the villagers to secure respect without exciting envy. Signor Augustus Catalani was a local magistrate, a sort of justice of the peace; and, in order to increase his income—rather straitened by the necessities of six children—he dealt in diamonds, making his most profitable sales at the great annual fair held in the vicinity.

Angelica, one of the girls, born in October, 1779, was selected as the one who should be provided for by being placed in a convent. The child, ardent, susceptible, and gay, did not make any objection to change her monotonous home life for the society at the convent; on the contrary, she skipped about in childish glee, full of pleasant anticipations. She was twelve years old when her father took her one morning to the convent of Sta. Lucia di Gubbio, which was twenty leagues from Sinigaglia, in the duchy of Urbino. The establishment being exclusively devoted to the education of noble young ladies of the province, Signor Catalani secured the admission of his daughter by proving his relationship with the house of Mastai, the family to which Pope Pius IX. belongs. Angelica's mother was very averse to dooming the lively child to a life so freezing, so heart-wearing, so antagonistic to all her instincts as that of a nunnery; but the signor would listen to no remonstrance, and Angelica clapped her hands and danced for joy at the prospect of joining so select a throng of young damsels and veiled sisters. So, with tearful eyes, the mother went, with her husband and child, to present Angelica to the lady superior. The abbess was a woman of refined mind, entirely free from bigotry, and won the hearts of her children by her kindness and amiability.

Music being an essential part of the services of the convent, on Sundays, and high festivals especially, the nuns and novices sang hymns and sacred pieces, which drew crowds to the chapel. It was soon discovered that the Signorina Catalani had a lovely voice, and the lady abbess determined on giving her every opportunity of cultivating the gift. Ere long the flexibility, compass, and brilliancy of her tones excited such wonder among the nuns that it was debated whether it would not be justifiable to use so rare an endowment as a means of attracting a greater concourse of worshipers to the shrine of their patroness, Santa Lucia. They commenced by giving Angelica short solos to sing, which became noticed immediately, and on fête-days the doors of the chapel were so thronged that numbers were obliged to go away, despairing of a chance to hear *la maravigliosa Angelica*. Scandalized by the chapel being transformed into a kind of concert-room or theatre, some scrupulous devotee complained to the bishop, and, in consequence, the lady abbess received a summary injunction to discontinue so objectionable a practice. This was very hard, when it proved a source of such emolument to the establishment; so the abbess quietly placed her young friend behind a group of novices, who concealed her and tempered the brilliancy of her voice, while the congregation knew very well that their favorite still sang. On one occasion Angelica sang "Ave Maria Stella" so touchingly, that, melted into tears, the crowd pressed toward the place where she stood, anxious to obtain a glimpse of the fair Angelica.

Eager for study, the little girl at last brought on herself a serious illness by striving to outstrip her companions; and the venerable abbess, alarmed by her loss of bloom and her wearied looks, sent in haste for her parents. She was now fourteen, and had profited more by her musical studies in two years' sojourn than many another had done in twice that time; but of course her education was still wofully deficient in other respects, and this she never repaired. On her return home, the neighbors, learning the opinion of the abbess that the voice of Angelica was perfect, flocked to Signor Catalani's house with the hope of hearing the new prodigy; and with girlish vanity she would often show them that they did not require to enter the house to hear her magic strains, by singing with a power so tremendous that she could be heard at a long distance.

It was represented to her father that a gift so rare ought not to be thrown away, and that he ought to take some steps toward training Angelica to the duties of a professional life; but for some time he was unable to decide on allowing his daughter to be devoted to the profanity of the theatre: a rigid Roman Catholic, viewing, too, with pardonable complacency, his dignity as a magistrate, he was loth that a child of his should be a vocalist by profession. At length, however, he was forced by circumstances to yield to the urgent entreaties of those about him, for he was reduced to poverty by the Italian wars, and he made arrangements for taking Angelica to Rome, when his intentions were forestalled by the accidental visit to their quiet valley of an eminent musical composer, who became her instructor.

From the hands of this master Angelica was taken by her father to Florence, to receive finishing lessons from Marchesi. That virtuoso taught her partly to control the profuse luxuriancy of her voice, but at the same time he unfortunately encouraged her fondness for the "pomps and tinsel" of vocalization. While studying, she went to hear a great singer at the theatre of Florence, and, while listening to the ravishing strains, the tears began to steal down her cheeks. "Alas!" she cried, with a naïveté which was almost touching, "I shall never attain perfection like this!" The cantatrice desired to see the young girl who felt her power so deeply, and, having asked her to sing, embraced her with tenderness, saying, "Be reassured, my child: in a few years you will surpass me, and it will be I who shall weep at your success."

At the age of sixteen Angelica met with her first engagement. Just at this time—1795—Caros, the director of La Fenice, was in despair. He had prepared a new opera for the Carnival with the utmost care and splendor, when his prima donna suddenly died; and, knowing not where to seek a substitute, he was contemplating the very unpleasant alternative of closing his theatre. Zamboni, the prompter, mentioned that he was acquainted with a young girl who seemed to promise well, and introduced Angelica. Caros at once accepted her offer of singing for him, and she made her début in the part of Lodoiska, in the opera of that name by Mayer. She was the loveliest débutante that had come forward for years, and such a voice had never been heard before. Tall, and of fine

proportion, dazzlingly fair, with beautiful blue eyes, and lovely yet noble-looking features, she was like a painter's ideal. Her physiognomy was capable of every shade of expression, both playful and forcible; for, though almost severely grand in outline, her features could assume the character "not merely of gayety, but of arch simplicity, and her smile was charming." Her voice was a soprano of the purest quality, embracing a compass of nearly three octaves, from G to F, and so powerful that no band could overwhelm its tones, which thrilled through every fibre of the hearer. Full, rich, and magnificent beyond any other voice ever heard, "it bore no resemblance," said one writer, "to any instrument, except we could imagine the tone of musical glasses to be magnified in volume to the same gradation of power." She could ascend at will—though she was ignorant of the rules of art—from the smallest perceptible sound to the loudest and most magnificent crescendo, exactly as she pleased. One of her favorite caprices of ornament was to imitate the swell and fall of a bell, making her tones sweep through the air with the most delicious undulation, and, using her voice at pleasure, she would shower her graces in an absolutely wasteful profusion. Her greatest defect was that, while the ear was bewildered with the beauty and tremendous power of her voice, the feelings were untouched: she never touched the heart. She could not, like Mara, thrill, nor, like Billington, captivate, her hearers by a birdlike softness and brilliancy; she simply astonished. "She was a florid singer, and nothing but a florid singer, whether grave or airy, in the church, orchestra, or upon the stage." With a prodigious volume and richness of tone, and a marvelous rapidity of vocalization, she could execute brilliantly the most florid notation, leaving her audience in breathless amazement; but her intonation was very uncertain. However, this did not trouble her much.

In the season of 1798—three years after her début—she sang at Leghorn, with Crivelli, Marchesi, and Mrs. Billington. In 1799 the Prince Regent of Portugal, a great musical amateur, invited the lovely Angelica to Lisbon, desiring to secure her services as first singer in his Chapel Royal. On her arrival there she received an offer from the director of the Opera, at a salary of 24,000 cruzados (three thousand pounds), which the prince permitted her to accept. Crescentini took a kindly

interest in his young countrywoman, and gave her much useful advice; and as he was a master of a far more severe school than Marchesi, she profited by his instructions. During several seasons she was the idol of the city as well as of the court of Lisbon. The reserve of her manners, her known piety, and the goodness of her heart won all alike. As for the regent, he treated her as one of his own children.

It happened that there was, in the suite of General Lannes, French embassador at Lisbon, a young officer of noble family, M. de Vallebreque, captain of Hussars; a handsome man, of distinguished appearance and fine manners, if not particularly remarkable for talent. He had been compelled to fly his native country, though for reasons by no means discreditable. Being quartered in a German town with some brother officers, he had received a gross insult from a young count, his superior officer, whom he challenged; the count was wounded, to death as it seemed, and Vallebreque sought refuge in an obscure part of Vienna. While he lay in concealment the count recovered, and, being a good-natured young man, would have gladly become reconciled to his gallant subaltern; but his family vindictively determined to bring the matter to a court-martial, and as they were wealthy and powerful, the day went against poor De Vallebreque, who was condemned to perpetual banishment. As it was unsafe for him to remain in the Austrian territory, he quitted it forever, and joined the suite of General Lannes.

One night, as Angelica was singing in the theatre, her eyes alighted on this handsome young man, who was sitting in one of the boxes, elaborately dressed, and distinguished especially by a diamond aigrette in front of his military cap. Now Angelica was not above the little weaknesses of her sex: she liked diamonds, and did not object to being admired; and she could not avoid remarking the ardent though respectful glances directed toward her by the owner of the brilliant aigrette. It was with a coquettish pleasure, therefore, that she observed the distinguished-looking young officer in the green-room when she came off the stage; nor did she assume her most forbidding frown when he was introduced to her as "M. de Vallebreque," captain in the 8th Hussars. After this she had frequent opportunities of meeting the young officer in the circle of the French embassador. His manners were lively and ele-

gant, and he was of an ardent temperament. Angelica was charming in conversation, energetic and spirited, but possessed of great sensibility, sweetness of temper, and warmth of affection; and it was impossible to be in her society without being fascinated by her good-humor, vivacity, and simplicity of character. They were both in the first flush of youth and beauty, and they mutually fell passionately in love.

M. de Vallebreque went to Signor Catalani to ask his sanction to their union. But papa had other ideas with regard to his daughter. Already she was reaping a golden harvest by her talents, and he felt disinclined to relinquish such a source of wealth. He therefore coldly repressed the proposals of the lover, and, though he could afford no sufficient reasons for discouraging his suit, he yet gave him to understand that it was hopeless. Poor Angelica was miserable when she learned the cold reception her handsome young soldier had met with, and became so thoroughly wretched that in a few days she could not sing, or would not sing, for she was hasty and passionate to a most extraordinary degree. Affairs were in this state, when one morning her father received an anonymous letter stating that M. de Vallebreque was a banished and proscribed person. Glad of this reasonable excuse, the signor commanded that De Vallebreque should never enter the house until he had disproved the accusation. In vain the young officer demanded an interview in order that he might rebut the charge, which he was conscious he could do to the satisfaction of even the most partial. The signor sent the same answer to every entreaty: when the charge was proved to be false, then—more might be said. Angelica wept, sighed, and, worst of all, was incapable of singing: the only sentence that could be extracted from her was a deeply mournful "Ma che bel uffiziale!"

At last, Signor Catalani, seeing it was useless to persist, agreed to read Vallebreque's written account of the origin of the transaction alluded to by the anonymous writer.

But he chose to be still dissatisfied, though he yielded so far to his daughter's passionate representations that he wrote to Vienna, inquiring into the circumstances. While awaiting the reply, the agony of suspense which the young girl endured was almost beyond her strength. Her father, irascible and impatient, was furious, and finally, unable to control her feelings before others, Angelica confined herself to her room until the an-

swer came. It arrived at length, and fully exculpated De Vallebreque, whose praise was in the mouth of every one as a spirited and noble young man. The count bore him no malice, and was known to speak warmly of his antagonist's high sense of honor.

But Signor Catalani still persisted that his family should never be disgraced by an alliance with a banished man. Angelica, justly indignant at his utter want of feeling, withdrew to her own room once more, and, alternately choked with passion and melted to tears, only thought of some means of escape. Looking from her window in the gray of the morning, her pale cheeks wet with tears, she perceived a figure standing in the shadow cast by the opposite house. It was her lover, who held up a billet toward her. She quickly formed a rope by tying handkerchiefs together, and drew the letter up; Vallebreque then hastily quitted the place. The billet told her, in passionate language, that no one had a right to separate them as betrothed lovers, and urged her to recover her spirits, so as to be enabled to resume her professional duties; then, as she was a favorite at court, she might throw herself at the feet of the prince and plead their cause, confident of success. Flushed with hope, Angelica astonished her family by suddenly declaring herself ready to resume her performances. But papa, astute and cautious, suspected that there was some plot, and resolved to redouble his vigilance.

With a firm step and joyful countenance she reappeared on the stage, and was welcomed back with acclamations of delight. She surpassed herself; but, unluckily, the prince did not appear. The reaction was terrible: she was utterly cast down; and her father, observing her joy and subsequent languor, flattered himself that he had cleverly prevented a meeting between the lovers. Angelica, on reaching her chamber, sat down to think, and soon made up her mind as to what she should do. At break of day she hurriedly stole down the back stairs, wrapped in a cloak belonging to one of the male servants, surmounted by a broad hat with a drooping feather, and with a manly step and a fluttering heart she approached the palace. While pacing slowly to and fro, she was startled by observing a figure which also walked backward and forward, with folded arms. It was M. de Vallebreque. Glancing at him from beneath the shelter of her hat, she drew back still

farther into the shadow of the wall; an instant's reflection overcame a momentary feeling of distrust, and she hid herself in a niche till he was gone, resolving not to have it said that she came out at that unseemly hour to keep a secret assignation.

At last the palace awoke to its daily life, and the restless Angelica went up to one of the doors, to inquire at what time his royal highness took his morning walk in his private gardens. The servant, somewhat surprised, answered that the prince was then at his villa. Sick, trembling, almost fainting, Angelica paused for a moment; her dearest hopes seemed dashed to the ground, and she felt utterly discouraged. After a moment's thought, her accustomed energy suggested the only course left to her, and she resolved to go at once to the royal villa. She hired a coach, and was driven thither, a distance of some twenty miles. On her name being announced, she readily found admittance to the presence of her royal patron. Trembling, faint from fatigue and suppressed emotion, when she found herself with the prince, she was unable to utter a syllable, and could only sink at his feet, until his kind words and offers of service restored her confidence. Then, summoning resolution, she told her story simply, and with no attempt at concealment. His highness could not resist an inclination to exercise his wit at the expense of the beautiful cantatrice; but she was so agitated that her usual naïveté and power of repartee were utterly gone for the time, and he could not find it in his heart to continue his badinage. He then gravely advised her to relinquish all idea of Vallebreque, though he admitted he could allege nothing against the gallant young Frenchman except her father's disapprobation. But the good-natured prince, touched by the grief and despair of the poor girl, whose white face and trembling frame attested her wretchedness, assured her that as she had justice and virtue on her side, he would grant her his license for the marriage. Angelica, exulting in her success, flew to a dear female friend and dispatched a messenger to inform her parents that she was safe, and before they could discover her she had become Madame de Vallebreque, the marriage ceremony being celebrated at the court chapel, in the presence of the prince regent and General Lannes. Papa Catalani was in a towering rage, and vented his anger in no measured terms. De Vallebreque was,

however, generous, and, having ascertained that a pretty estate in Tuscany was for sale, he invested the first profits of his wife's professional exertions in purchasing it, and presented it to his father-in-law.

Angelica, having rendered her maiden name eminent, did not adopt that of her husband in coming before the public. In 1801 she sang at La Scala, in Zingarelli's *Clitemnestra*, and in the *Baccanali di Roma* of Nasolini. From Milan she passed to Florence, to Trieste, Rome, and Naples, and was every where admired. She was by nature exceedingly timid, however, and her nervousness unfortunately rendered her gestures somewhat spasmodic, and gave a certain wildness to her eyes in acting; indeed, her most intimate friends declared that it was as painful to her to appear at the Opera as it was agreeable singing at concerts.

The manager of the London Italian Opera, early in 1806, offered Madame Catalani an engagement at a salary of two hundred guineas. She accepted it, but went first to Madrid, where she was received cordially by the queen, under whose patronage she gave several concerts, the price of admission to which was four ounces of gold for the principal places, being equal to twenty-one guineas a seat. Then passing into France, she arrived in Paris in April, 1806, sang twice at St. Cloud, and gave three public concerts, each of which produced twenty-four thousand francs, the price being trebled on these occasions. At the first concert, which took place July 22, Madame Catalani sang two airs from Cimarosa, and an air from the *Semiramide* of Portogallo—"Son Regina." At the second concert she chose an air from Nasolini's *Baccanali di Roma*, and others from the *Zaïre* and *Semiramide* of Portogallo, her favorite composer. At the third concert she added to the preceding morceaux an air of Piccini's—"Se il ciel mi divide."

Napoleon, always anxious to surround himself with great artistes, and desirous of diverting the thoughts of his Parisian subjects from matters into which he did not wish them to inquire too minutely, spared no temptations to induce the Italian cantatrice to remain in the gay capital. He sent for her to the Tuileries, and Catalani, trembling at the idea of an interview with the emperor, on entering his apartment, shivered like a ballerina waiting at the wings on a cold night. His imperial majesty was very gracious. "Où allez-vous, madame?"

he asked, smiling. "To London, sire," she replied. "If you will remain in Paris," said he, "I will pay you well, and your talent will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs per annum, and two months for congé. Come, that is settled. Adieu, madame." The cantatrice retired, "more dead than alive," from the presence of her brusque interlocutor. She described her interview with the terrible Napoleon as having been *la plus grande émotion* she had ever experienced in her life.

At that time it was customary with vocalists, the women more particularly, to refuse a *honorarium*, in the hope that it would be replaced by some bijou of much greater value, a gift from Napoleon being the object of their ambition. Catalani did not receive this favor, but the emperor made her a present of 5000 francs, with a *pension* of 1200 francs, and allowed her the use of the Opera gratuitously for her concerts. Madame Catalani, anxious to get to London, to which she looked as a rich harvest-field, and regarding the grim Napoleon as the foe of the legitimate king, was determined not to stay. "When at Paris I was denied a passport," she afterward said; "however, I got introduced to Talleyrand, and, by the aid of a handful of gold, I was put into a government boat, and ordered to lie down to avoid being shot; and, wonderful to relate, I got over in safety with my little boy seven months old." She embarked at Morlaix on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, the captain agreeing to take her for 150 livres.

On the 15th of December, 1806, she made her début in London, with Signor Siboni, in the serious opera of *La Semiramide*, composed expressly for her by Portogallo. Her personation of the royal Assyrian was a matchless effort of tragic art. Majestic, beautiful, and queenly, her unparalleled powers literally took the musical world by storm, and "electrified" the audience. The scene where she is supposed to have seen, and to imagine herself pursued by the ghost of Ninus, proved her ability as a tragic actress: she burst upon the stage with a shrill musical shriek, exclaiming "Lascia mi, lascia mi in pace!" and her attitudes, so wild yet so graceful, her look of beautiful horror, were a triumph of lyric art. And the scene in which Assur and Semiramis mutually taunt each other with the murder of Ninus, and Semiramis blazes forth with the

bravura, "I am a queen and a warrior!" was magnificent. All the resources of her art were lavished upon it: she dropped at once a double octave, and "finally astonished all ears by running the chromatic scale up and down, for the first time within the memory of opera-goers. This achievement sealed her reputation. It was then new, although it has since been repeated to satiety, and even noted down as an obbligato division by Rossini, Meyerbeer, and others. Rounds of applause rewarded this daring exhibition of bad taste." Her extraordinary voice created a sensation such as no singer had ever been able to make before. There was one peculiar *undulating* tone which was admired above all: it was like that of a musical glass. The note which vibrated was believed to be higher than the highest note on the piano-forte, called by the Italians "la voce di testa," and designated by English amateurs "double falsetto." Catalani, who was the only one known to have sung this note, used it with thrilling effect. "She appeared to make a sort of preparation previous to its utterance, and never approached it by the regular scale. It began with an inconceivably fine tone, which gradually swelled both in volume and power till it 'made the ears vibrate and the heart thrill!' It particularly resembled the highest note of the nightingale, that is reiterated each time more intensely, and which, with a sort of vetriloquism, seems scarcely to proceed from the same bird that the moment before poured his delicious warblings at an interval so disjoined."

Mr. Frederick Jones, proprietor of the Dublin Theatre, hearing of the extraordinary popularity of Madame Catalani, came to London to offer her an engagement. He made up a company, consisting of the great prima donna, Signori Morelli, Rovedino, and Deville, with Michael Kelly. There were to be two operas performed—*Semiramide*, and *Il Fanatico per la Musica*. The superb Catalani made her own terms; or, rather, M. de Vallebreque, who was rather fond of money, made them for her: she was to have a clear half of the receipts of each night's performance. M. de Vallebreque, though rather good-natured, and not particularly bright, was perfectly aware of the money-value of his wife's voice, and determined to use it to the utmost. Conversing one day on the style of Mrs. Salmon's singing, he exclaimed with energy, "Mrs. Salmon, sare, she is as that"—extending the little finger of his left

hand, and placing his thumb at the root of it; "but ma femme! voilà! she is that!" stretching out his whole arm at full length, and touching the shoulder-joint with the other hand. M. de Vallebreque, however, was wholly ignorant of music, and only appreciated his wife's powers by their results. Some years after this, he was one morning at rehearsal at the Italian Opera in Paris, when his "femme" complained of the piano. "I can not possibly sing to that piano; I shall crack my voice: the piano is absurdly high." "Do not fret, my dear," interposed the husband, soothingly; "it shall be lowered before evening: I will attend to it myself." Evening came, and the house was crowded; but, to the consternation of the cantatrice, the pianoforte was as high as ever. She sang, but the strain was excessive and painful; and she went behind the scenes in a very bad humor. "Really, my dear," said her lord, "I can not conceive of the piano being too high; I had the carpenter in with his saw, and made him take six inches off each leg in my presence!"

Madame Catalani, by her unfailing good-humor, her liberality, and benevolence of heart, won golden opinions. She possessed the very qualities most calculated to gain popularity among the ardent Irish, being not only charitable, but gay and light-hearted, and ever ready to take advantage of the enjoyments of the moment. As they were passing through Bangor, she heard a Welsh harp for the first time; an old blind harper was playing in the kitchen of the house where she was temporarily lodging. She listened to him with almost infantine delight, and when he struck up a Welsh jig, unable to restrain her glee, the world-famed prima donna started up before all the servants and danced like a sprite, until, fairly tired out, and panting from exhaustion, she threw the harper two guineas, and quitted the kitchen.

On her arrival in Dublin she was received with a real Irish *cead mille failtha*. Crowds assembled at the Rotunda to hear her, and, although the prices were raised to half a guinea for the pit and boxes, and five shillings for the stalls, there was scarcely standing-room, and she was fêted and caressed by the best society in Dublin. These concerts were led by Mr. Cooke, a musician of very versatile talent. One morning, at rehearsal, Madame Catalani was so ill with a sick headache that she could not go through her song; and as the accom-

paniment was an extremely difficult one, she begged Kelly to have it rehearsed by the band. Cooke asked for the part which Madame Catalani sang, and on receiving it, placed it on one side of his music-desk, having on the other his first violin part, from which he was to play; and, to the great astonishment of Madame Catalani and all present, he sang every note at sight correctly, playing at the same time his own part on the violin as leader. It was an air by Portogallo, the indifferent composer whom Madame Catalani had brought into fashion, and being in manuscript, it had never been out of the cantatrice's possession, so Cooke could not have seen it before.

In her second season in London, Catalani's salary was raised by her own demand to *five hundred* guineas; and it was calculated that in six months she received upward of ten thousand pounds, including the Opera, festivals, concerts, and other musical performances.

Her brother Guglielmo, an indifferent performer on an instrument called the Corno Inglese, or tenor oboe, was brought over and installed in the Opera band, to the displacement of Griesbach, a German, who had for several years filled the situation with great ability. Dissatisfaction was loudly expressed in the orchestra, and the manager, in an appeal to the public, justly complained that "the best oboe-player in Europe was to be turned out to make room for the worst." Griesbach, however, condescended to play second oboe, and used absolutely to help Guglielmo in difficult passages.

On the 19th of January, 1808, Catalani appeared in a new comic opera, *La Frascatana*. She sang with "great vigor," after her usual manner, and in the "favorite song" in the second act she was twice encored. "This double encore afterward became fashionable with regard to the singers, particularly at the English Theatre," says Parke in his *Musical Memoirs*. As none of the celebrated singers who had preceded her, Mara, Banti, Grassini, or Billington, had ever received a similar compliment, this double encore appeared incomprehensible till the fact was bruited that Catalani, as part of her contract for that season, had stipulated for the privilege of fifty orders nightly! These double encores soon ceased at the King's Theatre, but they were a few years afterward resuscitated by Braham at Covent Garden.

On the 26th she appeared in the *Dido* of Paisiello, in which

opera she gained as much applause for her acting as for her expressive singing. Nasolini's serious opera of *La Festa di Iside* was produced for her first benefit on April 21st. In this she appeared in male attire as Sesostris, King of Egypt, and the receipts of the house were one thousand pounds. She had a second benefit on June 25th, when the entertainment was *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, in which she introduced, for the first time, Paisiello's beautiful air, "Nel cor più non mi sento," popularly known in England as "Hope told a flattering tale."

Kemble engaged Catalani in 1809, the terms being, it was said, four thousand pounds and two free benefits for the season; but just at this period people talked loudly against giving opera-singers such enormous salaries, and the public were so enraged that he was obliged to cancel her engagement. For eight years, however, Catalani remained the favorite of the English public, whatever her demands. Her blameless domestic life, and her generosity, which often led her to dispose in charity all, or a large portion of, the sum for which she was engaged, secured for her the love of all with whom she came in contact; while those who affected to question her motives crowded to hear her marvelous voice and witness her unrivaled personations. An outcry was occasionally raised at the immense sums she exacted; but her husband was more to blame in the matter: he regarded managers as mere bargainers for so much marketable talents. In making a contract for her second season, her husband demanded a sum so extravagant that the manager, aghast, declared such a salary given to one vocalist would absolutely disable him from procuring any other performers of talent. "Talent!" echoed M. de Vallebreque; "have you not Madame Catalani? What would you have? If you want a company, my wife, with four or five puppets, is quite sufficient!" And, certainly, people no longer went to enjoy the Opera; they went to see and hear Catalani.

During the season of 1808, therefore, Madame Catalani had acted with performers who were merely puppets. She appeared in operas that were composed expressly for her, in which the part for the prima donna was elaborated to display all her best points; thus she stood alone, the whole attraction of the opera being centred in her. She certainly sang as no singer had ever sung before, with a redundant splendor which dazzled and bewildered. Her facility in inventing graces and

ornaments was wonderful in spite of her ignorance, "but she took more satisfaction in producing pleasure through surprise than by any other legitimate method." Triplets, arpeggios, chromatic passages, were run through with a dexterity which astonished her hearers—a dexterity which "seemed rather the effect of the natural aptitude of genius than of study and labor." She was, in truth, far more clever in running through her introduced bits of brilliant ornament than she was in singing the roulades set down for her by the composer. So far inferior was she to both Mara and Billington in point of science, that musical performers wondered "how she could possibly dare so much and succeed so well." With regard to her elocution in singing, "she was articulate, forcible, and powerful; occasionally light, pleasing, and playful, but never awfully grand or tenderly touching to the degree that the art may be carried." Her marvelous strains seemed to distant auditors poured forth with the fluent ease of a bird, but those who were near saw that her efforts were so great as to "call into full and violent action the muscular powers of the head, throat, and chest." In the execution of rapid passages the under jaw was in a continual state of agitation, "in a manner, too, generally thought incompatible with the production of pure tone from the chest, and inconsistent with a legitimate execution. This extreme motion was also visible during the shake, which Catalani used sparingly, however, and with little effect."

In addition to appearing at the Opera, Catalani sang at the Ancient Concerts and other musical entertainments. Her chief defect in sacred music was a want of tenderness and pathos: "she sometimes awed, but she never warmed or melted the heart." She could not give to the sublime music of the oratorio the impressive meaning which Mara imparted. In such pieces as "Holy, holy Lord," and "I know that my REDEEMER liveth," she never awoke feelings of devotion in the breast, though she possessed strong religious sentiments, and never entered a theatre without offering up a prayer for her success. This habit at one time led to the circulation of a spiteful anecdote. She was observed, when behind the scenes of the King's Theatre, before making her *entrée* on the stage, to repeat to herself a prayer from a missal, and then, giving the book to her attendant, to devoutly make the sign of the cross ere presenting herself to her expectant audience. The

volume, it was declared, was lettered on the back METASTASIO; but the story contradicts itself; for if Catalani played such a farce, she would not have allowed herself to be detected through such an oversight.

The difference between her style and that of her two great predecessors was, it appears to us, purely mental. The mind and the emotions exercise a powerful influence over the voice, however unconsciously. "It is the soul that sings." Listen to a child, who does not think of disguising emotion; the cry of joy, the whimper of disappointment, or the scream of fear; what a variety, nay, what a totally different tone in each. It is a most painful effort to endeavor to sing while the voice is choked with tears, and it is delightful to carol under the influence of happiness. If the mind is discontented, the voice naturally becomes querulous; and a joyous heart will indubitably testify itself in a cheerful intonation; indeed, there are those who profess to read character by the tone of the voice. The secret of Catalani's inferiority to her great rivals was to be found in the simple fact that SHE HAD NOT SUFFERED. Mara had suffered deeply, wounded in the tenderest feelings of a woman's nature. Billington had suffered in a lesser degree, and she expressed feeling less intensely. But Catalani! Petted from childhood, adored by the man she loved, passionately beloved by her children, almost worshiped by shouting multitudes, every whim gratified by the princes and great ones of the earth, and her days passed in a succession of triumphs, how was she to pour forth the thrilling tones which express musical pathos? To have the power of drawing tears, we must have shed them. To reach the heart, to awaken the sympathies of a crowd, each one of whom has, more or less, suffered, is a gift acquired only by the sad experience which enables the mind to enter into the spirit of ideal sorrows.

The immense volume of Catalani's voice was not liked by some. Queen Charlotte, being asked her opinion, replied with German emphasis, "I was wishing for a little cotton in my ears all the time." The predominating impression on the mind was its overpowering, almost terrific loudness. "When rushing up the scale, every note seems to increase in force till the melody is lost," says one critic, "and the ear is positively pained by the strain upon its auditory nerve. There is no term in the vocabulary of music to convey an adequate idea

of the excess of loudness." Some wit was asked if he would go to York to hear her. "I shall hear her better where I am," he answered.

By 1812 the public had acquired such a taste for the music of Mozart, that Catalani was obliged to give way to the fashion, though she disliked the works of that great composer, because, when singing his music, she was forced to attend to time, and was kept under the control of the orchestra. She appeared in two of his operas—as Vitellia in *La Clemenza di Tito*, and as Susanna in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, and sang the music of both parts exquisitely. Arch, lively, piquant as the waiting-woman; lofty, impassioned, haughty, and grand, as the patrician dame of ancient Rome, she adapted her expressive countenance to both: in serious opera she was majestic and forcible; in comic, natural, playful, and graceful. Mrs. Dickons performed the Countess Almaviva, and in some scenes she almost rivaled the magnificent Italian. Trammezzani, the delightful tenor, who had arrived in England a few seasons previously, refused the part of Count Almaviva, because he considered it beneath his dignity to appear in comic opera! In *La Clemenza di Tito*, the part of Sesto, written for a soprano voice, was taken by Trammezzani. He was very handsome, and had a voice of the sweetest quality, "of that rich, touching Cremona tone peculiar to the Italians," and was, withal, full of animation and feeling.

In 1813, the last season of her regular engagement on the Opera stage, Madame Catalani began to push her habit of deviating from the beaten track of art to a pitch of folly that was unendurable to those who appreciated pure music. Variations for the violin on "God save the King," "Rule Britannia," "Cease your funning," and other English songs, became her chief repertoire, and were received with delight and amazement by the general public. She was idolized by those who cared only for gratifying the idle curiosity of the moment. The card on which were inscribed the words of "God save the King" for Madame Catalani to sing was a curiosity. The following version of the words was supposed to make them more easy for her to pronounce them:

"O Lord avar God,
Arais, schactar
Is enemis, and

Mece them fol.
Confond tear
Politekse, frosstre
Tear nevise trix,
On George avar hopes
We fix, God save te
Kin."

In the beginning of this season, her salary having fallen into arrears, her husband advised her not to appear till it was paid; accordingly, one night—the 1st of June—she chose not to attend the theatre. The audience, exasperated, raised a furious uproar, which was long remembered as one of the most extraordinary in all its circumstances that had ever been known. *Enrico IV.* had been announced; it was a Saturday night, and the house was crowded. There was no other announcement except one on the bills, stating simply that Madame Catalani had withdrawn from the theatre. The opera which had been substituted having been gone through amid a hurricane of clamor, the ballet commenced, amid the hisses of some, the cries of many, and the inattention of the majority, the galleries alone seeming inclined for quiet. The pit had filled at half price, and the riot soon became portentous. The first mutterings of the coming tempest were perceptible in the shaking of a side-scene, which alarmed a child ensconced in a basket of osiers and laurels, and who jumped out and ran away. The audience at once became aware that there was a disturbance behind the scenes, and the ballet-girls looked toward the scuffle with affright. The guard were trying to prevent some persons from rushing on to the stage, which in an instant was covered with gentlemen, who, from the general mourning for the Duchess of Brunswick, presented a very sombre aspect. The dancers immediately withdrew, the utmost confusion ensued, and the curtain was dropped; but some of the invading gentlemen came before it, and strutted about, flourishing their canes, and waving laurels, the spoliation of the stage. The curtain, being apparently in danger, was again raised, and the confusion became frightful; cries for the manager, shrieks of applause for the bold invaders; cries of "Off! off!" were mingled with yells, howls, groans, and hisses. At length a person came forward, and having with difficulty obtained a temporary silence, said that every thing should be done to satisfy the nobility and gentry; but he was told that nothing would satisfy

them but the appearance of Catalani. He then retired, and the soldiers made their way on the stage and formed in line, when an attack was instantly directed on a few who were separated from their comrades, and the rioters endeavored to wrest their arms from them. The most fatal results were feared, but the forbearance of the soldiers was most praiseworthy. The gentlemen seized the muskets, drew out and flourished the bayonets, and then flung the fire-arms into the orchestra among the lamps and desks. The soldiers were then withdrawn. The musicians had fled early in the affray, with every violin, bassoon, and trombone, and all the music-books. A ludicrous scene ensued: the valiant beaux were all lounging over the side-boxes, shaking hands with the ladies, or bowing to those above who showed their approbation. First Mr. Kinnaird and then John Kemble came forward to make speeches, which were hailed with ironical plaudits; and at last the famous Romeo Coates started up and made one of his absurd orations, which dispersed the audience.

Toward the close of this season several good singers appeared; but Catalani's insatiate desire to be the alpha and omega of the operatic world induced her to behave in such an intolerable manner toward them that half the company quitted the King's Theatre, and established themselves at the Pantheon, which had been rebuilt. Signora Bertinotti, Signora Collini, the two Cauvinis, the aged Morelli, and a few others, formed the troupe, with Miss Stephens, the charming English débutante. Unfortunately the license of the place was only for intermezzos, or operas of one act, and dancing without ballets of action, therefore the performances did not prove very attractive. Moreover, a report was industriously circulated and published in the newspapers, with the attestation of an architect, that the external walls, shaken by fire, were unequal to supporting the new roof which had been erected upon them, and that the building was unsafe. The entertainments consequently ceased, and the company dispersed.

The public were dissatisfied with having Catalani and nothing but Catalani; but the managers were unable, because of her exorbitant demands and her unwarrantable jealousy, to engage any other vocalists. She offered to purchase the theatre, intending to become thus sole proprietor, sole manager, and sole performer; but she fortunately failed in this, for she would

probably have finished by becoming sole auditor. Her relations with the director became each day more embittered, and she feared to disgust the public altogether; she therefore repaired to Paris, to join in the festivities consequent on the entry of the Allies, having realized fifty thousand pounds.

On arriving in Paris in 1814, she found herself supremely popular, on account of her acknowledged antipathy to Napoleon and her sympathy with the king. On the 4th of February, 1815, she gave a grand concert at the Opera House for the benefit of the poor. During the Hundred Days she followed Louis XVIII. to Ghent: she had become known to the king in England, and now made her house at Ghent a resort for the most illustrious émigrés. After a second sojourn in Paris, she made a tour through Holland and Belgium. On her return to Paris, Louis XVIII., flattered by the devotion Madame Catalani always professed for his cause, bestowed on her the privilege of the Italian theatre, with a grant of 160,000 francs. She established her company in the Salle Favart, and commenced operations with vigor; but two things militated against her success as a manager—her own desire for supreme power, and her husband's greed of money: she must reign alone, without a rival. The consequence was that she not only found herself obliged to precipitately relinquish her dangerous post, but lost 500,000 francs of her fortune, and also the good graces of the Parisians.

With the hope of retrieving her losses, she commenced a tour through Europe. In 1816 she gave seven concerts in Berlin, the price of the tickets being three thalers. She gave an eighth in the church, for the poor, tickets being one thaler and a half. Every concert was crowded; the building was so full that there was scarce standing-room, and the directors received more than 5000 thalers. In 1817 she visited Venice, the scene of her earliest triumphs; indeed, she sang in almost every town on the Continent, accompanied by her husband, her pupil Miss Corri, and a very bad tenor named Bolaffi. Every where she was received with the most extraordinary delight; she was petted by princes of the blood royal, and loaded with gorgeous presents, jewels, medals, and testimonials. The King of Prussia wrote her an autograph letter of compliment, accompanied by the grand medal of the Academy; the Emperor of Austria presented her with a superb ornament

of opals and diamonds; while the magistracy of Vienna, in token of their gratitude for her munificence to the charitable institutions of that capital, struck a medal in her honor. Even sovereign princes paid her the most obsequious attentions: the Grand-Duke of Darmstadt took his seat in the orchestra of the theatre as leader of the band in honor of her genius, and her name was among the last words uttered by the dying King of Wirtemberg. Fabulous sums were paid for her performances, and crowds assembled to listen to her marvelous, though now unmeaning exhibitions. She had such an overweening idea of her own gifts, that her self-conceit was laughable. When she visited Hamburg for the first time in 1819, M. Schevenke, the chief musician of that city, criticized her vocal feats with great severity; Madame Catalani, on being told of this, shrugged her shoulders, and called him "an impious man." "For," she said, with a droll naïveté, "when God has given to a mortal so extraordinary a talent as I possess, people ought to applaud and honor it as a miracle: it is profane to depreciate the gifts of Heaven!"

In private society she was cordially welcomed, and acquitted herself very well; but occasionally her ignorance of what every body else was intimate with, led her into somewhat ludicrous predicaments. Dining one evening at the court of Weimar, she was seated beside the great poet Goethe, as a mark of respect on the part of her royal host. Knowing nothing of Goethe, but remarking his majestic appearance and the universal attention which he received, she inquired carelessly of the gentleman on the other side what was his name. "The celebrated Goethe, madame," was the reply. "Pray, on what instrument does he play?" "He is no performer, madame—he is the renowned author of *Werter*." "Oh yes, yes, I remember," she said; then turning to the venerable poet, she addressed him in her vivacious manner. "Ah! sir, what an admirer I am of *Werter!*" Flattered by her evident sincerity and ardor, the poet bowed profoundly. "I never," continued she, in the same lively strain, "I never read any thing half so laughable in all my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" The poet, astounded, could scarcely believe the evidence of his ears. "*The Sorrows of Werter* a farce!" he murmured, faintly. "Oh yes, never was any thing so exquisitely ridiculous," rejoined Catalani, with a ringing burst of laughter; for she remember-

ed the absurd parody of *Werter*, which had been performed at one of the minor theatres of Paris, and in which the sentiments of Goethe's work had been turned into the most ludicrous burlesque. Mortified and disconcerted, poor Goethe did not recover himself the entire evening, and Catalani was regarded with less respect during the remainder of her stay at the court of Weimar.

In August, 1817, she reappeared in Paris in *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, at the Théâtre Italien, and was warmly welcomed. All the boxes were retained long before the night of her *rentrée*, the 17th. She appeared subsequently in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Così fan Tutte*, *Le Cantatrici Villane*, *Il Matrimonio per Raggiro*, *Semiramis* (with Garcia, Mdlle. Beraxter, and Benelli), *L'Italiana in Algieri*, *La Sposa Stravagante* (in which she performed Lindora), *La Principessa in Campagno*, and *Mithridate*, in which last she performed Monime, and Trammezzani Mithridates. There were two grand concerts during the season: the first in November, when Catalani sang "Gratias agimus," accompanied on the clarionet by M. Dacosta, and two airs by Pucitta and Mozart; the second took place at the close of the season, in December.

Madame Catalani returned to England in 1821, and in the winter of 1821–22 made a tour through the country, visiting Bath, Bristol, Glasgow, Edinburgh, York, and other places. At Bath she gained nearly five hundred pounds, while the conductor, Mr. Ashe, was a loser of two hundred; at Bristol she made the same, the conductor just escaping loss; at Glasgow the receipts were £2300, and the payments £2100, of which Catalani received £760, Mrs. Salmon, £260, Braham, £250; so that, if no minor expenses were defrayed, there remained only £200 for the charity in behalf of which the concerts were held. In 1822 Catalani undertook a series of concerts, which were attended by unpward of a thousand persons, the orchestra being itself always crowded with auditors. At these concerts she introduced a splendid song, "Della superba Roma," by the Marquis Sampieri, "which electrified the audience." At a rehearsal at the Argyll Rooms, the younger Linley was so astonished by the grandeur with which this song burst from her lips, that he forgot his own part, and played a wrong note; Catalani turned and made some severe remark to him, when, overcome by his emotions, he fell from his seat in a swoon.

After her English and Scottish tour she went again on the Continent. At St. Petersburg, in 1823, she was unprecedentedly popular, and realized about fifteen thousand guineas in four months. There being no concert-room sufficiently large to accommodate the crowds that flocked to hear her, she chose the public Exchange for the scene of her concluding concert, when there were more than four thousand persons present. The large receipts of that evening were devoted by her to relieving two hundred unfortunate families in Russia; for this, Alexander thanked her before his court, he and the empress embraced her at parting, and loaded her with regal ornaments, among which a girdle of diamonds was conspicuous.

Madame Catalani was engaged by Mr. Waters for the King's Theatre in 1824 for a certain number of nights. She made her reappearance in Mayer's comic opera *Il Fanatico per la Musica*, converted into a mere vehicle for the display of her vocal *tours de force*, almost all the music being mutilated to make room for her show pieces. She did not think it worth while to keep up even a pretense of sustaining a part, but walked on and off the stage, hardly acknowledging the presence of those who had the misfortune to sing with her. A crowded audience assembled to welcome her, and so touched was she by the ovation that she could not conceal her emotion. It was noticed that there was a "slight embarrassment and incertitude" in her manner, which was attributed to her having for so long a time discontinued to appear in opera; and it was not till the second night of her appearance that she recovered her self-possession, when she surpassed herself in the transcendent power of her performance. Mesdames Caradori and Ronzi de Begnis performed with her in this opera, with Curioni and Signor de Begnis.

It was agreed that she had wonderfully improved in one respect since she last sung in opera: her voice was more resplendent than ever; its tones were so powerful that the hearer needed to be at a distance to enjoy them. But, alas! in that very power were tokens of the destroying hand of time; the "fragrance" of her tone, as one critic termed it, had in some degree evaporated. It was compared to a copper-gilt vessel from which some of the gilding has worn off—or, rather, it was like a piano-forte, the hammers of which are grown hard by use. In her appearance, too, she had altered, but favorably:

always the handsomest woman in Europe, she had become, by an accession of embonpoint, more beautiful and majestic. On the stage and in society, her popularity for the time was unbounded; and she achieved a little triumph about this period which must have been highly gratifying to her, satiated as she was by the plaudits of the greatest in the land. When Captain Montague was cruising off Brighton, she was invited, with some other ladies, to a fête on board his frigate, and the ladies were escorted on board by the captain in a boat manned by twenty men. On the way to the ship the prima donna suddenly burst forth with her pet song, "Rule Britannia." The sailors, taken by surprise, rested on their oars to listen, and tears sprang to the eyes of more than one weather-beaten old tar. "You see, madame," said the captain, "the effect this favorite air has upon these brave men, when sung by the finest voice in the world. I have been in many victorious battles, but never felt any excitement equal to this." On arriving on board, the sailors entreated her to sing the air once more, a request which she readily complied with, and the gallant tars, on her quitting the ship in the evening, cheered her until she reached the shore.

At first the public applauded her to the echo; but soon her hearers began to weary of the reiterated extravagances of her style of singing, and the enthusiasm at length died out. Night after night the audience grew thinner at the Opera House, and at last she retreated from the stage, and restricted herself to the concert-room, where she sought only to make a display of vocal feats. Her deportment was changed equally with her style and her person; all was exaggeration; her style had become a caricature of its former grandeur. "When she begins one of the interminable roulades up the scale," says a writer in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, "she gradually raises her body, which she had before stooped to almost a level with the ground, until, having won her way with a quivering lip and chattering chin to the very topmost note, she tosses back her head and all its nodding feathers with an air of triumph; then suddenly falls to a note two octaves and a half lower with incredible aplomb, and smiles like a victorious Amazon over a conquered enemy." A throng of flatterers joined in encouraging her in all her defects. "No sooner does Catalani quit the orchestra," says the same writer, "than she is beset by a host

of foreign sycophants, who load her with exaggerated praise. I was present at a scene of this kind in the refreshment-room at Bath, and heard reiterated on all sides, 'Ah! madame, la dernière fois toujours la meilleure!' Thus is poor Madame Catalani led to strive to excel herself every time she sings, until she exposes herself to the ridicule most probably of those very flatterers; for I have heard that on the Continent she is mimicked by a man dressed in female attire, who represents, by extravagant terms and gestures, Madame Catalani *surpassing* herself."* Occasionally, however, she showed that her genius had not forsaken her. Her singing of Luther's Hymn is thus described by an appreciative listener. "She admits in this grandly simple composition no ornament whatever but a pure shake at the conclusion. The majesty of her sustained tones, so rich, so ample as not only to fill, but overflow the cathedral where I heard her—the solemnity of her manner, and the St. Cecilia-like expression of her raised eyes and rapt countenance, produced a thrilling effect through the united medium of sight and hearing. Whoever has heard Catalani sing this, accompanied by Schmidt on the trumpet, has heard the utmost that music can do. Then in the succeeding chorus, when the same awful words, 'The trumpet sounds; the graves restore the dead which they contained before,' are repeated by the whole choral strength, her voice, piercing through the clang of instruments and the burst of other voices, is heard as distinctly as if it were alone! During the encore I found my way to the top of a tower on the outside of the cathedral, and could still distinguish her wonderful voice."

But this was a rare exception. Her excessive love of ornament proved a fatal stumbling-block, and ruined the beauty of this matchless voice. She cared for no simple air. Her delight was to take a bold and spirited piece, such as "Non più andrai," even when written for a bass voice, in which she could bear down and overpower by sheer force of lungs the brazen instruments of the orchestra, amid rapturous thunders

* In 1825 a German singer named Keller created a great sensation at Dresden in the part of "Die Falsche Katalani" (the False Catalani), wherein his extraordinary falsetto was called most effectually into play in the imitation of the distinguished Italian. The manner in which he imitated the various styles of Italian singing, and especially the laborious fidelity with which he gave the well-known variations by Rode as executed by Catalani, was absolutely marvelous.

of applause. She preferred the music of the most inferior composers, written expressly for her, to the most exquisite productions of the greatest masters, which was greatly to be regretted, for all agreed that she could have become a perfect performer had her noble gifts been guided by sound taste and judgment. She had a peculiar facility in running chromatic passages, placing on each note a trill which scintillated like a diamond in limpid water; she excelled in effects of contrast—now loud as an organ, then soft and penetrating as the lowest notes of the nightingale; and her skill in "jumping" over two octaves at once, her rapidity in divisions, and the almost supernatural volume of tone which her throat was capable of throwing forth, created an increasing wonder. Her fantastical luxuriance and redundancy, her reckless daring, her defiance of all rules, disgusted connoisseurs as much as it astounded and charmed the multitude. In Paris, the epigrams of the day designated her voice "l'instrument Catalani." "Whenever I hear such an outrageous display of execution," said Mount Edgecumbe, "I never fail to recollect, and cordially join in, the opinion of a late noble statesman, more famous for his wit than for his love of music, who, hearing a remark on the extreme difficulty of some performance, observed that he wished that it was impossible." But, unfortunately for the soundness of his musical taste, this nobleman (Lord North) was the individual who, when asked why he did not subscribe to the Ancient Concerts, and reminded that his brother, the Bishop of Winchester, did, replied, "Oh, if I was as deaf as my brother, I would subscribe too."

Although she began to give dissatisfaction to the critics, the public were as faithful as ever to Catalani, and she made enormous sums. But she was very generous in affording help to others. At a concert given by Mr. Loder, of Bath, a most talented musician, distinguished for his skill as a violinist and a leader, Madame Catalani sang under an engagement at a large fee, and the concert was completely successful; but she refused to accept the sum stipulated for, relinquishing it as a mark of her esteem for the ability and general merit of the worthy conductor. When she performed for a benefit, she would frequently return the whole, or a large portion, of the amount for which she was engaged, and she was very liberal toward public charities. On the occasion of a great musical

performance for the benefit of the Westminster Hospital in 1821, she was solicited to contribute her services, but replied that, were she to do so, she would injure her own concerts; yet, on the day of her first concert, she transmitted to the committee, as a gift, about three hundred pounds, the proceeds of her performance. She sang for Kelly on one occasion, but did not realize much for him, as the crowd was so great that the doors were broken down and the pit crammed to suffocation with non-paying visitors: the return in money was only twenty-five pounds. The unlucky beneficiaire made a request that the price of admission should be sent to the box-office the next day by those who entered without paying, but not a single person responded to this appeal.

In May, 1824, her own concerts drew very large audiences: curiosity, and a rumor that the concerts would not exceed three or four, and that after their termination the enchantress would be heard no more, conduced to render the sale of tickets rapid: the first four nights there were more than a thousand sold. On the first night the audience began to assemble more than an hour before the doors were open, and the room filled in two minutes, the orchestra even being filled with ladies and gentlemen, the musicians retiring behind. Each night Madame Catalani sang four songs in various styles. At the end of February, 1825, she commenced a series of fortnightly concerts, conducted by Mr. P. Cianchettini. The first was but thinly attended, but afterward the Argyll Rooms were crowded to excess. Mrs. Salmon and Mr. Sapio were the principal coadjutors, with the occasional assistance of M. Begrez and other performers; and one evening Signor Pistrucci, the celebrated improvisatore, appeared. Catalani herself sang six pieces every evening, comprehending all styles, from "Home, sweet home," and "Rule Britannia," to "Gratias agimus," and Mr. Cianchettini's *Mazurka*.

In 1825 she visited Paris, and appeared in the *Salle Cléry;* but the taste of the Parisians had been purified by Fodor and Pasta, and they did not care any longer for Catalani. In other cities on the Continent she was received with more favor. In 1827, Charles John of Sweden conducted her through the Royal Museum at Stockholm himself, when two magnificent vases of porphyry attracted her notice and admiration; some time after, a similar pair was forwarded to her at Paris

by the gallant prince, who deemed twenty thousand francs a not too costly tribute to the enchanting singer. In the summer of 1827 she sang in Berlin, where she did not hesitate to appear in rivalry with the young and fresh vocalist Sontag.

Returning to England in the summer of that year, she was engaged at extravagant salaries to sing at various musical festivals. At Derby there was much apprehension as to the state of her voice and execution, as, considering the sum she received, her engagement there was looked on as a failure. And it was found that "the liquidity of her tone had given way to the force of effort." Her evening songs were generally miserable effusions, to which, wisely, no composer's name was affixed, and her sacred singing was totally unlike what it had been: in "Holy, holy Lord," she wandered far from the pitch, and disfigured the *Messiah* by the introduction of "Gratias agimus." At York she was offered the sum of six hundred guineas for her services, or rather for the sake of her name, for she was unable to maintain her reputation.

The critics dropped many hints, urging that it would be the most judicious, as well as the most dignified course, to retire; and she did retire altogether in 1831, and went to reside on a noble estate near the Lago di Como, where she built a beautiful villa. Three children, two of whom were born in England, and one in Paris, had blessed the happy union of Angelica and her "bel uffiziale." Her daughter (Madame Vivie) and her eldest son, who adored their mother, lived at home; the second son, being in the army, was very much with his regiment: this young man afterward became equerry to Napoleon III.

Madame Catalani founded, in the vicinity of her home, a school of gratuitous instruction in singing for young girls, where they had lodging, board, and clothing, and at the end of a certain time of instruction engagements were obtained for the pupils. One of the stipulations exacted of the scholars was rather curious—that on quitting the establishment at the expiration of their term they should add to their family name that of Catalani. The first singer among them who became known was Signora Maselli-Catalani, who appeared at Paris.

Some years after the retirement of the great songstress, Mrs. Trollope, then on a tour through Italy, visited her. "Nothing could be more amiable than the reception she gave us." She expressed a great admiration and love for the En-

glish. Her beauty was little injured. "Her eyes and teeth are still magnificent," says Mrs. Trollope, "and I am told that when seen in evening full dress by candle-light, no stranger can see her for the first time without inquiring who that charming-looking woman is." Mrs. Trollope hinted to Mdlle. de Vallebreque that she would like to hear her mother sing; and in a moment Madame Catalani was at the piano, smiling at the whispered request from her daughter. "I know not what it was she sang, but scarcely had she permitted her voice to swell into one of those bravura passages, of which her execution was so very peculiar and so perfectly unequaled, than I felt as if some magic process was being performed upon me, which took me back again to something—I know not what to call it—which I had neither heard nor felt for nearly twenty years. Involuntarily, unconsciously, my eyes filled with tears, and I felt as much embarrassed as a young lady of fifteen might be, who suddenly found herself in the act of betraying emotions which she was far indeed from wishing to display." William Gardiner visited Madame Catalani in 1846. "I was surprised at the vigor of Madame Catalani," he says, "and how little she was altered since I saw her at Derby in 1828. I paid her a compliment upon her good looks. 'Ah!' said she, 'I'm grown old and ugly.' I would not allow it. 'Why, man,' she said, 'I'm sixty-six!' She has lost none of that commanding expression which gave her such dignity on the stage. She is without a wrinkle, and appears to be no more than forty. Her breadth of chest is still remarkable: it was this which endowed her with the finest voice that ever sang. Her speaking voice and dramatic air are still charming, and not in the least impaired."

For about five years before Madame Catalani's death, reports of her decease, and of the gigantic fortune she was supposed to have left, were continually appearing in the papers. In 1844 it was said that she had died worth £382,000, and that she had lost her husband in 1838; a report which was laughed over at a dinner by herself, M. de Vallebreque, and a party of friends. In 1848, the cholera breaking out with violence in the neighborhood of Florence, Catalani took refuge in Paris with her children, and while residing here she heard Jenny Lind at a concert given by Lord Normanby. Some days after the entertainment she was sitting alone, when a

strange lady called on her. The visitor refused to give her name, but was ushered into the room. Catalani rose, and the stranger advanced timidly. She was young, not handsome, but with an expressive face, over which played a most agreeable smile. "I am Jenny Lind, madame," she said, after a little preliminary dialogue. "I am come for your blessing." It was given. They never met again, for Catalani was carried off in a few days by the remorseless epidemic from which she had fled. She died on the 12th of June, at the age of sixty-nine.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOSEPHINE MAINVILLE FODOR.

Josephine Fodor was the daughter of Joseph Fodor, a forgotten composer of some talent. She was born, 1793, in Paris, and soon after her father obtained an engagement at St. Petersburg. Of her early life and musical training, all that we know is that she made her formal début in 1810 in the Imperial Theatre, in the *Cantatrici Villane* of Fioravanti, in which she appeared seventy times. She was nineteen when M. Mainville, an actor attached to the Théâtre Français in the service of the court of Russia, offered her his hand, and they were married. But, unluckily for the young couple, the Emperor Alexander chose to suppress the troupes of foreign performers at this period, and the pair were obliged to seek their fortune elsewhere. Madame Mainville Fodor gained an opportunity of singing at Stockholm and at Copenhagen; then she went to Paris, where she made her appearance in 1814, at the Opéra Comique. When Madame Catalani, in 1815, commenced her unfortunate speculation at the Salle Favart, Madame Fodor was engaged with Garcia, Crivelli, Porto, and other performers. The jealous directress, unable to tolerate rivals, soon disgusted the artistes whom she had engaged, and they simultaneously threw up their engagements and came to London.

The season of 1816 at the King's Theatre was long remembered as a brilliant one: it introduced Madame Vestris and Madame Fodor to the English public, and was successful as regarded performers, performances, and receipts. Mr. Ayrton, to whom the management had been committed by Waters, the proprietor, had gathered together a company composed of Spanish, French, Italian, and English vocalists. The other leading singers were Mesdames Camporese and Pasta, Crivelli, Begrez, Naldi, Angrisani, and Ambrogetti.

On the 17th of January Madame Fodor made her first courtesy to a British audience in her favorite opera *Griselda*. She had come almost unheralded, for the frequenters of the King's

Theatre knew very little of her until they saw her name announced. She displayed great sweetness of voice and delicacy of expression, and the public and the critics were equally pleased. Her second part was that of Ceres, in Winter's opera, in which she completely gained the favor of the public.

A great excitement was caused by the production of Mozart's serious opera, *La Clemenza di Tito*, on March 2d. Braham, who had been announced from the beginning of the season, appeared, after an absence of ten years from the stage of the King's Theatre. When he entered on the scene, he "showed some signs of diffidence," owing, probably, to his not having met the opera audience for so long a time; and some slight marks of disapprobation were heard, but they were overpowered by the plaudits of his friends and the public. Madame Fodor was greatly admired in this opera. She took, however, some very unwarrantable liberties with the part, and particularly desired to commence with a song, in which she anticipated making a great impression, but which the composer had placed at the end of the second act. Ayrton objected that this was absurd, since in the song the heroine, being exiled, bids adieu to her friends, so the transposition would have the effect of making the farewell precede the banishment. But Madame Fodor persisted, and appealed to Signor Vestris, then poet of the King's Theatre, who said that the change was of no consequence, as the unity of the opera had long been completely ruined on the Continent. Ayrton indignantly responded that if the opera was spoiled abroad, that was no reason why it should be injured in England. Madame Fodor, however, applied to the directors of the theatre, and obtained from them a written permission to do as she liked. Crivelli did the same with some of his music in this unlucky opera.

Mozart's far-famed opera, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, was produced June 22d, to the great delight of the musical world. Perhaps Madame Fodor was never heard to more advantage than in this masterpiece; all her songs and her duets were executed with extreme purity, delicacy, and expression. Levasseur was a sardonic-looking Almaviva, and, though he sang excellently, he yet made love like a cynic, which did not please the audience. Naldi and Madame Vestris were admirable. The theatre closed August 10th, after a most prosperous season, to the pecuniary success of which the numerous officers, naval and

military, who had come home, and the multitude of foreigners which the peace had permitted to roam through England in quest of pleasure, in no small degree contributed.

In 1817 a spirited attempt was made by Mr. Ayrton to effect some important reforms in the administration of the theatre. He endeavored to break through the trammels and tyranny of the singers and dancers, and to present the public with the masterpieces of the great German and Italian composers; but he met with numerous and insurmountable obstacles, and, like too many other reformers, failed. The performers were the same as in the preceding year, and the theatre was opened on the 11th of January with *Griselda*. Madame Fodor performed with much pathos, and the delicacy and purity of her singing were fully appreciated. Madame Pasta appeared in the opera, and rendered powerful support to Madame Fodor. The *Nozze di Figaro* was next produced, Ambrogetti personating the Count with great success. Madame Fodor was the Countess; Madame Camporese, Susanna; Madame Pasta, the Page; and Naldi, Figaro. Such a cast left nothing to be desired.

The success of the *Figaro* induced Mr. Ayrton to bring forward *Don Giovanni*, the triumphant success of which forms an era in the history of the theatre. Madame Fodor made a charming Zerlina; the lightness and delicacy of her expression, the simplicity, sweetness, and tenderness of her acting, were universally admitted. Ambrogetti, though not distinguished for his attainments as a singer, threw into his performance of Don Giovanni so much fire and animation, that the popularity of the opera was established. Madame Camporese performed Donna Anna, and Naldi was a very lively Leporello. The scenery also was beautiful.

During this season Madame Fodor sang at the Concerts of Ancient Music on alternate nights with Madame Camporese.

In 1818 Madame Fodor was again engaged at the King's Theatre. The season opened with Paer's *Griselda*, in which Madame Fodor had made her first appearance in England, and the part was well adapted to her talent. "If wanting the sweetness, mellowness, and expression of an Italian," says one critic, "her voice is marvelous for a French voice; she is never outrageous, never urges her tones into clamor, or her visage into convulsions; seldom degenerates into the commonplace

of that contortion which the French call a smile." Paisiello's sweet but feeble opera, *La Molinara*, was next produced. Fodor personated the Miller's Maid, a class of character much better suited to her talents than tragic heroines. *Le Nozze di Figaro* was performed again this season, Madame Fodor exchanging the part of the Countess for that of Susanna; and, with due allowance for the disadvantages of her figure, which was not suited to the character, she gave it admirably. *Don Giovanni* was also performed — superbly, Madame Fodor again taking the then subordinate part of Zerlina, in which she achieved a triumphant success.

Il Barbiere di Seviglia, the first of Rossini's operas offered to British ears, was next brought out, when Garcia made his début in England as the Count Almaviva. He was tall, handsome, and of a fine figure, with animated, fiery action, and a voice of singular sweetness and flexibility. Madame Fodor was the Rosina; Ambrogetti, Dr. Bartolo; and Naldi, Figaro. On the 30th of April, Rossini's *Elisabetta* was brought forward for the benefit of Madame Fodor, who appeared to advantage as the regal heroine, and sang in her best style. Madame Fodor also performed Carolina in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

In the month of July, 1818, Madame Fodor went to Italy, where she studied assiduously, and succeeded in rendering her voice supple and sweet, and acquiring a peculiarly "honeyed" tone. She was engaged at Venice, where she was heard for the first time in the *Elisabetta* of Caraffa, which she performed thirty-eight times successively. She gained a complete triumph, being crowned on the stage after her first appearance, and recalled many times each evening amid an uproar of delight. The principal dilettanti of Venice had a gold medal struck in her honor.

The Italian Theatre of Paris, ruined by the bad administration of Madame Catalani, was reorganized at the commencement of 1819, when Madame Fodor was engaged, and appeared in the May of that year. Then commenced the brilliant period of her career: her talent had become completely developed, and in the *Agnese* of Paer, *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, she achieved a series of triumphs which lasted for three years. She was not remarkable for elevation of style nor for passionate fervor, but for accurate intonation, great purity of tone,

much perfection in details, and an irresistible charm in her accentuation. Count Stendhal sarcastically characterized her as a sublime bird-organ. *Il Barbiere* had not much success on its first representation at the Italian theatre at Paris, but on the second it became extremely popular, when Madame Fodor took the place of Madame Ronzi di Begnis as Rosina, and made the beautiful creation of Rossini understood by the Parisians.

During the latter part of her stay in Paris the health of Madame Fodor was much affected by an internal disorder, which had no influence on the purity of her voice, but which prostrated her bodily strength; and her physicians advising a tour in Italy, she resolved to try the change of air. She took her leave of the Parisians in *Elisabetta*, in March, 1822, and left for Naples in April. The effect of the lovely climate of Naples was prompt and salutary, and the French cantatrice made her appearance at San Carlo in *Otello* the August of the same year. The enthusiasm of the Neapolitans equaled that of the Venetians and the Parisians. She performed in *Semiramide*, *Zelmira*, and many other operas, concluding a most successful engagement February 8, 1823.

From Naples Madame Fodor went to Vienna, with her impresario, Barbaja, who was obliged to relinquish the San Carlo, but who did not choose to give up his splendid company. During the second performance of *Otello*, at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, Madame Fodor was seized with a fit while singing the duet with Emilia. The performance was suspended for the evening, but the next night she reappeared in the same opera. She sang during the entire season, with Fanny Eckerlin, the two Davides, Donzelli, and the bass singers Ambrogi, Bassi, and Lablache. She performed principally in the works of Rossini, and was exceedingly popular, despite the counter-attractions of Sontag, of Mombelli, and the other *prime donne* attached to the company. Her Semiramide was so greatly admired that she performed it sixty times successively, with immense applause. Returning to Naples, she was engaged at the Opera till August, 1825, when she retraced her steps to Paris to fulfill a contract made with M. le Vicomte de la Rochefoucault, Directeur Général des Beaux Arts.

She was then in the zenith of her fame, and her voice might be said to have attained its fullest development. No sooner had she made her appearance in Paris than the horizon of the

Théâtre Italien became overcast. Rossini's *Semiramide* had been chosen for the benefit of Madame Pasta, who naturally understood that she was to perform the principal part in the opera, it being one of her finest characters; but, at rehearsal, the rôle of Arsace was allotted to Pasta, and that of the Queen of Babylon given to Fodor. A quarrel, vehement, long, and bitter, was the result; but Madame Fodor would not yield; she said that Madame Pasta might perform Semiramide after her début, but not before. The Parisians were almost universally on the side of Pasta, who, it is certain, was treated in the most unhandsome manner by M. le Vicomte.

The dispute was ended by Madame Fodor's appearing at the Théâtre Italien, on the 9th of December, 1825, in Rossini's *Semiramide*, which was as yet unknown to Paris. The boxes, pit, gallery, and stalls were crammed, and the whole musical world of Paris was present, with many musical celebrities of the day—Rossini, Cherubini, Choron, and others, who anticipated a brilliant triumph for the prima donna. Galli, Bordogni, and Mdlle. Schiassetti, were to sing with her. The audience greeted Madame Fodor with the most flattering enthusiasm. The voice of *la prima delle prime donne*, as the Italians called her, was in excellent order, though she was suffering from almost overpowering timidity, unaccountable in so practiced a performer; and she went through the first scene of the opera in a style which excited the audience to a pitch of almost delirious delight. On her reappearance in the next scene, she had not proceeded beyond the fifth or sixth bar of the first air when her voice suddenly failed her: not a note could be heard. The orchestra ceased playing; and the cantatrice, nearly fainting from agitation, made the most violent exertions to recover herself: her chest heaved, her blanched lips quivered, cold drops of perspiration bedewed her brow, but not even a cry of agony escaped her. Her voice was gone!

The curtain was dropped, and the whole house was in consternation. The manager (Mr. Ayrton) appeared, and explained that the sudden indisposition of Madame Fodor must cause the performances to be suspended for a few minutes, and the audience, indulgent as usual on such an occasion, promised to wait patiently. The dressing-room of the unhappy vocalist was a scene of indescribable confusion. Lying on a sofa in a frenzy of grief, she was flinging her arms about in the wildest

despair, striking her face, tearing her hair, and giving way to her anguish in mute agony: she uttered no audible cries. Rossini fairly wept; and Choron fell on his knees, entreating her to calm her agitation. Half an hour had elapsed, and the house was becoming violent in its impatience. Poor Ayrton then came and informed Madame Fodor that the audience would no longer wait, and that he was about to announce to them that the performance could not proceed. The color rushed to the face of the cantatrice; her eyes flashed fire, her lips moved convulsively, and, springing to her feet, she exclaimed, in a loud, full, and resonant voice,

"Draw up the curtain; I will sing!"

"Saved! saved!" cried Rossini, embracing her.

The curtain was again raised, and the prima donna entered, and was welcomed by shouts of applause. A profound silence succeeded, and then the audience remained in expectancy. Madame Fodor went through the remainder of the opera, but at the conclusion of the last scene she fell to the ground in a swoon. On her recovery she found that her voice was completely gone.

Under these circumstances, she offered to relinquish her engagement; but, hoping to see what they considered the effects of a temporary accident pass away, the administration protested against this. But finding it was hopeless to look forward to the restoration of her powers, they refused to pay her salary. She demanded that they should execute certain clauses of the contract; this they declined, and a process followed, which she gained. The administration then carried the cause to the Conseil d'Etat, and the discussion lasted some time, but was finally terminated by a compromise.

Trusting that beneath the sunny skies of Italy she might once more regain her powers, Madame Fodor, on the conclusion of her dispute with the management of the Italian Theatre of Paris, went to Naples. She did indeed rid herself of the obstinate hoarseness which had destroyed her voice in France, and fancied that she could again sing. She appeared at the San Carlo in 1828, and again in 1831, with Tamburini. But she had grievously deceived herself. At last, convinced that it was hopeless to look forward to any alteration for the better, Madame Fodor retired altogether from the stage, and fixed her abode at Fontainebleau. In November, 1834, the unlucky

cantatrice went to Paris, and submitted to a trying operation under the hands of Doctor Cruveilhier. The disorder which affected her had placed her life in danger, and her recovery was for a time doubtful.

She still gave concerts, although unable herself to take any part in them. They were held at Fontainebleau, sometimes at the house of Madame Fodor, sometimes at that of Colonel Braque. It was rumored in 1837 that a skillful surgeon had effected a complete recovery of her vocal organ, and that she had regained all the brilliancy of her execution, but the report was groundless.

In 1857 Madame Fodor published a work entitled *Conseils et Réflexions sur l'Art de Chant*, the result of her knowledge and experience; and she is at present living in Paris.

CHAPTER XVII.

LAURE CINTHIE DAMOREAU.

In the Rue Grange Batelière, Paris, some fifty years ago, there lived a little girl, whose chief pleasure was in studying music after a solitary fashion of her own. This child was Laure Cinthie Montalant, who had been born in this quiet street, February 6, 1801.

Where this little girl had obtained her predilection for music was a mystery. M. Montalant, her father, was a professor of languages, and troubled himself very little about music and musicians; her mother was a wood engraver; and none of the family had ever been known to cherish any liking for the divine art.

Laure had an uncle, the Abbé Jacques, who had been preceptor to the sons of the King of Holland. Perceiving the evident gift Laure had for music, he spoke to his friend M. Henri Plantade, who directed the singing-classes at the Conservatoire. He also took her to Catel, who, looking at the pale, slender child, smiled incredulously when told of her promising talent, and at her earnest declaration that she would like to be a musician. The illustrious professor asked her to sing, and Laure selected the finale from *Le Nozze di Figaro*, which she repeated with such precision and feeling that Catel was astonished. She was admitted to the Conservatoire, November 28, 1808, in the class for the study of the piano-forte, and soon became a clever pianist. She was then raised to the class for harmony, where her progress was so rapid that Cazot, her teacher, was often perplexed how to supply her with fresh pieces. Her playing was so pure, her expression so elegant, her fingering so agile, by the time she was thirteen, that the committee thought she had no need to become a vocalist, and might be very well satisfied with her proficiency on the piano-forte; they therefore obstinately refused to admit her into the singing-class. Laure entreated in vain, and then, vexed by their stern denial, demanded her dismissal.

M. Plantade, her uncle's friend, seeing the real talent of this young girl, came to her rescue. "You want lessons in singing," said the good-hearted professor: "I will give them to you;" and he kept his word. "M. Plantade was assiduous in giving me lessons, with all the care of an excellent musical professor, and all the tenderness of a father," says Laure herself. "My voice, which gave promise of becoming flexible, but which did not then possess much strength, struck him as completely adapted to the Italian style. I studied, therefore, under him, only the old repertoire, beginning with Durante's Psalms. My master allowed me to sing scarcely three or four French airs; among these latter were the airs of 'Montano et Stephanie,' and 'Beniowski,' true models of a style that is at once simple, expressive, and graceful."

In the house where Laure resided there was a harp, upon which she commenced playing. Wood-engraving and teaching languages not being, at that period, especially remunerative, the pecuniary resources of the family did not allow of her being supplied with published music, which was very dear at the time. This obliged her to compose studies for herself, and she wrote caprices, rondeaux, and other things, in bold defiance of all known rules, and performed them under the guidance of a musical instinct. She formed a little school, too, where, besides learning singing, her juvenile pupils performed the old *opéras comiques* to an audience of admiring mammas.

When she had attained her fourteenth year, M. Plantade said to her, "My dear girl, you can now do without me. Mark my words: you possess taste; you will adopt what is good in some, and reject what is bad in others." And he dismissed her with encouraging advice.

Uncle Jacques, who felt persuaded of her ability, was anxious to bring her forward, and presented her to the Queen of Holland. Her majesty received her very kindly, and called her "sa jolie petite virtuose." The young girl's first steps in the musical world were not, however, very brilliant; some concerts which she gave attracted small notice, for she was unknown, and was not a foreigner. Her voice acquired each day more softness, more purity; and, being an excellent musician, and endowed with a strong instinct for music, she profited by the practical experience she gained by listening to the

finished singers who appeared in Paris, particularly those at the Théâtre Italien.

Madame Catalani being then director of the Opera, M. Vallebreque thought that Mdlle. Montalant, as a young unknown singer, would make a most convenient "puppet" to replace Madame Fodor, and he offered her an engagement on one condition—that she should Italianize her name. A very slight alteration changed her name of Cinthie, and at the age of fifteen she appeared as Mdlle. Cinti, in the part of Lilla, in *La Cosa Rara*, one of Madame Fodor's favorite characters.

"Thanks to my extreme youth," she says, "and, above all, to the advice of my dear master, my success was a genuine one. The day on which M. Plantade's unconditional approbation confirmed the applause of the public was the happiest day of my life. After my successful début I had many annoyances and prejudices to overcome. I was French: this was almost a crime at the Théâtre Italien! But I was not discouraged. I learned, in a very short time, nearly fifteen or twenty parts; I understudied (sometimes in a day) the parts of all the prime donne; in the ardor of my zeal, and with my incessant application, I was ready for every score. My adoption of this system proved one day highly advantageous to me. Madame Catalani was to appear in an extraordinary performance at the Opera. The full rehearsal was already somewhat advanced, when it was remarked that the great vocalist had not arrived. At the moment the ritournelle of her cavatina announced her entrance on the stage, Barilli, our stage manager, taking my hand, boldly presented me to the orchestra to sing in the place of our celebrated manageress. Though greatly agitated at first, I felt afterward very happy, for the orchestra applauded me very much, and it was the first time such an honor had been paid me. When Madame Catalani heard of what I had been bold enough—or, rather, what my devotion to art had prompted me—to do, she thanked me by an embrace, for she was always kind."

The first really important part which was given to Mdlle. Cinti, however, was that of Cherubino, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in which opera she performed with Garcia and Madame Catalani. The manner in which she sang the air at the feet of the Countess was much applauded; but the young vocalist was not much noticed by the habitués of the Opera. She wanted

sensibility, they said; she sang like a bird-organ: indeed, she *could not* sing well, as she had never visited Italy. However, Laure persevered. Profiting by all she heard, she studied ardently, always hoping for the excellence which she felt she should ultimately attain; and she improved, not rapidly, but with certainty. She was pretty, had much musical knowledge, and a simple and pure taste; as an actress, too, she was easy and unaffected; so, by degrees, she was intrusted with many good parts; among others, she performed Rosina, Giulietta, Amenaïde, and Zerlina.

She desired to appear at the Académie Royale de Musique; but she had to contend against Mdlle. Naldi, who was strongly favored by Signor Viotti, director of the Opera and of the Italiens: a gentleman who had a reputation as a good violinist, and was a respectable wine-merchant, but who proved to be a bad administrator. In 1822 Mdlle. Cinti was performing still at the Théâtre Italien, in such operas as *La Gazza Ladra*, with Barilli, Bordogni, and Madame Rossi, and was then very popular.

At this time a noble patron of the King's Theatre heard Mdlle. Cinti, and recommended her to London, where she was engaged by Ebers, with Rosalbina Caradori and Madame Graziani. In May, 1822, she made her appearance as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and was most kindly received. Her exquisite grace, delicacy, feeling, and musical taste and knowledge were much admired, though it was regretted that her powers as a singer were so limited. Her beauty and her intelligence as an actress also gained her favor; but she was yet young, her talents were not perfectly developed, and for several reasons she did not make any impression in England. She returned to Paris, however, more confident in her powers; and her salary, hitherto 8000 francs, was raised to 12,000.

On her return to Paris she performed in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, with Pellegrini, Garcia, Graziani, Profeti, and Levasseur. She also performed in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, *Don Giovanni*, and in *Romeo e Giulietta*, with Madame Pasta. In November, for Madame Pasta's benefit, Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio* was represented, when Mdlle. Cinti, in the part of Carlotta, sang with pure taste her pretty cavatina.

The arrival of Rossini in Paris formed a marked era in musical art in France, and was a happy event for Mdlle. Cinti.

She was receiving instruction from Bordogni, when the great maestro heard her, and from that time took a special interest in her welfare. His *Mosè in Egitto* was produced October 24, 1822. It did not create the effect which had been anticipated, although Madame Pasta was ably seconded by Madame Rossi and Mdlle. Cinti, and Garcia, in spite of his real illness, exerted himself to the utmost. Levasseur also had a part, in which he developed all the resources of his fine vocal talent; and the débutant, Zuchelli, who possessed a tenor voice of rare power and of considerable extent, which he managed with extraordinary art, sang splendidly. The comparative failure of this opera is attributable to its want of dramatic interest. *Il Barbiere*, and *La Gazza Ladra*, have each a story full of variety and of dramatic action, an element of success entirely wanting in *Mosè*. This opera, however, crowned Mdlle. Cinti's success: it contained the first part written for her.

Il Viaggio a Reims was produced at the Théâtre Italien in June, 1825, when Mdlle. Cinti performed with Pasta, Mombelli, and a number of famous Italian singers.

At this time the representations at the Grand Opéra were very wearisome, for the performers did not care to take pains, as they were paid whether they sang well or ill, and they were not encouraged by the public. The Académie, in conversation, was now styled simply l'Opéra; country people designated it the Grand Opéra; and from its situation in the Rue Lepelletier, near the Boulevard, the singers were frequently called *les Chanteurs de la Rue Lepelletier*. Rossini employed his influence to substitute *opéra chanté* for lyric tragedy at the Académie. MM. Persuis and Habeneck, directors of the Italiens and the Académie, intending to change their representations and perform the works of Rossini, were in want of a vocalist capable of interpreting his ideas, and, considering that he ought to be the best judge of the kind of singer most calculated to carry out his ideas, readily attended to his suggestions. The reform commenced, then, with the engagement of Mdlle. Cinti and the production of *Le Siége de Corinthe*, which was brought out October 9, 1826. The talents of Mdlle. Cinti and Adolphe Nourrit afforded great resources to the composer; the part of Néocles was Nourrit's first important impersonation. Some misunderstanding, however, having arisen between Mdlle. Cinti and the administration, in the summer

of 1827 she abruptly quitted the Opéra. She appeared at Brussels, where she excited great admiration, and there she married M. Damoreau, an actor at the theatre of that city, who made his appearance some time after, but without success, at the Opéra in Paris, and then at the Théâtre Feydeau.

When Auber's greatest work, *La Muette de Portici*, was produced at the Grand Opéra in 1827, Madame Damoreau sustained the somewhat ungrateful part of Elvira, singing the music in a manner which greatly contributed to the success of the piece. In 1828 she was the original representative of the Comtesse de Formontiers in Rossini's charming opera *Le Comte Ory;* and when his *chef-d'œuvre*, *Guillaume Tell*, was produced in 1829, she performed the character of the heroine, with Nourrit, Levasseur, Alexis Dupont, and Massol. She next appeared as Fatmé in Auber's *Le Dieu et la Bayadère*, and as Térésine in *Le Philtre* of the same composer. In 1831, M. Véron, then director of the Grand Opéra, produced Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. The part of the Princess Isabelle was intrusted to Madame Damoreau, who succeeded in pleasing the manager, the composer, the critics, and the public.

In the summer of 1832, driven away from Paris by the ravages of the cholera, Madame Cinti Damoreau, with Nourrit and Levasseur, came to England. She was engaged at a salary of 100 guineas per night, and appeared May 26, in *La Cenerentola*, with Madame Castelli, Donzelli, and Tamburini, who then made his début in England. She next appeared as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, Lablache being the Figaro. "Cinti has greatly improved since our former acquaintance with her," said an English critic; "and not only throughout the part of Rosina, but especially in Rode's variations, introduced as the music lesson, was little inferior to Sontag." She was also very much admired in *La Donna del Lago*, in which she performed with Donzelli and Madame Moriani.

Previous to closing his theatre, after a most disastrous season, the manager, Monck Mason, brought out *Robert le Diable*. He spared nothing which could give it importance and attraction, but spent £6000 in mounting it. The scenery painted for the opera by Messrs. Grieve was magnificent, the convent scene being only eclipsed by that with which the piece terminates—an interior of the Cathedral of Palermo. Meyerbeer himself came to London expressly to superintend the produc-

tion of his opera, but, through various delays, was obliged to leave for Berlin without attending a single rehearsal. At last it was produced on Monday, June 11, with only three changes in the original cast—Madame de Meric taking the part of Alice, while the light and brilliant Heberlé undertook the character of the Abbess, "created" by Taglioni.

Shortly after the production of *Robert le Diable*, Madame Damoreau refused to perform for 100 guineas a night; the part of Isabelle was therefore given to Madlle. Schneider, and that of Raimbaut omitted altogether. Madame Damoreau returned to Paris; but the following year, 1833, she revisited London, and reappeared at the King's Theatre in *La Cenerentola*, with Tamburini, Zuchelli, and Donzelli. She performed also in *La Gazza Ladra*, with Rubini, Tamburini, and Zuchelli; in *Tancredi*, with Madame Pasta, Rubini, and Zuchelli; and in *Don Giovanni*, with Mesdames Castelli and De Meric, Tamburini, Donzelli, Giubilei, and De Begnis. This was her last visit to England.

In October, 1834, after a long illness, Madame Damoreau returned to the Théâtre de l'Opéra, in Paris, when she was received with acclamation in *Robert le Diable*. She continued to appear at the Grand Opéra, the Opéra Comique, and in the provinces, until the year 1841, when (on the 8th of May) she made her farewell appearance at the Opéra Comique. The house was crowded to the doors, and she received the warmest demonstrations of admiration and respect. In the same year she visited St. Petersburg, and on her return continued to sing for some time longer in the provinces. In 1843 she finally retired from the stage, but commenced a fresh career as a concert-singer, in which capacity she visited America, creating a furore in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and New Orleans. On her return she accepted the post of Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire, and in 1849 she published her *Méthode de Chant*, a valuable work, which was adopted by that institution. She had previously published an *Album de Romances*, which contains some very charming compositions. She had many pupils, several of whom became distinguished in their art.

She now resides, in honored retirement, in Paris.

CHAPTER XVIII.

VIOLANTE CAMPORESE.

Violante Camporese, born at Rome in 1785, was one of the most brilliant and popular singers of the beginning of the present century. Of gentle birth, she had cultivated music merely as an elegant accomplishment, making herself, however, completely mistress of the art; but unforeseen misfortunes compelled her to convert into a profession what had been merely a recreation, and she became a public singer, appearing in the first instance only at concerts. She was then the wife of Signor Giustiniani, a gentleman of noble family, the head of which was alone prevented by his foreign birth from claiming the Scotch earldom of Newburgh, which would have been his by right of female descent. Madame Camporese—for she always retained her maiden name in public—had never appeared at any theatre till she was engaged for the private concerts of Napoleon; she sang also at the Concert Spirituel. Endowed with a powerful soprano voice of great flexibility, she had already, on arriving in Paris, developed remarkable talent, which was perfected yet more by the friendly instructions of Crescentini.

Ebers, while in Paris, was introduced to Madame Camporese in the autumn of 1816, at the house of the celebrated composer Paer. "She did me the favor to sing, accompanied by that great master on the piano," says Ebers. "She possesses a fine-toned voice, of rather more than two octaves, reaching from B and C in alt down to B and A below, but the notes could be called good from C to F only, the others not being fine in their quality. She cultivated a pure, chaste, and expressive style, was a handsome and elegant woman of one-and-thirty, with dark hair, eyes, and complexion, a tall, slender figure, a fine Roman countenance full of tragic dignity, and features rather strongly marked. Her manner had a stately grace and irresistible sweetness. The purity and force of her singing, the exquisite quality of her voice, were united to an

execution refined, polished, and free from any effort at display."

From Paris she went to Milan, where she sang at La Scala, and the theatre was crowded nightly while her engagement lasted. Both as a singer and as a woman she was admired, and many anecdotes are told of her kindness of heart and the excellence of her disposition. Ebers relates one: "An intimate acquaintance waited on her one morning to make a request. In the hospital for the insane a man was confined literally *fanatico per la musica;* he had lost his senses on the failure of an opera in which the labors of the composer were greater than the excellence of his music. This unfortunate man had by some accident heard of Camporese, whose fame filled the city, and immediately conceived an ungovernable wish to hear her. For a while, his solicitations passed unnoticed, he grew ungovernable, and had to be fastened to his bed: in this state Camporese's friend had beheld him. She was dressed for an evening party when this representation was made to her, but she paused a moment on hearing it. Then throwing a cloak over her shoulders, said, 'Come, then.' 'Whither?' 'To the Ospedale.' 'But why? There is no occasion to go now—to-morrow or the next day.' 'To-morrow! no, indeed; if I can do this poor man good, let me go instantly.' And they went. Being shown into a room separated from that of the maniac musician by a thin wall, Camporese began to sing one of Haydn's melodies. The attendants in the next room observed their patient suddenly become less violent, then composed; at last he burst into tears. The singer now entered; she sat down and sang again. When she had concluded, the poor composer took from under his bed a torn sheet of paper, scored with an air of his own composition, and handed it to her. There were no words, nothing in the music, but Camporese, running it over, sang it to some words of Metastasio with such sweetness that the music seemed excellent. 'Sing it me once more,' said the maniac. She did so, and departed accompanied by his prayers and the tears of the spectators."

In 1817 she was engaged at the King's Theatre, the company consisting besides of Madame Fodor, Madame Pasta, Crivelli, Begrez, Naldi, Angrisani, and Ambrogetti. Crivelli was a tenor of the old school, with a sonorous, mellow voice of con-

siderable power, clearness, and flexibility. Some of his tones were excellent, but, having lost much of his power, he was sometimes obliged to force his voice, thus spoiling the effect of a performance in other respects admirable. Ambrogetti, who had a deep, flexible, and rich voice, which filled the theatre with ease, sang with much sweetness and fervor; some of his tones were exceedingly pure, his ear was correct, and he was free and spirited in his acting. He had a fine manly figure, well-marked features, and a dashing air, and possessed also a natural vein of humor, which rendered his acting very animated and vivacious.

On the 11th of January, 1817, Madame Camporese appeared before an English audience, with Pasta and Crivelli, in Cimarosa's serious but heavy opera of *Penelope*, then performed for the first time in England. As an actress she was not impassioned or powerful, but always judicious and correct, natural, and sometimes striking. She had a gentle, dignified manner, and "she expressed feelings as her education told her they ought to be expressed; and if she seldom commanded the tears of her audience, she always had their judgment in her favor." Her singing was of the pure and "fine Italian school," and her execution was distinguished by good taste, which prevented her overtasking her powers. Her voice being deficient in compass, however, often led her to substitute one passage for another, and her highest notes were produced with difficulty and not without some slight imperfections, for they were rather weak, and occasionally uneven: had her voice been finer, she would have attained to the very highest rank as a vocalist. Her taste was pure, and she preferred the legitimate to the spurious attributes of expression, though the fashion of the day compelled her to yield in some slight degree to the rage for ornamentation; but, unlike most of the singers of her time, she paid the utmost deference to the text of her part, and did not attempt to improve it by fanciful embellishments.

The following critique of Madame Camporese's singing, from the *Quarterly Musical Review*, is just and discriminating: "Her intonation is generally good, though not infallible; and when it falters we should attribute the defect to indisposition, or casual failure of the throat, rather than to the slightest error of judgment or to want of ear, for Madame Camporese's science is indisputable. It is alike manifest in what she

does and in what she declines. She never attempts in the way of ornament what she can not perfectly execute, which we esteem not only to be one of the strongest proofs of a knowledge of the art, but of a quality even much more rare—self-knowledge. In the blaze of execution, which is the passion of the present day, Madame Camporese does not affect to revel or delight. She is capable of performing passages in a legitimate method of the best school—either *legato* or *staccato*, as she wills—but hers is the true manner, and with what we should term deep-seated articulation, which is never so excessively rapid or so brilliant as that which is performed by the agency of the throat with little aid from the chest. Neither is her voice of the very flexible kind that yields with equal facility to all sorts of divisions. Catalani takes her hearers by storm, Camporese wins by more quiet, more regular, but not less certain approaches. Upon the stage her mild and modest sweetness is not a little aided by the enchanting softness of her eyes, and by the exquisite sensibility that illuminates her features; while in the more quiet exhibitions of the orchestra she has the ladylike air that distinguishes her amiable and truly praiseworthy conduct in the walks of private life, to which she is no less an ornament than to the profession she dignifies."

"Her sensibility is uncommonly apprehensive," observes the same critic, "and she embodies her feelings in the purest language of sound. Her decoration is simple and powerful, and she never utters a word or a note in vain. She sings to the heart, and conveys even in the little ornament she uses the power of expressiveness; and elocution or execution, under her dominion, ministers to conception, as displayed in intellectual grace, and a rich but cultivated fancy. Her polished judgment can distinguish, her taste is satisfied, and therefore her ambition can be content with moving the high affections. In a word, she knows and she supports the dignity of her mind and her art."

"Camporese's voice," says Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "if not of the very finest quality, is extremely agreeable, of sufficient power and compass, and capable of considerable agility. Her singing is regulated by good taste, and is full of feeling and expression. In short, she is worthy of the best days of the art, and, when she first came to this country, had in no degree

adopted the modern style. She then sang only in the compositions of the best masters, and her execution of them was faultless."

At first Madame Camporese was extremely embarrassed, and did not make much impression; but in her next part her fears were dispelled, and she showed that her deficiency had been caused merely by want of knowledge of the usages of the theatre. As Susanna, in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, she completely established her reputation, notwithstanding she succeeded Madame Vestris in the character. Though Madame Camporese could not vie with her fascinating predecessor in archness or playfulness of manner, she more than compensated for that inferiority by her vocalization; and she infused a graceful humor into her performance. Madame Fodor was the Countess, and Pasta, Cherubino. *Don Giovanni* was the next opera in which Madame Camporese appeared, and her acting and singing in the character of Donna Anna were pathetic and beautiful.

In May, *L'Agnese*, by Paer, the story of which was taken from Mrs. Opie's "Father and Daughter," was brought out. The melodies of this opera were numerous, and those which belonged to the character of Agnese were given with great purity and pathos by Madame Camporese, who seemed to improve in each new part. "She seems inexhaustible in the most tasteful embellishments and passages, which she delivers with the most fascinating purity and delicacy of musical feeling," observed one critic. Ambrogetti's representation of the unhappy father was almost appalling: it was so horrible a representation of insanity that it created a very painful sensation. It was said that he visited Bedlam, and studied the expression of some of the maniacs there confined, but in endeavoring to make his representation vivid, he rendered it too shocking. Some ladies fainted, others left the theatre, and even the performers on the stage were seen to shed tears, a phenomenon witnessed for the first time. The consequence was, that after a few nights the opera was discontinued.

In July *La Clemenza di Tito* was given, Camporese representing the leading male part—Sesto. The noble contour of her face was in perfect unison with the character, and her performance was irreproachable. Lord Mount Edgecumbe declared that she gave more effect to the part than either Bra-

ham or Trammezzani had done. Vitellia was performed by Madame Fodor, and the two vocalists were constantly singing together during the opera, thus affording unqualified delight by the combined beauty of their voices and their expressive acting. Madame Camporese also sung on alternate nights with Madame Fodor at the Ancient Music and at the Philharmonic Concerts.

Ayrton, the manager, though supported by the public, finding himself unable to contend against the cabals and intrigues of the performers, retired at the end of the season, and after a career of unexampled and splendid prosperity, was compelled to have recourse to an action at law for the remuneration due to him for his services. Madame Camporese also, who had largely contributed to the prosperity of the season, was allowed to depart without any arrangement being made for her return; but this arose from negligence. Mr. Waters wished to retain her; but his letter offering terms having miscarried, Signor Giustiniani and Madame Camporese signed articles with the theatre at Milan.

In August she appeared at La Scala, with Rubini, Crivelli, and Madame Festa, in *La Clemenza di Tito*, and other operas. Madame Camporese also sang at Rovigo and Venice in August, 1819, with the contralto Bonini, and Bonoldi. In November she was again at Milan, with Crivelli and Remorini; and in the following December the first performance of Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero* took place, when Madame Camporese appeared as Bianca, and Carolina Bassi as Faliero.

Her absence from the King's Theatre had been universally regretted, and she was engaged by Mr. Waters to perform in London during the season of 1821, for which she was to receive £1550, and Ebers, who undertook the management, consented to allow her an additional sum weekly for dresses. She desired permission to sing at all concerts, and this being granted, she requested to have her salary paid in advance, which was also gratified; it is but justice to add that she took no advantage of the facility with which her demands were agreed to.

"Few public performers," says Ebers, "have received the same degree of countenance in private circles as Madame Camporese. She was treated by persons of the first quality with all the respect and attention befitting her talent and character,

mingling in their entertainments not as merely tolerated, but recognized as one whose respectable birth and connections qualified her to mix in polite society. The Countess St. Antonio, one of the most distinguished patronesses of the Italian Opera, was her firm friend; so were the Marquis and Marchioness of Bristol; and a number of celebrated names might be added."

The affairs of the King's Theatre becoming deranged, it was not opened till the 10th of March, when Rossini's opera, *La Gazza Ladra*, was performed for the first time in England, Madame Camporese appearing as Ninetta. It was observed that her singing and acting had visibly improved during her three years' absence, and her taste and execution were greatly admired. The popular cavatina "Di piacer" had been hackneyed at every concert in the kingdom for the preceding three years, yet, as sung by Madame Camporese, and in its appropriate place in the opera, it was exquisitely fresh and charming; and in her prayer in the last scene she affected the fashionable audience to tears.

As Liston believed his genius lay in tragedy, so the dignified, stately Madame Camporese fancied that she should shine in comic as well as in serious parts, and, fired with ambition, probably from witnessing the charming impersonations of Ronzi di Begnis, she made up her mind that she too would prove her versatility. In Mozart's operas, as in many of Shakspeare's plays, there is a choice of first parts for the leading performers: the Countess and Susanna in *Figaro*, Donna Anna and Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, are of equal importance. As the Countess, Madame Camporese was dignified and high-bred, and as Donna Anna she was truthful and impressive, but not a scintillation of the *vis comica* enlivened her countenance; indeed, her style was altogether serious; yet, as Catalani had performed the arch Susanna, and Fodor, by her beauty and vivacity, rendered the coquettish Zerlina popular, Madame Camporese insisted that she also should play gay and graceful characters. She therefore resigned her own repertoire to Madame Ronzi di Begnis, who thus had an opportunity of displaying her versatility and sprightliness, and commenced with performing Zerlina. However, she had the good sense not to persevere in her mistake.

In 1822 Madame Camporese was again engaged; the new

singers were Mdlle. Cinti, and Mesdames Caradori and Graziani. Rosalbina Caradori was an excellent singer, and considered a valuable acquisition to the theatre. "With those whose object it is to be pleased rather than astonished," remarks Ebers, "Caradori is a leading favorite. The mellow sweetness of her voice, so soft, so touching, was united with the truest expression of the feeling of what she sang; nor did she ever sing without calling forth emotions at once tender and powerful in all who heard her." As an actress she was graceful and elegant. These three new performers, together with Camporese and Ronzi di Begnis, constituted the female corps of the Opera; the male singers of the last season were retained, with the addition of Cartoni and Cerutti; Cartoni, a baritone, having been engaged at the recommendation of Madame Camporese.

The King's Theatre was now under the direction of a committee of noblemen, Mr. Ebers being the proprietor. It opened on the 12th of January with *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in which Madame Camporese, Ronzi di Begnis, Ambrogetti, and Placci, and Signora Caradori, appeared. Madame Camporese earned fresh laurels by her performance of Desdemona in Rossini's *Otello*. The purity and force of her singing, the tenderness and delicacy of her expression in this character, elicited universal admiration; and it was among the highest of her triumphs.

The Vocal Concerts, conducted by Messrs. Knyvett and Greatorex, having expired at the end of this season, a new series was projected by them at the Argyll Rooms, their professed object being "to rescue our national music from perishing in the vast vortex of the Italian Opera." But, with singular inconsistency, they engaged Madame Camporese, an *Italian*, from the King's Theatre, as their principal singer, overlooking the numerous brilliant English vocalists who were then popular, including Miss Stephens, Miss Paton, and Mrs. Salmon.

Madame Camporese was engaged again at the King's Theatre in 1823, and steadily resisted, as far as possible, the rage for fioriture, which the resplendent execution of Billington, the almost unlimited powers of Catalani, and the extraordinary popularity of Rossini's compositions had brought into fashion. At a provincial meeting in the January of this year she sang "Ah, perdona" with another vocalist eminent for facility of

florid execution, and after the rehearsal Madame Camporese remarked to a lady with whom she was conversing that the vocal ornamentation of her competitor was likely to carry off all the applause. "But," added the judicious and sensitive Italian, "so it must be, for I really can not—nor dare not—insert a note in a melody so beautiful." This prognostication, however, was not fulfilled, "for Madame Camporese bore off the palm, and received the marked plaudits of the audience as the reward of her sound judgment and really fine taste."

The critics, indeed, were now loudly complaining of the excessive ornamentation with which most singers disfigured their performances. "Great artists," said one, "lead and form the general taste. The florid style, though it has obtained in England, has never been seriously appreciated. Judgment abjures it both in theory and practice. It is always mentioned in abatement rather than in exaltation of the merits of the individuals who indulge in its exercise. It has formed a great drawback upon Braham's reputation, though it may have added to his popularity. In Garcia it is considered as a means (most scientifically used, indeed) of covering the ravages of time. In Sinclair it is thought perfectly despicable."

For her benefit Madame Camporese brought out Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraïde*, which gave great satisfaction. She was also much admired in Mercadante's *Elisa e Claudio*, a light and pleasing opera. On the 5th of August she took her leave in *Ricciardo e Zoraïde*, on the conclusion of which she was rewarded with the most enthusiastic plaudits. She was engaged for the York Festival, but felt herself obliged to relinquish the undertaking from the delicate state of her health, which demanded a warmer climate.

In 1824 Madame Camporese again returned to London, but her voice had *aged*. Sontag and Malibran, in the bloom of their beauty, their talent, and their vocal powers, were then at the King's Theatre, and Pasta had the musical world at her feet.

Madame Camporese was a sensible woman, and the last person in the world to make herself ridiculous. She plainly saw the time had arrived for her to retire, and she gracefully took leave and went to Rome to pass an honorable and peaceful life in the enjoyment of the ease which she had nobly earned. Once only was she drawn from her retirement to public life.

In September, 1827, she sang at the Teatro delle Muse, Ancona, in Rossini's *Aureliano in Palmira.*

Madame Camporese resided at Rome under her proper name of Giustiniani, living in strict retirement, and never singing out of her own house. She was pleased to have opportunities of showing civilities to the English visitors, and gracefully testified her consciousness that to England she owed her celebrity.

CHAPTER XIX.

ROSAMUNDA PISARONI.

At Plaisance, a town in the department of Gers, in the south of France, was born, February 6, 1785, Rosamunda Benedetta Pisaroni, one of the most striking examples of innate genius and perseverance overcoming the most discouraging disadvantages that could impede the career of a vocalist.

An obscure master named Pino gave Pisaroni her first lessons, and at the age of twelve she was placed under the direction of the soprano Moschini, then in the service of the Viceroy of Italy at Milan. Having acquired from him the art of singing, according to the principles of the ancient school, she received finishing lessons from Marchesi, who imparted to her that largeness of style, that breadth and power, which characterized the admired school of the eighteenth century. One day, after a lesson entirely dedicated to studying a single phrase of recitative, Marchesi exclaimed to his pupil, with a sigh which came from his heart, "We poor singers have much to complain of. In youth we have voice and ardor without experience, and, when experience has arrived, voice and ardor have vanished." Owing to the judicious counsels of this celebrated master, Rosamunda became a great singer, spite of the defects of her vocal organ, and of an appearance rendered almost repulsive by the ravages of small-pox.

Most of her biographers have affirmed that her voice was originally a contralto, which gradually extended its register upward; but it was exactly the reverse. When Madame Pisaroni made her début at Bergamo in the summer of 1811, at the age of sixteen, she performed as a high soprano in the parts of Griselda, Camilla, and others of the répertoire of that period. She was much applauded at Bergamo, and was invited to Verona in the following season, where the success which she obtained spread her name through Italy. Toward the end of 1812 she went to Palermo, meeting with a warm welcome;

and was called to Parma at the commencement of 1813. Here she had a long and serious illness. She lost some of the upper notes of her voice, while, on the contrary, the lower tones acquired extent and force. Obliged to renounce her first engagements as soprano, she took those for a contralto, and after a time her voice acquired such depth and mellowness of tone, that she might have justly claimed the title of the first contralto in Italy but for some notes with an unpleasant guttural accent.

At Padua, in 1818, Meyerbeer, then a very young man, wrote for Pisaroni his *Romilda e Costanza.* The Paduans, desirous of showing favor to Meyerbeer, gave a brilliant welcome to his work, recognizing the merits of the musician and the talent of the singer. Pisaroni then went to the San Carlo, where she appeared in Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide.* In January, 1819, she was again at Naples. Mercadante's opera of *Lodoiska* was written for her début; and the singer was applauded, but the music was not liked. In October of the same year she appeared as Malcolm in *La Donna del Lago.* The entrance of Malcolm in the first act is accompanied by a fanfare of trumpets; and when, above the clang of the instruments, the loud, clear, firm, and full tones of Madame Pisaroni's voice were heard distinctly, an electric effect was produced on the audience.

In 1822 Madame Pisaroni was in Milan with Lablache. Meyerbeer composed for them his *L'Esule di Granata;* but there was so much delay in preparing this opera that it was not brought out till the end of the Carnival. This was the cause of its being nearly condemned, and it was only saved by a duet between Pisaroni and Lablache in the second act.

In the spring of 1823 Pisaroni appeared at the Teatro Argentina, Rome, in Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, and in November of the same year she performed at Lucca, with Madame Ferlotti and Tacchinardi, when Pacini wrote for them an opera called *Temistocle.* She again sang at the Argentina in the beginning of 1824, at Bologna in the early summer, and then returned to the Argentina, where the *Zoraide di Granata* of Donizetti, produced two years previously at that theatre, was revived with new airs and concerted pieces. In 1825 Madame Pisaroni was at Milan, when *La Donna del Lago* was reproduced with considerable effect, and was followed by *Semira-*

mide and other operas, and in the beginning of 1826 she was singing at Genoa.

After singing at Genoa, Leghorn, Florence, and Rome, Pisaroni arrived in 1827 at Paris.

The Parisian Opera and the Théâtre Italien were, in 1826, under the direction of M. le Vicomte Sosthènes de Rochefoucault. The Grand Opéra had altogether decayed. From 1822 to 1826 the ballet alone sustained the establishment, and so bad had the music become, that a Parisian wit proposed the following inscription for the façade of the theatre: "This is the Paradise of the eyes, and the Hell of the ears." At last M. le Vicomte was struck with the happy idea of bringing forward the *chéfs-d'œuvre* of French music, and Glück's *Armida* was accordingly revived in 1826; but on the third night it was played to empty benches. M. le Vicomte relinquished the administration of both Opera-houses in 1827, and was replaced by M. Lubert, a man of talent and decision, who commenced operations vigorously. He engaged Malibran, who had just arrived in Paris from America, and he also engaged Pisaroni, about whom there was great excitement among the amateurs.

Madame Pisaroni made her début in the character of Arsace, in *Semiramide*. This opera, which contains some magnificent passages, and so many beautiful melodies, was well suited to display to every advantage the rich endowments of the superb contralto. "I shall never," says Fétis, "forget the effect which she produced on the audience when she came on the stage, and, turning her back to the public, gazing at the interior of the temple, uttered in a sonorous voice, admirably *posée*, this phrase, *Eccomi alfin in Babilonia!* Unanimous transports welcomed these vigorous accents, and this large manner, so rare in our days; but when the singer turned and exposed to view her features, disfigured by small-pox, a sort of cry of terror succeeded to the enthusiasm, and the spectators closed their eyes to enjoy the talent without being obliged to look at the performer." Then a mingled storm of applause and laughter arose; but, before the end of the representation, her genius had obtained a complete victory, for the full and sonorous voice of Madame Pisaroni displayed an infinity of fine effects whereof no previous Arsace had dreamt. The fullness and fervor of her tones, the vigor and finish of her style, the breadth and force of her impersonation of the character, exer-

cised an irresistible charm; and, dazzled by her splendid talent, the audience soon ceased to think of the forbidding lineaments of Madame Pisaroni.

This admirable singer always bore the remarks on her want of beauty with good humor, and it is said that, when applied to by the management to sing at Paris, she sent her portrait, saying that she was even uglier than her likeness.

"The purity and uniformity of her tone," says one writer; "the noble simplicity of her declamation; the accurate articulation both of syllables and sounds; the gradual melting and assimilation of tone from the most powerful 'messa di voce' to the softest pianissimo; always in keeping, and never violent; the retention of legitimate and the rejection of meretricious ornament; and, lastly, the power of bending all these elements to the changeful purposes of expression, declared at once the mind, the training, and the experience of the gifted artist." Madame Pisaroni's intonation was perfect, her voice was pure, rich — particularly in the lower part of the scale — sweet, and uniform. "This last attribute is the more extraordinary, because the rule of formation, the preservation of a similar position of the lips and other parts of the mouth during the production of the voice, is rarely observed for a second of time by this lady. The change is indeed so manifest as to afford matter for curious inquiry. Her voice has great volume, but it has not the imposing power of Catalani, or even of Pasta."

Her second part in Paris was that of Malcolm, in which she re-established the beautiful cavatina which Madame Pasta had transplanted to *Otello*. Pisaroni appeared with Malibran, August 1, in a new opera by Morlacchi, *Tibaldo ed Isolina*. There was a decided jealousy between Malibran and Pisaroni, or at least between their partisans. One night they appeared together in *Semiramide*, when each sought to display her gifts to the greatest advantage. In the grand duo, there arose between these two wonderful artistes one of those chivalrous combats which leave their traces in the memory of amateurs. "Madame Malibran, who had the impetuosity and caprice of a genius entirely spontaneous," says Scudo, "had accumulated on the phrase of the allegro of this fine morceau all the wealth of a florid vocalization, with which the audience were more dazzled than charmed. In responding to her young and glo-

rious rival, Madame Pisaroni sang with such simplicity, breadth of style, and concentrated emotion, that she changed places with the Queen of Babylon, especially when they heard a dilettante exclaim, '*Bravo! questo è il vero canto!*' ('This is the true method of singing!')" The public were bewildered, and a momentary silence broke immediately into a tornado of applause.

In 1828 there arose at the Théâtre Italien one of those bitter musical contests such as occurred between Handel and Porpora, Cuzzoni and Faustina, Farinelli and Senesino, Glück and Piccini, Mara and Todi, Fodor and Pasta. The combatants on this occasion ranged themselves under the respective standards of Pisaroni and Sontag, and gave unequivocal signs both of enthusiasm and injustice. The artistes, driven to rivalry in spite of themselves by their partisans, and urged to fresh efforts, were heard to the utmost advantage. The two operas in which the talents of Madame Pisaroni and Mdlle. Sontag were chiefly brought into contrast were *La Donna del Lago* and *Tancredi*, and in both there was a wide field for the display of the peculiar gifts of each. In the celebrated duet from *Bianca e Faliero*, which was introduced into the *Donna del Lago*, Mdlle. Sontag was particularly happy in some of her closing passages, and it was remarked with pleasure that Madame Pisaroni (now called the Veteran, from her knowledge of the stage) frequently gave a smile of encouragement to her young rival; for they were not vindictive foes, but rather like two generous competitors contending for the sake of fame.

Madame Pisaroni was engaged in 1829 at the King's Theatre, then under the management of Laporte, with Sontag and Malibran. The tenor was Donzelli, a Bolognese, at that time thirty years of age, and who had sung for some years in Italy. Mercadante had written for him his opera of *Elisa e Claudio*. At Vienna, in 1822, he had produced a sensation which attracted the attention of the directors of the Théâtre Italien in Paris, who engaged him, and he had come from thence to London. His voice was a pure tenor of great compass, capable of much variety of inflection, and he possessed musical taste and discrimination. There was a fullness and richness in his tones, and an equality in his high and low notes which rendered his singing unsurpassed in smoothness and beauty.

On the 31st of January Madame Pisaroni made her first appearance in England as Malcolm, in Rossini's opera *La Donna del Lago*, the character which had so greatly contributed to raise her musical and dramatic fame in Europe. Mdlle. Monticelli, another débutante, performed Elena. When Madame Pisaroni appeared in the picturesque costume of Malcolm, she was received with a burst of applause, and the power and brilliancy of her voice, combined with her dramatic talent, more than compensated for defects in physical attributes; for it was immediately apparent that her musical taste and dramatic tact were perfect. It was also perceived, however, that her voice was worn and somewhat exhausted: its youthful freshness was gone, and it had evidently been tried by continual efforts; and with all her consummate art, the gifted cantatrice was unable to conceal this painful fact. "Still, there is nothing offensive to the ear," the critics acknowledged; "nothing that takes from the expression. The feeling is that there was a period when it was probably more beautiful—beautiful as it remains."

In *L'Italiana in Algieri*, which was revived February 17, Pisaroni performed Isabella, and the influence of dress was here strikingly exemplified, for in a plain brown silk dress and a fashionable white hat she looked almost handsome. Her singing was delightful, and she acted with so much animation and comic humor that the house re-echoed with laughter.

In Rossini's *Ricciardo e Zoraide*, injudiciously compressed into one act, Madame Pisaroni appeared as Zomira, in a superb costume, to overcome as far as possible her personal defects; but she had not much opportunity of displaying her fine vocal powers. For her benefit, on May 14, she selected *Semiramide*, and appeared as Arsace, Sontag personating the Assyrian Queen. Pisaroni appeared on one occasion (May 25) with Malibran, in *Semiramide*, and the performance of these two magnificent artistes in this opera will long be remembered by those who heard it.

On the termination of the season Madame Pisaroni left England and never returned. Notwithstanding her acknowledged powers, she had been a comparative failure, partly owing to the unfortunate selection of operas, and partly to the habit English audiences had (at *that* time) of "hearing with

their eyes, and looking for an accomplished singer only in the face."

Madame Pisaroni sang during the season of 1829–30 at the Théâtre Italien, with Malibran and Sontag; and in the summer of 1830 she was singing at La Scala with Pasta, Giuditta Grisi, Luciano Fornasari, Rubini, Lablache, and Davide. From Milan Pisaroni went to Cadiz (in 1830), where she staid two years. In 1835 and 1836 she sang again in Turin, but, not meeting with the favor which had hitherto welcomed her, she wisely determined on retiring to her native town, where she lived in well-earned and honorable ease.

The career of this magnificent singer and actress illustrates the power possessed by vocal and histrionic talents, combined in perfection, to overcome the impression of personal defects; at the same time exemplifying the influence which female beauty exerts over the public, especially the audience of operatic performances. The charms of a lovely countenance and graceful form are a source of pleasure to the mind as well as the eye; and audiences of refined taste, whose perceptions have been rendered highly sensitive by the "concord of sweet sounds," can not but be powerfully, if unconsciously, influenced by the personal attractions of a singer. Indeed, the appearance of a beautiful woman, set off with all the aids of elegant costume on the lyric stage, and delighting the eye by her graceful gestures, while the ear is charmed with the most exquisite vocal and instrumental music, exercises a fascination which is irresistible: it more often occurs that vocal deficiencies are overlooked where the singer is attractive in person and manner, than that personal defects are lost sight of in the blaze of brilliant talents. On the stage the eye must be gratified, for it is through the eye as well as the ear that the mind is affected in opera.

That Madame Pisaroni succeeded in overcoming the startling effect of her ugly face and ungainly figure is a powerful test of the force of her genius, manifested in the surprising beauty and grandeur of her lyric performances. Indeed, the effect of her singing and acting was such as to produce a reaction in her favor, and her audience soon ceased to regard her personal disadvantages when under the sway of her commanding powers. The same magical influence that made playgoers of a former generation think

"Pritchard genteel, and Garrick six feet high,"

and that caused those of a later day, when under the powerful spell of the elder Kean's fiery genius, to lose all consciousness of his small stature, was exerted by Madame Pisaroni.

Not only was the critical ear of the musician satisfied, but the most languid listener was charmed, and her energetic acting in some instances showed "the deformed transformed" into the ideal character she personated.

CHAPTER XX.

GIUDITTA PASTA.

When Mr. Ayrton undertook the management of the King's Theatre in 1816, he commenced his task with an enthusiastic desire to render the Opera attractive, not merely by an array of brilliant talent, but by that perfection in the representation of the works of the great masters which was due alike to the composer and the audience. He had engaged several vocalists of talent, nearly all of whom were to be heard in England for the first time. When at the house of M. Paer, in Paris, he met with Signor and Madame Pasta, a tenor and a mezzo-soprano, and engaged both for the ensuing season, at the modest salary of four hundred pounds for the two.

Giuditta Pasta was then eighteen. She was born at Sarrano, near Milan, in 1798, of a Jewish family named Negri. She received her first lessons in music from Bartolomeo Lotte, chapel-master of the Cathedral of Como, and was admitted at the age of fifteen to the Conservatorio of Milan, then under the direction of Asiola. In 1815 she left the Conservatorio, and, making her early essays at the theatre of an amateur, obtained engagements at the second-rate theatres of Leghorn, Parma, and Brescia, appearing only in subordinate parts, her voice and style at that time unfitting her for any other. In 1816 she sang, together with Mdlle. Cinti, Miss Corri, and some other young débutantes, in the train of the haughty Madame Catalani, at the Favart, being precisely the kind of subordinate vocalist suited to one of Madame Catalani's exacting disposition, for she attracted no attention whatever. Pasta, when first seen in London, only appeared as a glimmering little star just risen above the horizon, in the sunblaze of the fame of Fodor and Camporese. As for her husband, finding there would be no chance whatever for him in competition with a singer like Crivelli, he wisely relinquished all idea of making a début. The King's Theatre opened January 11, 1817, with Cimarosa's opera of *Penelope*, Madame Camporese taking the

MADAME PASTA.

leading part, and as one of the papers said, "two subordinate singers, named Pasta and Mori, came forward also, in the characters of Telemaco and Arsinoe, but their musical talent does not require minute delineation."

Giuditta Pasta's voice was hard and unequal, and she had the greatest difficulty in managing it, while its natural tone was far from being perfect. She had expression, and could descend from the sharp notes of the soprano to the grave tones of the contralto; but she always wanted flexibility, and did not appear to advantage in bravura music: some persons, however, perceived in her the germs of future excellence. In appearance she was below the medium height, but admirably proportioned, with a queenly Roman head and beautiful features, a high forehead, dark expressive eyes, exquisitely formed lips, and a finely shaped nose. The serious cast of her countenance, and the simple majesty of her air, denoted that her genius lay in the loftiest walk of tragedy, especially as she had much dramatic energy, while her gestures and her attitudes were noble and graceful.

She next appeared as Cherubino in the *Nozze di Figaro*, in which she performed very creditably. She also appeared in Paer's *Agnese* with Madame Camporese and Signor Ambrogetti; and when *La Clemenza di Tito* was brought forward, Pasta was given the part of Servilia, which she went through very well, but with some of the awkwardness of inexperience. She also performed the rôle of the pretended shrew in *Il Sbaglio Fortunato*, by Ferrari.

It could not be disguised at the close of the season that poor Madame Pasta, though sometimes spoken kindly of by the critics, had proved a "failure." She meditated deeply on the causes of her non-success, and felt the impetus of genius which urges those gifted with the spark of divine fire to persevere; so she returned to Italy and studied assiduously for more than a year, under the guidance of M. Scappa. An English nobleman who saw her in Italy at this time said that her exertions were unremitting. "Other singers," said he, "find themselves endowed with a voice, and leave every thing else to chance. This woman leaves nothing to chance, and her success is therefore certain."

That success was awaiting her reappearance in Italy. She created a marked sensation when she made her début afresh

in Venice in 1819. At Rome, in April of that year, she performed men's parts at the Argentina, with Tacchinardi, in such operas as Rossini's *Aureliano in Palmira*, Mayer's *Danaë*, Nicolini's *Cesare nelle Gallie*, and in 1820 she appeared at Milan and Trieste. In the autumn of 1821 she was engaged at the Théâtre Italien of Paris, where she fixed the attention of the fastidious French public; but it was at Verona, during the Congress of 1822, that she obtained her great success. She then returned to Paris, reappearing at the Italiens, March 30, in the opera of *Romeo e Giulietta*, and was received with the homage paid only to the highest talent.

Madame Pasta was then laying the foundation of one of the most dazzling reputations ever gained by prima donna. By sheer industry she had extended the range of her voice to two octaves and a half; from A above the bass clef note to C flat, and even to D in alt. Her tones had become rich and sweet, except when she attempted to force them beyond their limits; her intonation was, however, never quite perfect, being occasionally a little flat. Her singing was pure, and totally divested of all spurious finery; she added little to what was set down by the composer, and that little was not only in good taste, but had a great deal of originality to recommend it. She possessed deep feeling and correct judgment. Her shake was most beautiful: Signor Pacini's well-known cavatina, *Il soave e bel contento*—the peculiar feature of which consisted in the solidity and power of a sudden shake, contrasted with the detached staccato of the first bar—was written for Madame Pasta. Her voice, though it had improved wonderfully, never appeared easy and clear in the emission of certain notes, and retained a veiled quality, from which it was only freed after the first scenes. Some of her notes were sharp almost to harshness, but this defect with the greatness of genius she overcame, and even converted into a beauty; for in passages of profound passion her guttural tones were thrilling. The irregularity of her lower notes, governed thus by a perfect taste and musical tact, aided to a great extent in giving that depth of expression which was one of the principal charms of her singing; indeed, these lower tones were peculiarly suited for the utterance of vehement passion, producing an extraordinary effect by the splendid and unexpected contrast which they enabled her to give to the sweetness of the upper tones,

causing a kind of musical discordance, which, animated by her pathetic expression, created in the heart of the listener an indefinable feeling of melancholy. Her accents were so plaintive, so penetrating, and so profoundly tragical, that it was impossible to resist their influence.

She had a transcendent gift for acting; indeed, her genius as a tragedian surpassed her talents as a singer. Her imaginative power and fine sensibility enabled her to throw herself completely into the characters she assumed. When on the stage she ceased to be Pasta; she was Tancredi, Romeo, Desdemona, Medea, or Semiramide. "Nothing could have been more free from trick or affectation than Pasta's performance," observed Ebers. "There is no perceptible effort to resemble a character she plays; on the contrary, she enters the stage the character itself; transposed into the situation, excited by the hopes and the fears, breathing the life and the spirit of the being she represents." Prompted by the inspiration of her genius, every gesture, every movement, became a study for a painter or a sculptor; and the passions of the soul, animating her noble countenance, vivified the ideal personation. Some of her attitudes were matchless for grace and originality, their effect being heightened by "a resemblance in the grand contours of her figure to the antique, and more particularly to the Niobe." Her personal qualifications, combined with her innate genius and high cultivation, made her soon the first living actress in Italian tragic opera. Talma himself, hearing her declaim, said, "Here is a woman of whom I can still learn." On the stage she habitually assumed the majesty of power in repose, and while ardent in passionate scenes, with the intuition of genius she restrained her energy within due limits. "One turn of her beautiful head, one glance of her eye, one light motion of her hand, are with her sufficient to express a passion. She could raise the soul of the spectator to the highest pitch of astonishment and delight by one tone of her voice. 'O Dio!' as it came from her breast, swelling over her lips, was of indescribable effect."

Outwardly calm and sustained, though poetical and enthusiastic in temperament, the crowning excellence of her art was its grand simplicity. Sublime and terrible as she was in the expression of vehement passion, there was yet a measured force in the display of her power, which was always under the

control of her taste and judgment. She never wasted energy; nor in the expression of the deepest pathos, or the most exalted passion, did she ever exceed the bounds of art. She was always vigorous, but never violent; always supremely graceful, but never artificial or affected; and she was always greatest when she had the greatest difficulties to encounter.

Madame Pasta's personation of Romeo, a part originally written for Grassini by Zingarelli, was beautiful and pathetic in the extreme. The passionate grief of the young Montecchi, in the third act, was subdued by a tearful pathos. The recitative, "O mia Giulietta! O sposa!" when Romeo drinks the poison, was an effusion of despairing melancholy; and in the air which follows it, "Ombra adorata" (written by Crescentini, the singer), in which the unfortunate lover dwells on the idea of his spirit joining that of his beloved in Elysium, she seemed to be sustained by hope, resignation, and sublime faith. In a word, it would be difficult to conceive any thing more profoundly affecting than Madame Pasta's Romeo.

Her next important character at the Théâtre Italien was Tancredi, which she made her own; and it was one of her most finished, enchanting, and deeply interesting impersonations. She looked resplendent in the casque and cuirass of the Red Cross Knight. No one could ever sing the part of Tancredi like Madame Pasta: her pure taste enabled her to add grace to the original composition by elegant and irreproachable ornaments. "Di tanti palpiti" had been first presented to the Parisians by Madame Fodor, who covered it with rich and brilliant embroidery, and gave it what an English critic, Lord Mount Edgecumbe, afterward termed its country-dance-like character. Madame Pasta, on the contrary, infused into this air its true color and expression, and the effect was ravishing.

But her great triumph was in *Otello*. In Desdemona she produced an indescribable effect upon the audience. Of the impassioned energy, the spirit, the delicacy and tenderness which Madame Pasta infused into the character, pages might be written. In the celebrated scene which closes the second act, commencing thus—

"Se il padre m'abbandoni
Da chi sperar' pietà,"

fear, anguish, and despair were successively expressed in her

countenance, and her pathetic singing of the lovely melody "Assisa a pisè d'un salice" touched every heart. In this part, those melting tones, which are designated "the tears of the voice," were heard with touching effect. And it was in the last scene, however, when, awakened by the raging Otello, Desdemona starts up, and the indignation and horror of conscious innocence are kindled within her, that the powers of Madame Pasta's performance were concentrated. Her transitions from hope to terror, from supplication to scorn, culminating in her vehement exclamation "Sono innocente!" electrified the audience: no language could convey an idea of the beauty, the intensity, the sublimity of her acting. Indeed, throughout the final scene, her acting was the perfection of tragic beauty: her last frenzied looks, when, blinded by her disheveled hair and bewildered with conflicting emotions, she seems to seek fruitlessly the means of flight, were awful. In no other character were the varied resources of the art of the great tragedian drawn forth so consummately as in Desdemona, and it displayed the versatility of her powers to advantage when succeeding that of Tancredi. The contrast presented by her chivalric bearing as the young hero of Syracuse, to the gentleness and graceful simplicity of the artless Venetian lady, was very striking, and enhanced the appreciation of her genius. On the lyric stage she thus exercised a double sway; for such was her force of genius that she was able to excel in the new school of Rossini, and in the grand style of the ancient school. She shone in the operas of the Swan of Pesaro, and she could equally give effect to the sublime airs composed by Zingarelli for Marchesi, Crescentini, Grassini, and other models of what was then called "the fine school of singing."

Elisabetta was revived for Pasta, who, as the English Queen, was no less admirable than in the characters of Desdemona, Romeo, or Tancredi. The opera offered then a two-fold interest, for Mdlle. Cinti, after a long absence, reappeared in the part of Mathilde. In October *Mosè in Egitto* was produced, Pasta filling the leading characters with *éclat.*

In January of the following year Madame Pasta for the first time appeared before the public in her great masterpiece—the character of Medea, in Mayer's opera. Even her warmest admirers were taken by surprise by the grandeur of her impersonation. Nothing could surpass her performance of this

character; it was a triumph of histrionic art, and afforded every opportunity for the display of all the resources of her genius—the varied powers which had been called forth and combined in Medea, the passionate tenderness of Romeo, the spirit and animation of Tancredi, the majesty of Semiramide, the mournful beauty of Nina, the dignity and sweetness of Desdemona. It is difficult to conceive a character more highly dramatic or more intensely impassioned than that of Medea; and in the successive scenes, Pasta appeared as if torn by the conflict of contending passions, until at last her anguish rose to sublimity. The conflict of human affection and supernatural power, the tenderness of the wife, the agonies of the mother, and the rage of the woman scorned, were portrayed with a truth, a power, a grandeur of effect unequaled before or since by any actress or singer. Every attitude, each movement and look, became a study for a painter; for in the storm of furious passion the grace and beauty of her gestures were never marred by extravagance. Indeed, her impersonation of Medea was one of the finest illustrations of classic grandeur the stage has ever presented.

In the scene where Medea murders her children, the acting of Pasta rose to the sublime. Her self-abandonment, her horror at the contemplation of the deed she is about to perpetrate, the irrepressible affection which comes welling up in her breast, were pictured with a magnificent power, yet with such natural pathos, that the agony of the distracted mother was never lost sight of in the fury of the priestess. Folding her arms across her bosom, she contracted her form, as, cowering, she shrunk from the approach of her children; then grief, love, despair, rage, madness, alternately wrung her heart, until at last her soul seemed appalled at the crime she contemplated. Starting forward, she pursued the innocent creatures, while the audience involuntarily closed their eyes and recoiled before the harrowing spectacle, which almost elicited a stifled cry of horror. But her fine genius invested the character with that classic dignity and beauty which, as in the Niobe group, veils the excess of human agony in the drapery of ideal art.

The season of 1824 at the King's Theatre was remarkable for an unusually—an unnecessarily large company of singers. No less than *six* prima donnas appeared: Mesdames Colbran Rossini, Catalani, Ronzi di Begnis, Vestris, Caradori, and Pas-

ta. In the month of March Madame Pasta was announced, and made her first appearance April 24. The opera selected for her appearance was *Otello*. It might almost be termed a début, public curiosity was so strongly excited, for Europe was now ringing with her fame. Every portion of the house was filled at a very early hour, the boxes and pit being so crowded that many elegantly dressed ladies were obliged to be content with seats in the gallery. To Madame Pasta was due the idea of reviving *Otello*. The music was worthy of a better fate than being allied to such wretched trash as the libretto in which Shakspeare's beautiful tragedy had been travestied by a certain Marchese Berio, and tortured to suit what he considered the exigencies of the lyric stage. The utmost skill both of composer and performer was requisite to make the libretto even tolerable to an English audience.

Madame Pasta's chaste and expressive style of singing excited the utmost admiration; it was never disfigured by meretricious ornament. "Moderate in the use of embellishments," says Stendhal, "Madame Pasta never employs them but to heighten the force of the expression; and, what is more, her embellishments last only just so long as they are found to be useful." In this respect, her manner formed a very strong contrast with that of the generality of Italian singers at the time, who were more desirous of creating astonishment than of giving pleasure. It was not from any lack of technical knowledge and vocal skill that Madame Pasta avoided extravagant ornamentation, for in many of the concerted pieces—in which she chiefly shone—her execution united clearness and rapidity. "Madame Pasta is certainly less exuberant in point of ornament, and more expressive in point of majesty and simplicity," observed one critic, "than any of the first-class singers who have visited England for a long period." "She is also a mistress of art," continues the same writer, "and, being limited by nature, she makes no extravagant use of her powers, but employs them with the tact and judgment that can proceed only from an extraordinary mind. This constitutes her highest praise; for never did intellect and industry become such perfect substitutes for organic superiority. Notwithstanding her fine vein of imagination and the beauty of her execution, she cultivates high and deep passions, and is never so great as in the adaptation of art to the purest purposes of expression.

Madame Pasta appeared as Tancredi May 18. Of this performance it was said by one enthusiastic writer, "She lends her soul to the character, and seems to feel deeply the sentiments which she utters with the heart-touching eloquence of harmony." "Di tanti palpiti," and some passages in the duet of the second act with Amenaïde, were remarked as the best examples of her peculiar manner; for, though "Di tanti palpiti" had been set to a quadrille, and had been whistled through every street of the town, yet it excited a tempest of applause when poured from the lips of Madame Pasta. Madame Ronzi di Begnis, a young and lovely woman, a lively actress and a finished singer, imparted to the character of Amenaïde that passionate feeling and powerful expression in which she was superior to almost all the vocalists of the day. Her voice was not powerful, but she had the advantage of knowing its exact capability, and in her management of it evinced much taste and science.

The next character in which the great tragedian appeared was that of Romeo, Zingarelli's opera being produced first for her benefit, June 21. Giulietta was afterward represented by Ronzi di Begnis, but for a few nights her place was supplied by Madame Biagioli, who undertook the character at three days' notice, on account of the illness of the fair young prima donna. The libretto of this opera is a poor one, but the music contains several beautiful pieces.

Semiramide was the last opera brought out for Pasta in 1824. She was superb and majestic as the Assyrian queen, and realized by her regal dignity and air of command the highest conception of the character of Semiramide. The scene in the first act, where the spectre of her murdered consort appears, she made fearfully grand and impressive; and those where she learns that Arsace is her son, and where she falls by his hand before the tomb of Ninus, were of almost indescribable effect.

Madame Pasta was now at the summit of her art, and "a reigning favorite on the stage, which she had once left without exciting regret." She was universally allowed to be the greatest performer in lyric tragedy who had appeared for years. And this recognition was due to her fine genius; she owed nothing to artifice or meretricious attraction. The exercise of her histrionic and musical gifts was controlled by a

refined taste; and the imperfections of her voice were remedied by incessant cultivation, and veiled by a style noble, delicate, and pure. Nothing was left to chance. Her brilliant talents, united to amiable manners, made her the idol of the fashionable world; large sums were showered on her for appearing at private concerts, and she made a handsome profit by her subscription concerts at Almack's Rooms. Her salary at the theatre was £14,000. Madame Colbran Rossini received £15,000.

Despite the galaxy of talent at the King's Theatre, the Opera season of 1824 was a disastrous failure, partly owing to the enormous expense of an unnecessarily numerous company. Soon after the termination of the season, the contents of the King's Theatre were advertised for sale, and it seemed probable that it had closed to open no more. "Interminable disputes and litigations, mismanagements, and repeated losses," says Ebers, "seemed to threaten ruin to whoever should be bold enough to undertake it; but by some arrangement the sale never took place, and the same manager ventured to run the hazard of renewing his lease."

The management of the King's Theatre in 1825 made great exertions to secure Madame Pasta, who, then in the height of her popularity, was performing in Paris. She obtained a congé to the 8th of June only, being bound under heavy penalties to return to Paris by the stipulated time. Great difficulties presented themselves in the way of completing the engagement, and these at first appeared insurmountable. One was, that Benelli, the manager and sub-lessee, quitted England, leaving unpaid the greater part of her large salary for the past season; Madame Pasta, therefore, was naturally unwilling to enter into a fresh engagement with the management. "She required, then, in addition to the remuneration which might be agreed on for the employment of her services during the period of her congé," says Ebers, "that she should be paid the whole portion of her last year's salary left owing by the late manager." Mr. Allen was sent to Paris to try what could be done to induce her to come short of such a demand, and at last all was arranged, and on the 10th of May Madame Pasta made her appearance at the King's Theatre in *Otello*, the opera, in all its principal parts, being cast as in the preceding season. It was generally decided that her singing during this season was improved, by being more finished.

Madame Pasta's arrival made a wonderful alteration in the prospects of the King's Theatre. Ronzi di Begnis, having totally lost her voice, had been compelled to throw up her engagement, and retired to Italy; Madame Vestris had seceded from the Opera; and Madame Caradori was unable to perform for some time. The manager, in despair, thought of engaging the young daughter of the tenor Garcia, who, he hoped, might help to prop the fortunes of the house; and she appeared, but, through extreme nervousness, proved a comparative failure.

The first novelty, and which was produced for Pasta's benefit, May 26th, was a revival of Paisiello's *Nina, Pazza per Amore*, wofully abridged, or rather mangled and curtailed into one act, and even then thought too long and tiresome; "so entirely has taste changed, and music," sighed Lord Mount Edgecumbe. Some declared that Nina, in which Madame Pasta had previously appeared in Paris in 1823, was her finest performance as an actress, though not as a singer. The story is simple and affecting, being that of an unhappy young girl driven to madness by an unrequited passion, and then restored to reason by hearing an air which she had been accustomed to sing with her lover. Madame Pasta depicted the wandering of intellect finely and delicately, and with touching effect; and the gradual return of intelligence, brightening the spirit with joy and thankfulness, was exquisitely beautiful. Her singing was characterized by simplicity and pathos, and the whole performance drew tears from her fashionable audience.

At this time some persons of fashion, seeking for a new sensation, arranged to have operas performed at their houses on *Sunday night:* more than one performance had been given, when they were suddenly checked. The Duke of York had been invited to one of them, and the performance was delayed for some time, as his royal highness did not make his appearance: at length a note arrived, couched in polite terms, but plainly intimating that the Sunday operas did not receive the countenance of the court. Had these operas been continued, it is certain that, in addition to the shock that would have been given to religious ideas, they would have tended to ruin the Italian theatre; as it was, their effect was detrimental, as some of the singers actually left the rehearsals at the King's Theatre unfinished to attend those at aristocratic houses.

Many of the singers being engaged to perform nightly at three or four public and private concerts, the Opera was often paralyzed by the indisposition of the vocalists in consequence.

Madame Pasta performed, during the season of 1825, on ten nights and in four characters, and she actually sang at twenty-four or twenty-five concerts, receiving twenty-five guineas for each. Her operatic engagement was £1200, she sold her benefit to Ebers for £800, and within the brief space of four weeks she realized no less a sum than £2400. In 1826 she demanded £2300 for three months and a half, which was acceded to; and the security she demanded was managed by making the money payable in three installments, the last to be paid previous to her appearance on the stage. In addition to her salary, she was allowed, during the term of her engagement, a private box, twelve pit and twelve gallery tickets.

She made her appearance on the 23d of April, and her popularity absorbed universal attention. "At no period of Pasta's career had she been more fashionable," says Ebers, "than during this engagement. She had literally worked her way up to eminence, and, having attained the height, she stood on it firm and secure; no performer has owed less to caprice or fashion: her reputation has been earned, and, what is more, deserved."

Pasta had sung alternately in Paris and in London till 1826; but, owing to some disagreement with Rossini, then charged with the direction of the Opéra Italien, she would not renew her engagement with him. On quitting England in that year she went to Naples. In 1827 she reappeared in London, being engaged at a salary of between two and three thousand guineas for twenty-three nights, besides a free benefit, which produced her 1500 guineas. She repeated her usual characters, and her performance of Desdemona afforded an opportunity of comparison with Madame Malibran, with whom it was also a favorite character, and who performed it the same season. It was admitted that Malibran had the advantage in vocalization and execution, and pure musical feeling, but in high and original conception Pasta was incontestably superior; her reading of the part was totally different from that of her young rival, being characterized by greater nobleness and grandeur.

The novelty of the season was a serious opera, entitled *Ma-*

ria Stuarda, the music by Signor Coccia. The character of the unhappy Mary was sustained by Madame Pasta with an "impassioned dignity, with an eloquence of voice, of look, and of action which defies description, and challenges the severest criticism. It was a piece of acting which great natural genius, extensive powers of observation, peculiar sensibility of feeling, and those acquirements of art which are the result of sedulous study, combined to render perfect." The interview with Queen Elizabeth was deeply affecting. Mary first supplicates, but, roused by the taunts of her persecutor, reassumes for a moment the dignity of her character and station, and then sinks again under her sorrow. The abject humiliation of the Scottish queen was touching in the extreme, and her burst of passion was a magnificent contrast to the misery previously expressed. The last scene, when Mary takes an eternal farewell of her weeping attendants, was unequaled for pathos, and crowned the triumph of the performance. Madame Pasta felt the situation so intensely, that when summoned before the audience she was always still laboring under great agitation.

In August Madame Pasta went to Dublin, accompanied by Spagnoletti, Seguin, and Madame Castelli, and then left for Italy, appearing first at Trieste. While there, when walking with some friends, a ragged child, about three years of age, approached, and asked charity for her blind mother, in such artless and touching accents, that the prima donna burst into tears, and put into the child's hands all the money she had. Her friends began extolling her charity and the goodness of her heart. "I will not accept your compliments," said she, wiping the tears from her eyes. "This child demanded charity in a sublime manner. I have seen, at one glance, all the miseries of the mother, the wretchedness of their home, the want of clothing, the cold which they suffer. I should indeed be a great actress if at any time I could find a gesture expressing profound misery with such truth."

At Naples Madame Pasta found less favor than at Trieste. *Medea* did not create the furore it had inspired in the colder inhabitants of the capitals of France and England, and Mayer's opera was supplanted by Pacini's *Niobe*, which succeeded better. The Neapolitans, caring more for the pure art of vocalization than for the dramatic quality of a singer, appeared unable to appreciate at its full value the genius of Pasta, who, dis-

couraged by their coldness, soon left Naples. She received more justice at Bologna, Milan, Vienna, and Verona.

In 1828 she appeared again before her English admirers in *Tancredi*, and afterward performed in *Zelmira*, in which she sang with the most exquisite feeling. Her Zelmira was by many preferred to her Tancredi, as affording greater opportunity for the exertion of her dramatic as well as vocal powers; for she was always more at ease, more confident, in proportion to the magnitude of her task. After *Otello*, Mayer's grand serious opera of *La Rosa Bianca e la Rosa Rossa* was produced, with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. The libretto was absurd, and utterly destitute of historical accuracy, while the music was not what might have been expected from the composer of *Medea*—being pleasing, but nothing more. Madame Pasta distinguished herself pre-eminently by her dramatic and vocal excellence, and, as the Earl of Derby, a young knight of the Red Rose, in a plumed helmet, looked the gallant cavalier to admiration.

The part of Armando, in *Il Crociato in Egitto*, was her next remarkable personation. The opera had been composed almost expressly for Signor Velluti, but Pasta's success in the character in Paris had raised the curiosity of the English public, and a violent contest ensued between the partisans of the signor and the great prima donna, which rose to such a height that there were sometimes outbreaks during the performances. Madame Pasta's version of the part was different in many respects from that of Velluti: she paid the most scrupulous attention to the tempo, which Velluti altogether disregarded in order to introduce his favorite roulades. Her conception of the part was completely original, so that many thought they now witnessed it really for the first time. A ludicrous incident occurred at the first representation, March 13th. On the conclusion of the trio, "Ma balzar' quel cor' senti," which she sang with Madame Caradori and Mdlle. Brambilla, Madame Pasta flew to her dressing-room to change her costume, but the audience not allowing the performance to proceed till the trio was repeated, the prima donna hurried on to the stage again, half Crusader, half Mameluke.

On her benefit night, May 15th, Madame Pasta attempted a daring experiment. Selecting *Otello* as the piece of the evening, she actually appeared as the jealous Moor, Mdlle.

Sontag being the Desdemona; but the innovation was not liked: indeed, the transposition of the music of *Otello* from a tenor to a mezzo-soprano voice naturally injured the effect of the concerted pieces; nor did the songs gain by the change. But her acting was passionately grand. She did not blacken her face, but assumed a brown complexion, in order that the expressive play of her countenance, which always was one of her most powerful aids in acting, might not be lost. The last scene, where Otello seizes Desdemona, who endeavors to escape, grasping her by the hair and dragging her to the bed, where he stabs her, was horrifying. "Some of the spectators, and those not a few, considered her whole deportment to have exceeded the effects which can be readily borne, and to touch the very verge of disgust." It was, however, a magnificent display of tragic power.

Never had Pasta's performance been so powerful as during this season. The presence of Malibran and of Sontag, two young and glorious rivals, excited her to superhuman efforts to retain her supremacy; and her energy, always marvelous, was now exerted to the utmost. But, while increased effect was visible in her acting, her singing was deteriorated: she never acted so well or sang so ill. Her intonation was materially affected by the exertions she made, and in her anxiety not to be outstripped, she lowered her standard of taste, and loaded her singing with the same redundancy of ornament in which her younger rivals indulged. She was considered by some to have fallen into the same class with Catalani; but her style had less force than that of Catalani only because it had less violence, while it was much more finished. She united the most elegant and cultivated vocal taste with dramatic talent of almost unequaled splendor. "Madame Pasta," said a clever writer, "is in fact the founder of a new school, and after her, the possession of vocal talent alone is insufficient to secure high favor, or to excite the same degree of interest for any length of time. Even in Italy, where the mixture of dramatic with musical science was long neglected, and not appreciated for want of persons equally gifted with both attainments, Madame Pasta has exhibited to her countrymen the beauty of a school too long neglected, in such a manner that they will no longer admit the notion of lyric tragedy being properly spoken without dramatic as well as vocal qualifications in its representative."

In 1829 Madame Pasta was in Vienna, where she was named by the Emperor of Austria first court singer, and was presented by him with a superb diadem of the value of 400 ducats (about £180). She purchased a charming villa this year near the Lake of Como, whither she retired for some months in the summer, for repose from her exertions. During this year she performed in twelve operas by Rossini at Bologna, the great maestro himself directing the orchestra; and a medal was struck in her honor by the Società del Casino.

In 1830 she performed at Vienna, in *Otello* and other grand operas, and thence went to Milan, where she was singing with Rubini, Galli, Madame Pisaroni, Lablache, and David. Donizetti was then in that city, and wrote for Pasta, Rubini, and Galli his *Anna Bolena*, which was very successful, the subject being chosen with the view of developing the predominant qualities of the three lyric performers.

Rubini, the "King of Tenors," was then about six-and-thirty. His talents were powerfully dramatic, his voice was a pure and high tenor, rising from *mi* to *ut* from the chest, and prolonged to *la* in the falsetto. With a great volume of tone and a delicious *timbre*, he had wonderful facility of execution; his style being distinguished by an extraordinary fluency in ornament, and a peculiar tremulo on the sustained notes, which gave exquisite effect to pathetic expression. He had been originally a choir-boy, but, though his father thought highly of his talents and voice, some good people pretended that he would never be able to succeed as a singer. He worked hard, nevertheless, and after surmounting great difficulties and vicissitudes, went to Paris in 1825, where his success was triumphant. His manner was full of energy, and his execution facile and finished, even when indulging in the most daring and luxuriant ornamentation. These qualities he still possessed, when, at a subsequent period on the boards of our Italian Opera, he was one of the marvelous quartette composed of Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache.

In 1831 Pasta was engaged at Milan for twenty representations, at a salary of 40,000 francs; Milan thus possessing at once the two greatest singers of the time, herself and Malibran. It was at Milan that Vincenzo Bellini wrote for her his lovely opera, *La Sonnambula*, which was thus cast: Amina, Madame Pasta; Elvino, Rubini; Rodolfo, Mariano; Lisa, Ma-

dame Taccani. This delightful work was produced at the Teatro della Canobiana, and excited the most lively interest. Pasta and Rubini surpassed themselves. "Emulating each other in wishing to display the merits of the opera, they were both equally successful," said a critic of the day, "and those who participated in the delight of hearing them will never forget the magic effect of their execution. But, exquisite as were, undoubtedly, Madame Pasta's vocal exertions, her histrionic powers, if possible, surpassed them. It would be difficult for those who have seen her represent, in Donizetti's excellent opera, the unfortunate Amina, with a grandeur and a dignity above all praise, to conceive that she could so change (if the expression may be allowed) her nature as to enact the part of a simple country-girl. But she has proved her powers to be unrivaled; she personates a simple rustic as easily as she identifies herself with Medea, Semiramide, Tancredi, and Anna Bolena."

In 1831, after an absence of three years, Madame Pasta returned to England, presenting herself in the character of Medea, with Rubini, Fanny Ayton, and Lablache. Her performance had lost none of its wonted vigor; on the contrary, her tragic acting was remarked as being, if possible, improved. In the scene with her children she rivaled Mrs. Siddons. Rubini performed the character of Egeus, and the duets between the great tenor and Pasta were exquisite. This was a happy year for Rubini, it being the first that he was allowed to have his enormous earnings in full, he having previously received only a small portion from Barbaja: those earnings had averaged £8000 per annum for many years. Rubini was very economical, and when he died in 1854, left behind him a fortune of £90,000.

In Gnecco's *Prova d'un Opera Seria*, Pasta appeared to unusual advantage, and showed much versatility in this amusing caricature of the rehearsals of a serious opera at the house of the prima donna and at the theatre. Alternately arch, whimsical, playful, and capricious, she provoked roars of laughter by her burlesque singing, without advancing a step toward vulgarity. Lablache, in the character of the composer, was irresistibly droll, especially in the quarrel scene between himself and Pasta.

Anna Bolena was produced for Madame Pasta's benefit,

when Lablache performed Henry VIII. The mighty basso always thoroughly studied every part he undertook, and on this occasion he startled the house by his extraordinary resemblance to Holbein's portrait of the arbitrary monarch.

In December, Madame Pasta, after singing at Paris, took leave of her French admirers with an extra performance, consisting of *La Prova d'un Opera Seria* and a concert, at which all the principal singers of the establishment assisted. Her last triumph was obtained at La Scala in 1832. There was an admirable company assembled that season: Pasta, the young Giulia Grisi, Donzelli, and others. Bellini wrote for these artistes his opera of *Norma*. Pasta performed the Druidic priestess, Donzelli her lover, Pollione, and Giulia Grisi the fair Adalgisa. Madame Pasta appeared in this opera the following year in London. It was produced Thursday, June 2d, for her benefit, being the chief novelty of the season, and was directed by the composer himself. Adalgisa was performed by Madame De Meric, Pollione by Donzelli, Oroveso by Signor V. Galli. It was not at first liked, though after a little while the public discovered its beauty. Pasta's acting alone saved the opera from being almost a fiasco.

For several years after this, Pasta continued to perform in Paris and the principal theatres in Italy with undiminished éclat. In 1837 she revisited England, and appeared at the King's Theatre in Medea, Norma, Anna Bolena, and other characters; but it now began to be remarked that though, as an actress, she was as great as ever, her vocal powers were beginning to fail, especially in regard to intonation. This was her last season in England, for it is not necessary to take into account a short visit in 1850, when she appeared only twice in public.

She continued, nevertheless, to receive Continental honors. In 1839 she was elected an honorary member of the celebrated Accademia di Santa Cecilia at Rome; and in 1840, after a splendid season at St. Petersburg and Moscow, she was presented by the Czar with a valuable ring.

In 1841 she went to Berlin. The Berlinese regarded her with deep sympathy and commiseration, for she had lost almost her entire fortune—the well-earned reward of her splendid talents—by the failure of the great bank of Guymuller at Vienna. She appeared at the Royal Opera House in a dra-

matic concert, with Herr Zschiesche and Dem. Lehmann, in costume, the music selected being from *Semiramide*, and (with Signor Gamberini) a part of *Otello*. Subsequently she appeared at the Königstädtischen Theater in *Anna Bolena*, with Signora Ferlotti and Signor Paltrinieri, a singer with a fine baritone. She also performed in *Norma* and *Tancredi;* then, in compliance with the wish of the king, twice in *Semiramide*, performing altogether eleven times. In October she was at Leipzig.

But neither her voice nor her physical strength were now what they had been, and she wisely retired from the scene of her triumphs. For many years she had resided during the winter at Milan or Genoa, and during the summer at her villa at Como, occupying her leisure in giving to artistes very valuable lessons. Mademoiselle Parodi was her most distinguished pupil.

Madame Pasta had one child, a daughter, born about 1825.

CHAPTER XXI.

CATHARINE STEPHENS.

The transition from the triumph of the commanding genius of a Pasta to the sweet and artless Catharine Stephens is like the sensation one would feel on emerging from a classic temple or a gorgeous saloon into a scene of simple nature, clothed with the fresh beauty of the spring.

The year before Angelica Catalani made her début at the Fenice, there was born in London, on the 18th of September, 1794, a child who was afterward to earn for herself the fame of a prima donna; this was Catharine Stephens, the daughter of a carver and gilder in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. At her earliest age she afforded evidences that she would be a fine singer some day: she lisped in song. Her elder sister (afterward Mrs. J. Smith) had also a love of music, and the two girls trilled like larks. At length their father felt it his duty to have them properly taught. While Catharine was trying to master the elements of musical science, her sister made her début at Liverpool, from whence she came to Drury Lane, appearing there in the character of Miss Hoyden in the *Trip to Scarborough*, and Lucy in the *Virgin Unmasked*. Catharine was then, in 1807, placed under the tuition of Gesualdo Lanza, a well-known musical professor. From him she learned quickly to sing at sight with perfect correctness, and went steadily not only through all the gradations of solfeggi, but through a severe course of vocal exercises, with the view of acquiring facility of execution; she also studied a multitude of pieces of music selected by Signor Lanza from the best English and Italian Operas and from Oratorios.

While with Signor Lanza she sang at Bath, Bristol, and many places along the south coast, and on the 3d of October, 1812, she sang at Ramsgate at a concert given by Mr. Samuel Wesley and Mr. Webb, jun., "where," said Samuel Wesley, "she received the greatest and most deserved applause." When there, being called upon to try, at sight, some manu-

script glees, she acquitted herself in a manner which surprised the most excellent judges. Her friends, becoming impatient at her apparently tardy progress under Lanza, transferred her to the charge of Mr. Thomas Welsh; and, to poor Lanza's great mortification, she appeared on the 17th or 18th of that same October at Manchester as "Mr. Welsh's pupil."

During her studies, Catharine Stephens had been heard by Signor Galiloni, who recommended her to the managers of the Opera House, to supply the place of Madame Catalani; but, not being perfect in Italian, she was then ineligible for the King's Theatre.

On the 23d of September, 1813, Catharine made her first acknowledged appearance at Covent Garden as Mandane in *Artaxerxes*, under the name of Miss *Stevens*, with complete success. Her execution of "Check'd by duty, rack'd by love," and "The Soldier tired," was particularly admired. But for great ladies she was not well suited, either in person, voice, or style. She was now nineteen; her figure, of medium height, was pretty, but inclined to embonpoint; her hair and eyes were dark, and though not, strictly speaking, handsome, her countenance had an indescribable fascination, owing to the ingenuous simplicity and unaffected sweetness of her nature. Her manner in private life was easy, mild, and artless, and she was blithe and joyous as a child; in truth, her animal spirits would sometimes completely run away with her; and even on the stage, while playing parts which needed a serious demeanor, if any thing provoked her mirth, she would be in agonies, struggling between a desire to laugh and the fear of offending the audience.

The tones of her voice were rich and dulcet, and captivated the ear; its quality was full and liquid beyond that of any other singer then in England; its volume was such that it could be distinctly heard above the band and chorus, and its compass reached to the high D. Her ornaments were correct and neat, and her execution was good, but not remarkable either for rapidity or variety. She did not aim at "stage effect," and her singing consequently had the peculiar charm of sincerity and artlessness. She seemed to sing from the impulse of her happy, joyous nature, and the delight she felt was conveyed to her audience. There was no fire, no deep sentiment, no dramatic power; she had high cultivation, science,

polish, but she warbled so calmly and easily that the audience, if not deeply moved, were charmed. Simple airs of innocent pathos were her specialty; loftier efforts seemed neither adapted to her taste nor suited to her talent.

She appeared as Polly in the *Beggar's Opera* on the 22d of October, and after that she sang under her own name. Her personation of Polly was exquisite. "Two hours spent at this performance," said an enthusiastic admirer, "is a little glossy portion of the stream of life — a season of calm joy, which it is tranquillizing even to remember." The unobtrusiveness of her style, the very "bewitching awkwardness" of her manner, completed the pleasure which her performance afforded. On the 12th of November she performed Clara in the *Duenna*. Then she appeared as Rosetta, which she acted charmingly. In the song, "Young I am, and sore afraid," the ill-repressed laugh, and the irony gleaming through her feigned tears, were most admirable. Her freshness, her simplicity, atoned for any coldness of conception. When she advanced to sing, with a lovely pleading look in her eyes, deprecating criticism, the heart was at once enlisted in her favor, and it was impossible to find fault with the singer while the woman thus disarmed the critic. The softness and delicacy of her voice, and the purity of her taste, were universally acknowledged, and she was admitted to be exempt from the prevailing sin of a mixture of styles.

Her own style was best adapted for ballad-singing: such songs as "Auld Robin Gray," and "Savourneen Deelish," she sang with so much ease, pouring forth her sweet, rich tones with birdlike volubility, that it was impossible to imagine her suffering from the distress which the song was written to portray. "Even the effects of her full and fine crescendo and dying fall are lost," observed a writer in the *Quarterly Musical Review*, "and it is by them that the workings of passion or the sinkings of the soul are pictured." But there is a peculiar charm in the simple utterance of a ballad by a sweet, round, ringing voice, which is deeply felt, and the heart is the more surely touched because of the absence of effort or intention on the part of the singer. If Miss Stephens was incapable of force, passion, or brilliancy, it was owing to an innate reserve that veiled her powers, for in private society she threw off every tinge of coldness. "I have heard her sing 'Auld

Robin Gray,' without the music, in a style that certainly came *from* the heart, and went at once *to* the heart," said another writer.

The public were charmed with a singer so thoroughly *English*, and the manager gave her what was then considered a large salary—twelve pounds a week for the first year for singing thrice a week, and twenty pounds the second year. Of this salary Mr. Welsh received half, though it was rather due to poor Lanza.

In March, 1814, Miss Stephens made her first appearance at the Ancient Concerts in *Acis and Galatea*, and during this season her talents were severely tested in the most popular arias, such as "Ye sacred priests," "Angels ever bright and fair," "Holy, holy," "Mad Bess," "Pious Orgies," "I know that my REDEEMER liveth," "From rosy bowers," "Berenice, ove sei?" with many others. Immediately after her début at the Ancient Concerts she sang at the fourth of the Philharmonic Society's Concerts with Braham, and in July she sang at two concerts at York. Her singing of sacred music seemed to want that depth of pathos and exalted fervor which awaken the soul. She excelled in the simple, pure, chaste English style; and she was fitted for homely characters in low comedy, not for fine ladies or fashionable heroines. As a singer only, however, she pleased in every thing; her dulcet notes were sufficiently charming in themselves, and a certain native quiet humor and sense of enjoyment supplied the place of higher attributes. Her execution of the "Pretty Mocking-Bird" was often cited as one of the most perfect specimens of vocal power ever heard. One result of her serene and smooth vocalization was that the ear never became satiated with her effects; she had no favorite passages, no pet cadence introduced alike into all her songs: no musical mannerism disfigured her style.

In February, 1815, a piece called *Brother and Sister*, by Bishop and Reeve, was produced. In this Miss Stephens sang a song by Bishop, wherein, in imitation of Braham's song in *Narensky*, she gave an echo to her own voice. Its success was extraordinary: the echo of her own voice seemed as if it was produced, not by the singer, but by a viewless power, so aërial and delicate were its tones. She achieved a triumph in this song, which always remained a favorite.

Miss Stephens's character in private life was most amiable; polite and easy in her manner, she was also benevolent and charitable without ostentation. On the occasion of a benefit for Dulwich Hospital, she not only returned the price of her services, thirty guineas, but added ten from her own purse; and again in Dublin she gave to the poor £330, the proceeds of a benefit concert. And these are only a few instances of her generosity. She was wholly unaffected, and never arrogated to herself undue consideration because she was a popular singer. "I shall never forget seeing her at a private party," says an author in *Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, "where, with the most unaffected good-nature, she offered to sing second to a child with a very beautiful voice. 'If I am wanted,' she said; but she did not make the offer until a real difficulty had arisen about a singer, so it was evident that her only motive was to be of use." Toward her professional comrades she was exceedingly kind, and was ever ready to take their place, even at a moment's notice, if they needed it. She was industrious in study, feeling that it was necessary she should work to retain the reputation she had earned, and for eight or sometimes nine hours a day she practiced all the year round, only relaxing when her throat needed rest from exertion, and then she would take a walk until it had recovered from the fatigue.

One gentleman who lost his heart to her in 1815 regularly attended all her performances. Waiting till the doors were opened, he seated himself in the third or fourth row of the pit, and the instant the opera was concluded, flew round and placed himself at the stage-door, to catch a glimpse of the enchantress as she passed to her carriage. He was so desperately smitten that he followed her to Ipswich, and once even, it was believed, to Dublin, in hopes of meeting her if she by chance should go out for a walk; but he never had the courage to gain an introduction. The ill-fated gentleman, sad to relate, ended his days in a lunatic asylum; but whether he went mad through love for the charming Kitty, or whether he fell in love because he was a madman, is a problem not now to be solved.

The extraordinary popularity of Mozart's *Don Giovanni* at the King's Theatre induced the proprietor of Covent Garden to bring out an English version of the opera, arranged by Mr.

Bishop. It was produced on the 20th of May, 1817, and the principal parts were well sustained by Sinclair, Duruset, and Miss Stephens. As Donna Anna she was not equal to Madame Fodor, but she was encored in the beautiful air in the second act. The success of this production originated the practice of adapting to the English stage the most eminent works of foreign composers.

The operas in which Miss Stephens performed were, however, generally very indifferent, and little worthy even of a passing notice, being nothing more than "operatic dramas." In February, 1821, she appeared in the *Beggar's Opera*, but very soon after she broke with Covent Garden in consequence of disputes with the manager. She received a salary of twenty pounds for playing thrice in each week, but she demanded an advance of five pounds a week. The manager objected, there being a rule requiring that if one performer's salary was raised, all must be advanced. The proprietors offered to make up the amount by presents, but the popular singer refused this reasonable arrangement; and then she demanded ten pounds a night. This was peremptorily refused, and she went off to Drury Lane, then under the management of Elliston.

She did not agree much better with him; indeed, he did not act well toward her. One of the conditions in the articles of agreement entered into by the leading performers was that they should not be required to appear in pantomimes; yet, on the production of *Harlequin and the flying Chest*, Elliston summoned all his singers to take part in the music. Relying on the terms of her articles, Miss Stephens paid no attention to this call, so Elliston inflicted a heavy fine. She was indignant, and remonstrated: "I never agreed to go on in a pantomime," said she, a little passionately. "My dear soul," answered the wily manager, "I don't wish it. I only want you to join in the chorus off the wings;" and he retained the fine.

At Drury Lane Miss Stephens received but little attention, owing probably to the exceedingly indifferent music she was condemned to sing. The pieces were at first pretty good, though garbled and maltreated. Dramatized adaptations of Scott's novels, and different ephemeral operettas, formed the répertoire from which Miss Stephens had to choose her parts. In August, 1822, she appeared in *Der Freischütz*, with Braham and T. Cook. This opera gave great satisfaction to the fre-

quenters of Drury Lane; but what with "introductions" and "omissions," it must have been a droll affair. In 1830 Bishop went over to Paris, when *Guillaume Tell* was at its height of popularity. He attended the performance two or three times, took notes literally as well as figuratively, and, returning to England, produced, in conjunction with Mr. Planché, *Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol.* This piece was very splendidly mounted, and brought forward at Covent Garden, May 1, 1830, with Miss Stephens, Madame Vestris, H. Phillips, and Sinclair, in the leading characters.

Miss Stephens's earnings were now on an average about £5000 per annum. The theatre yielded her £1500; the Ancient Concerts produced £330; the oratorios £200; occasional appearances at the Philharmonic, City Amateur, and the City Concerts, about £200 more. Her earnings by singing at private parties could not be computed: by a visit to Ireland alone she gained £5000. Young, charming, clever, and rich too—for she was prudent as fortunate—of a generous nature, an affectionate daughter, a kind sister, and an amiable friend —some surprise was felt that she should not have married. Lord Milton was at one time supposed to be madly enamored of the fair English songstress; and the Duke of Devonshire too, at whose splendid parties she frequently appeared, was thought to be in love with her. At last the Earl of Essex, a widower, who had long been her ardent admirer, offered her a coronet, was accepted, and the marriage took place Thursday, March 14, 1838, at his lordship's house in Belgrave Square. The bridegroom was eighty-two, the bride forty-five. The earl settled on his bride a splendid jointure, and allowed her to leave her relations the whole of her own property, which had so long been at their disposal. He survived but a short time to enjoy her society, and by his death she became Dowager Countess of Essex.

CHAPTER XXII.

MARY ANNE PATON.

Toward the end of the last century, a respectable and well-educated tutor, named Paton, was at the head of a mathematical seminary in Edinburgh, and his classes were so numerously attended that, for a considerable time, he was in the receipt of £2000 per annum. His family consisted of Mary Anne, Isabella, and Eliza. Mary Anne, the eldest, was born in 1802.

Mary Anne had a gift and a passion for music from her earliest childhood. When only two years old she could name any tone or semitone on hearing it sounded. She sang like a skylark, and was perpetually warbling her "wood-notes wild," flying about the house, and scattering in sportive profusion trills and shakes on every note in her voice. She joyfully agreed, while yet a child, to undergo the drudgery of learning the harp and piano-forte, and when little more than four years of age, in 1806, she performed on these instruments. Not content with executing the compositions of others, she next insisted on producing some of her own, and in 1807 some fantasias, etc., were published under her name. Her infantile talent attracted the notice of the Duchess of Buccleugh, with whom, one of her biographers gravely asserts, Mary Anne, at the age of *five*, held a correspondence regarding some of her baby musical productions.

In 1810 Miss Paton appeared at several concerts in Edinburgh, where she sang, played on the harp and piano-forte, and recited Collins's "Ode to the Passions" (a favorite piece with young ladies at the period), "Alexander's Feast," and some similar morceaux. Some of these concerts were patronized by the Duchess of Buccleugh, the Duchess of Gordon, and other distinguished ladies. The young girl had no other instructors, it may be observed, up to this time, than her father and mother. This circumstance afterward proved disadvantageous to her in many respects, when she came into competition with the leading singers of the day.

Miss Paton inherited her musical abilities by rightful descent. Her grandmother, though not a professional vocalist, was so good a performer on the violin that her fame became widely spread in the neighborhood of Strathbogie (now Huntley), in Aberdeenshire, where she lived. The Duke of Cumberland, on his way to Culloden, stopped to pay her a visit, and was so pleased with the style in which she executed some Scotch melodies that he presented her with a superb scarf of silk tartan, which was long preserved in the family as an honorable testimony to her musical skill.

Mr. Paton quitted Edinburgh about 1811. He entertained peculiar ideas regarding the Christian dispensation, and orthodoxy taking the alarm, he gradually lost that professional connection which his talents and agreeable manners had drawn together; he therefore came to London and opened an academy. Meantime, Mary Anne continued her studies, with little or no assistance from masters. She desired to place herself under the tuition of Mr. Bishop, but for some reason he declined receiving her as a pupil; and she met with a similar rebuff from many eminent professors, who felt certain that she had no chance of success.

Miss Paton appeared from time to time during 1812, 1813, and the early part of 1814 at fashionable concerts; but public concerts were then, unfortunately, monopolized by a few principal vocalists of acknowledged reputation, who introduced the pupils of such masters as could easily secure their success. Miss Paton offered her services, gratuitously, to almost every manager in the metropolis, without meeting with any encouraging response. Her health suffered very much about this period, and her general education not having advanced in proportion to her musical knowledge, her friends counseled her temporary withdrawal from public; she therefore refrained from singing, except occasionally at private parties. In 1820 she appeared at the Bath concerts, where she made a favorable impression, and she next sang at Huntingdon, at two concerts given by the organist of that town.

At last Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket, agreed to give her a chance of making an essay on the stage, and on the 3d of August, 1822, Miss Paton made her first courtesy as Susanna, in the *Marriage of Figaro;* foreign music with English words being now all the vogue. She was a very agreeable-looking

girl; her figure was about the middle height, slender and delicate; her hair and eyes were dark, her complexion clear. Her face was not very beautiful when in repose, but when animated in acting or singing, its expression reflected every change of sentiment, and her countenance beamed with vivacity. Never was success more decided or more deserved. She subsequently performed Rosina in the *Barber of Seville*, and Lydia in *Morning, Noon, and Night*—an opera now forgotten: in it she introduced the Scotch ballad of "Mary of Castle Carey," a ballad in which she had been frequently applauded. She also performed Polly in the *Beggar's Opera.*

Two months after, Miss Paton was engaged at Covent Garden, replacing Miss Stephens in the first characters. Morris, in his farewell address at the Haymarket, alluded most kindly to her, and eulogized her talents. On the 19th of October she made her appearance at Covent Garden as Polly, and repeated that character two or three times; but her name was suddenly omitted from the bills until the 7th of December, when she appeared as Mandane. Curiosity was naturally excited as to the reason of this singular conduct of the management: the singer's indisposition had been assigned as the cause, but the truth soon became known. Miss A. M. Tree, it appeared, had peremptorily refused to appear with Miss Paton, except on the condition of her rival playing second to her, which the quality of their respective voices rendered absurd; besides, Miss Paton had been engaged to perform first characters only. The part of Susanna in the *Marriage of Figaro* was given to her, and she was announced in the bills to appear in that character; but the manager informed her that Miss Tree had refused to play the Countess, and begged that she would take the part alternately with that of the Countess, that the piece might be brought forward, and her sister singer saved from incurring a heavy penalty. Miss Paton assented in this instance only, but was afterward informed by the manager that the same difficulties remained, unless she conceded the part of Susanna to Miss Tree on the first night. To this concession, also, she kindly agreed. On her benefit night this season her sister Isabella (afterward of Drury Lane Theatre) made her appearance as Letitia Hardy.

The revival of Shakspeare's plays with music proved a more fertile source of jealousy between the rival sirens. In Febru-

ary, 1823, they performed together in the *Comedy of Errors*. Miss Paton, as Adriana, sang the "Willow" song from *Othello*, and "Come live with me and be my love," very sweetly; but she surpassed herself in "Lo! here the gentle lark," from *Venus and Adonis*. The duet with Miss Tree, "Tell me, where is fancy bred," was finely executed, and Miss Tree performed Luciana charmingly. Jones and Duruset were the two Antipholises, and Farren and Blanchard were very comic representatives of the two Dromios.

When Miss Stephens's engagement at the English Opera House was concluded, Miss Paton took her place, to execute the music of *Der Freischütz*, which was produced July 22, 1823. Braham, who had an arduous part, exerted himself to the utmost in this opera, and Miss Paton, in the grand scena, "Before my eyes beheld him," displayed her vocal powers to the greatest advantage. She was essentially a British songstress. Her voice was sweet, brilliant, and powerful, its compass extending from A to D or E, or above eighteen or nineteen notes, and her intonation was correct. "Miss Paton," said an able critic in the *Quarterly Musical Review*, "is certainly gifted with extraordinary vocal powers, and with enthusiasm and intellectual vigor of no common kind. She has not yet reached her twenty-first year, yet her technical attainments, we are disposed to think, are nearly as great as those of any vocalist in this country." But there were certain slight reservations: "her shake," it was added, "was too close, too rapid, and too hard; the trifling accent which this grace will bear is wrongly placed," thus depriving it of its value in expression, to which every species of ornament ought essentially to contribute. "No difficulties appall or embarrass her," continues the same critic. "Nor is it to the execution of passages as they are written that she confines herself. Even in Rossini's most rapid airs she changes, and at the same time multiplies the notes, in a way that few, even of the most matured vocalists, venture to attain." Of the *judgment* of such alterations the critic declines to speak, merely stating a fact which demonstrated Miss Paton's facility. Her style was naturally florid, and she cultivated elaborate execution, it being the fashion of the time to admire exuberant ornament. In October, 1823, at a concert given for the benefit of the then nascent Royal Academy of Music, almost the only encore of

the night was accorded to the duet "Sull' Aria," sung by Miss Paton and Miss A. M. Tree. This sweet and beautiful melody was made "a mere ground for the ladies to embroider upon; and they manifested as much ingenuity and as much execution as possible, though at the expense of sound taste." In addition to the allurement of conscious power, Miss Paton began to imitate Catalani, and she did so with success, however much it was regretted by true lovers of song.

Miss Paton had warm sensibility, and this was "displayed in the vigor with which she embodies the conceptions of a composer, not less than in her fancy when she varies them. She gives impressive passionate recitative with dignity or pathos, as these emotions vary. She can do this from herself." Unfortunately, her finer qualities were sometimes obscured by her imitation of Catalani, which was so obvious that no one who had ever heard the marvelous Italian could avoid remarking it, especially when she sang one of Catalani's airs. "Miss Paton and Miss Stephens," says another critic, "are the two greatest English singers that we now have, or perhaps that ever coexisted (and we say this with a perfect remembrance of the claims of Mrs. Salmon, Mrs. Dickons, Miss Tree, and Miss Gradden); and our heroine has the best ear and the most extensive voice: in bravuras she is decidedly superior to her rival, and in many ballads equal to her; witness her 'On the Banks of Allan Water,' etc., etc. Miss Paton's voice is more brilliant, but less soothing than Miss Stephens's; and this quality, which Miss Stephens possesses so abundantly, seems a part of her nature. Miss Paton has compass, power, smoothness, enunciation; in fact, every thing that would constitute a great singer, as far as singing is an art; but there is something beyond all this to be found. Her personal nature is exquisitely blended with the effect of art. Miss Stephens has a honeyed sweetness in her tone, a richness that seems to spring from her heart to her lips, and which we have found in no one else."

At this time Miss Paton became acquainted with a young gentleman named Blood, a surgeon of St. Thomas's Hospital, who was of good family, and (though he did not boast of the circumstance) was a lineal descendant of the notorious Colonel Blood. He was a tall, elegant-looking young fellow, was accomplished, and passionately fond of music. He moved in

good society, and was likely to advance in his profession, in which he was very skillful. His devotion to music, however, led him astray, and he went so far as to make his début at the Lyceum as Don Carlos, in the *Duenna*, which was performed for the benefit of a friend, when he was warmly applauded. He also performed in Dublin and other places with much success, and afterward obtained an engagement at the Haymarket Theatre, where he made his début, under the name of Davis, as Captain Macheath; but his success was very moderate. Miss Paton, being engaged at the Haymarket at the same time, performed with him in the *Beggar's Opera*, and was struck with his agreeable manner and handsome figure. A mutual attachment was the result of their acquaintance, and Mr. Blood made her an offer of marriage, which she accepted; his betrothed then exerted her influence with the manager, and obtained for him an engagement at Covent Garden Theatre. But an unforeseen obstacle arose to mar the happiness of the lovers. Mr. Paton, angered beyond measure, vehemently refused his consent to the match, and threatened the manager that if young Blood were permitted to come behind the scenes of the theatre to see Miss Paton, he should break her engagement. "If you marry him you will work for an adventurer," said her father; "if you must have a husband, wait, and you will, no doubt, get a lord." Rather than injure his betrothed in her profession or with her family, Mr. Blood voluntarily threw up his own engagement. He had offered to make a settlement of £200 per annum upon her parents.

Mary Anne, notwithstanding her father's opposition, at first determined to decide for herself. She said to a friend of her lover's, "Tell Blood that I would marry him, even if he were a shepherd's boy, and had no more than a penny a day." Indeed, she exceeded him in protestations of affection, and a day was ultimately fixed for their marriage. But, on the very morning that was to see the lovers united, the bride for the first time hesitated and drew back, stating that prudential motives induced her for the present to recede. She then abruptly returned her lover's presents, with a message to the effect that he might shortly have occasion to put them to another use; and the rejected lover attempted in vain to gain an explanation of her strange conduct.

Piqued by this treatment, Mr. Blood returned to his own

profession, and offered his hand to Miss Dance, another actress, of whom probably Miss Paton had been made jealous. He was accepted, and they were married, and went to reside at Bath, where he practiced successfully as a surgeon.

Miss Paton was now observed to droop and become melancholy: her health appeared to be failing; she grew thin and wasted, and her aspect excited the compassion of every one who saw her. Whether on the stage or in the concert-room, every effort at gayety was succeeded by a marked dejection, and she seemed utterly careless of herself, as if sunk in despair. Among the young men of fashion who had the privilege of going behind the scenes at the theatre was Lord William Lennox, who soon fixed his regards on the young prima donna. His attentions were most assiduous, and eventually he made her an offer of his hand, on condition that the marriage should be kept secret. Timid, undecided, and easily swayed by others, Miss Paton consented. Post-horses were ordered for a precipitate flight, and in 1824 the marriage took place, under circumstances of some mystery. Her father's prediction was fulfilled: she had "got a lord."

In 1824, Weber received a proposition from Covent Garden to write an opera, and after having long hesitated on the choice of his subject, he at length chose *Oberon*. As a clever critic observed, "He could not have selected one better adapted to the display of his peculiar genius. It contains descriptions of air, of earth, and heaven—the enchantments of fairy-land, the ardor of chivalry, the tenderness of passion, the dangers of the sea, and, above all, the magic powers of the ivory horn; and this variety, which would have paralyzed an ordinary man, has only roused him to commensurate exertion, and affords him a field for the more ample display of the glory of his art." A correspondence was then opened between the director of the theatre and the composer, with reference to the epoch in which the scene should be laid; this being arranged, the management wished to have the piece ready in three months. "Three months!" echoed the composer, writing back. "Why, they would not be sufficient to read the libretto and sketch the plan in my brain!" Indeed, Weber employed nearly eighteen months in finishing his task.

When Weber arrived in London, his first visit, of course, was to Covent Garden Theatre, where he saw his own *Frei-*

schütz performed. His presence was discovered by the audience, and a storm of enthusiasm ensued. In one of his charming letters to his wife, he gave an account of his reception, and made some remarks on the performance of his opera. The passage ought never to be forgotten, showing, as it does, how different was the judgment on the merits of our English performers, given by a great German artist, from the supercilious tone adopted by many of our so-called critics, who think they display their acumen by depreciating the talent of their own country.

"Could a man," said Weber, "wish for more enthusiasm or more love? I must confess that I was completely overpowered by it, though I am of a calm disposition, and somewhat accustomed to such scenes. I know not what I would have given to have had you by my side, that you might have seen me in my foreign garb of honor. And now, dear love, I can assure you that you may be quite at ease, both as to the singers and the orchestra. Miss Paton is a singer of the first rank, and will play Reiza divinely. Braham not less so, though in a totally different style. There are also several good tenors, and I really can not see why the English singing should be so much abused. The singers have a perfectly good Italian education, fine voices and expression. The orchestra is not remarkable, but still very good, and the choruses particularly so. In short, I feel quite at ease as to the fate of *Oberon*."

The production of *Oberon* was not effected without more difficulties than Weber had contemplated. Innumerable prejudices had to be overcome, particular singers conciliated, alterations made, and repeated rehearsals superintended, before the composer could inspire the performers with the right spirit of his composition. "Braham," said he, in one of his letters to his wife (March 29, 1826), "begs for a grand scena instead of his first air, which, in fact, was not written for him, and which is rather high. The thought of it was at first quite horrible; I would not hear of it. At last I promised, when the opera was completed, if I had time enough, it should be done; and now this grand scena, a confounded battle-piece and what not, is lying before me, and I am about to set to work, yet with the greatest reluctance. What can I do? Braham knows his public, and is idolized by them. But for Germany I shall keep the opera as it is. I hate the air I am

going to compose (to-day I hope) by anticipation. Adieu, and now for the battle."

At rehearsal one of the performers was singing in the fashionable style, when Weber, looking attentively at him, said, "I am very sorry you take so much trouble." "Oh! not at all!" was the careless reply. "Yes," he added, "but I say yes; for why do you take the trouble to sing so many notes that are not in the book?" He disliked the superabundance of florid ornamentation which Catalani, Braham, and other eminent singers had brought into fashion; and he discountenanced as far as possible the habit many singers had of slurring over the verses. In one of the pieces in *Oberon*, Miss Paton, with all her taste and execution, was unable to produce the effect intended by the composer. "I know not how it is," she at last exclaimed, "but I can never do this as it should be." "The reason is," quietly replied Weber, "because you have not studied the words."

Oberon was finally produced on the 12th of April. When Weber entered the orchestra the house was filled to overflowing, for the expectations of the public had been raised to an extraordinary pitch. The audience simultaneously rose and saluted him by huzzas, by waving of hats and handkerchiefs. They insisted on encoring the overture, and every air was interrupted twice or thrice by bursts of applause.

To Reiza is allotted the most exquisitely impassioned music, and Miss Paton surpassed herself in brilliancy and spirit; her grand scena, "Ocean, thou mighty monster," was given with surprising energy, and in her most finished manner, and received with rapturous delight. The chivalrous character of Sir Huon was assigned to Braham, who sang with powerful effect. The beautiful, talented Madame Vestris was charmingly arch and vivacious as Fatima; her laughter at hearing the enchanted horn in the last scene was so hearty and natural that the whole house was infected with her merriment, and echoed it with peals of laughter. The scenery, dresses, and decorations were unusually splendid, and the scene in the second act, representing the reflection of the setting sun in the sea, surpassed every thing of the kind seen before.

On the conclusion of the opera Weber was loudly called for, but it was with the greatest difficulty that he could be induced to make his appearance at the side-scenes. He was too mod-

est to become the "lion" of musical parties, and consequently at his benefit concert the room was not half filled, "while on the same evening the concert of a favorite Italian singer, at the house of one of the nobility, was attended by four hundred fashionables, who paid a guinea apiece for their tickets." Just two months after the production of *Oberon*, Weber was found dead in his bed, in his room at the house of Sir George Smart. His head was resting on his hand as calmly as if in sleep. Ever since his arrival in England he had been in a declining and precarious state of health, and suffering from many anxieties.

At the Philharmonic Concerts in August, Miss Paton executed a most difficult song from Spohr's *Faust*, which was sent to her, it was said, only the day before the rehearsal. She sang it to perfection. No other vocalist in London probably would have undertaken so hazardous a task, and her success displayed her science as a musician, and her extreme aptitude. "Miss Paton," it was agreed, "has indeed made a vast improvement this season, and, taking into account her various abilities, she is perhaps unrivaled." It was to be regretted that she devoted her attention to such miserable trash as she sang on the stage, and scattered her energies upon trifles of the moment, in lieu of giving her study to works of an elevated character; but her facility enabled her to shine in a great variety of styles. "Taken in all styles, taken as a musician, Miss Paton is beyond all question the cleverest female singer we have; but there is not one song, properly so called, in which some one or other does not excel her. In a ballad, the finish, equality, and beauty of Miss Stephens's voicing, her delicacy and truth, place her infinitely above Miss Paton. In execution, Mrs. Salmon distances her not less. From mere distraction of pursuits, she has never attained the gusto of the Italian manner; and in the church Miss Travis or any of the others exceed her. Yet, if the trial were to depend upon diversity of talent, Miss Paton would outshine them all, without equaling, in their own province, any of them."

This year (1826) she was acknowledged and received as the lady of Lord William Lennox; but the union had proved a most unfortunate one. After her marriage the unhappy wife's health became so impaired that even when the curtain rose to crowded audiences the public were never certain that they

might not be met by a medical certificate of Miss Paton's "total incapacity to play that evening."

At the festivals of Salisbury and York, in 1828, the principal singers were Mesdames Catalani, Caradori, Miss Stephens, Mrs. W. Knyvett, and Miss Paton, with Braham, Phillips, De Begnis, and others. Catalani failed, Miss Paton as evidently rose in the general estimation, while Miss Stephens and Madame Caradori simply preserved the place they had already gained. "It, perhaps, may with truth be said," says an authority of the period, "that since the days of Mara no one has appeared equal to sustain the majesty of such a song as 'I know that my REDEEMER liveth.' Miss Paton certainly threw both energy and pathos into her singing, but still it partakes far more of the beautiful than the sublime of expression. The truth is, that the mind must possess a vigor and solidity which rarely consists with the diversity of pursuits incidental to a modern professional life; and perhaps it requires those severe studies and trains of thought which lead to the production of a composer in the great ecclesiastical style."

An estrangement from her husband, followed by a divorce, terminated her unlucky marriage. For her second husband Miss Paton selected Mr. Wood, a kind-hearted young vocalist, who had lately appeared on the Covent Garden boards. He was a fine and rather good-looking man, with a very sweet and agreeable voice, and, in some characters, was a pretty good actor. Mrs. Wood gradually recovered her health, which as Lady William Lennox she had lost, and the cheerfulness and gayety of early days returned.

Her first appearance in public after her marriage with Mr. Wood was on February 24, 1829, at Covent Garden, as Reiza, in Weber's *Oberon*. Ill health had been assigned as the cause of her long absence from the stage; and when she first became visible to the audience through the mist which envelops the figure of Reiza on her appearance to Sir Huon, she was greeted by enthusiastic applause, which lasted several minutes, and on coming forward the ovation was renewed with equal vigor, and protracted to undue length. Her powers were found to be unimpaired, and were never more brilliantly displayed. Mr. Wood appeared as Sir Huon for the first time, and his vocal and dramatic efforts were spirited and energetic.

Mrs. Wood was engaged at the King's Theatre in 1831, be-

ing the first Englishwoman after Cecilia Davies who "achieved that distinction without a certificate of character from Italy." Her début took place on the 5th of April, in the opera of *La Cenerentola*. In so fine a house for sound as the King's Theatre, her full rich voice was heard to great advantage. Her enunciation of Italian was admirable, and her correct intonation and knowledge of music were fully appreciated by the critical audience. On the 17th, Pacini's absurd opera, *L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompeii*, was produced for the benefit of Signor Davide. Many persons did not much relish Davide's style. It was well said that "he sang too much in *italics*;" and he was characterized as a singer who "united the extravagancies with the beauties of genius."

From the King's Theatre Mrs. Wood went to Drury Lane, where she appeared in the *Barber of Seville*. Her singing was exquisite: the lesson song at the piano-forte in particular was given with extraordinary power and effect. Mr. Wood was only passable as Almaviva, and Henry Phillips, though he sang the music of Figaro with great beauty and science, was deficient in mercurial vivacity. An English version of *Robert le Diable* was produced at Drury Lane on the 20th of February, 1832. The cast was a pretty good one: Robert, Mr. Wood; Bertram, H. Phillips; Raimbaut, Templeton; Isabel, Miss Ayton; Alice, Mrs. Wood. The following night, a rival adaptation was brought out at Covent Garden, under the title of the *Fiend Father*.

Tempting offers induced Mr. and Mrs. Wood to cross the Atlantic in 1840. They appeared first at the Park Theatre, New York, and were greatly liked in America. A ludicrous incident marked their stay at Philadelphia. There was a shabby couple who desired to have the *éclat* of engaging the celebrated English prima donna to sing at one of their parties, and sent her an invitation. Being indisposed, Mrs. Wood declined, but they so urgently pressed her that she consented to join the party. When the entertainments of the evening had fairly commenced, and several ladies among the visitors had sung, the hostess invited Mrs. Wood to seat herself at the piano, as the company would be delighted to hear her beautiful voice; but Mrs. Wood, with a very serious countenance, begged to be excused. At first the astonishment created by this refusal was evinced by a dead silence and a fixed stare;

but at length the disappointed hostess burst out, saying, "What! not sing, Mrs. Wood! why, it was for this that I invited you to my party, and I told all my guests that you were coming." "That quite alters the case," said Mrs. Wood; "I was not at all aware of this, or I should not have refused; but since you have invited me professionally, I shall of course sing immediately." "What a good creature!" rejoined the hostess; "I thought you could not persist in refusing me." So Mrs. Wood sang the entire evening, giving every song she was asked for, and being encored several times. In the morning, to the utter consternation of the rich, parsimonious couple, a bill for $200 was presented to them from Mr. Wood for his wife's professional services, which of course they had to pay.

On their return, Mr. and Mrs. Wood judiciously invested their earnings in the purchase of an estate in Yorkshire, intending to retire and enjoy the ease and quiet which they had fairly won. But either a life of excitement had destroyed Mrs. Wood's taste for retirement, or the offers which she received from managers were too seducing; for when, in 1836, Rossini's *Cenerentola* was brought out at Covent Garden, April 13, under the title of *Cinderella, the Fairy Queen and the Little Glass Slipper*, Mrs. Wood performed Cinderella, playing the part with extreme simplicity, and singing with irreproachable taste. The music had been adapted by Mr. Lacy, who made liberal additions from the other works of Rossini.

Mrs. Wood afterward appeared with Malibran, in the *Marriage of Figaro*, for the benefit of Charles Kemble; and in 1837 she sang at Drury Lane in the *Sonnambula*, etc.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood again retired to their Yorkshire home, where a new whim suddenly seized the lady, who had always been rather eccentric. She resolved to change her creed, turn Catholic, and become a nun; and in February, 1843, she withdrew to the convent at Micklegate Bar, Yorkshire. Her husband, uniformly kind and indulgent, was convinced that her ascetic fancy would soon die away, and as she took no irrevocable vow to lead a monastic life, but was only a probationer, he was content to await her return. Some malicious persons having spread a rumor that he had, by his ill treatment, driven her to adopt this course, she published a letter exculpating her husband.

Finding she had no vocation for conventual life, Mrs. Wood

quitted the convent, July, 1843, and returned to her home. Shortly afterward she, with her husband, accepted a professional engagement, and appeared first at Leeds, where Mrs. Wood sang and played on the organ. In 1844 she was singing in opera at the Princess's Theatre.

Mrs. Wood continues to live in the neighborhood of Leeds, in great peace and comfort, varying her occupations by taking a few pupils, some of whom have gained distinction.

CHAPTER XXIII.

WILHELMINA SCHRÖDER DEVRIENT.

Sophia Schröder was the Siddons of Germany. Her profound sensibility and fine perception of character, and her splendid elocution, combined with a majestic form, rendered her one of the finest tragic actresses of her time. She was for years the ornament of the dramatic stage of Germany, where she made herself celebrated in the parts of Phèdre, Medea, Lady Macbeth, Mérope, Sapho, Jeanne de Montfaucon, and Isabella in the *Braut von Messina.*

Wilhelmina, the daughter of Madame Schröder, was born at Hamburg, October 6th, 1805. Her mother destined her for the stage, for which she was educated, and in her fifth year the child appeared on the Hamburg stage as a little Cupid, and in her tenth danced in the ballet at the Imperial Theatre of Vienna. However, she did not long remain in the ballet; for with the development of her powers came ambition, and, what is more important, skill and experience. Her mother, who wished her to perform in tragedy, obtained for her an appearance at the Burgtheater of Vienna, where she appeared, in her fifteenth year, in the part of Aricie, in the *Phèdre* of Racine. She then performed the character of Luise in *Cabale und Liebe*, and soon rose to be the representative of high tragedy, appearing as Ophelia in *Hamlet*, Beatrice in the *Braut von Messina*, and other leading parts.

The full scope of her genius, however, was not yet apparent. She then knew nothing of music; but at last she was able to study under the direction of an Italian master, named Mazzatti, who resided in Vienna.

She made her début in opera, January 20, 1821, as Pamina in Mozart's *Zauberflöte* at the Vienna Theatre. The beauty of her voice, her imposing figure and deportment, and her power of expressing emotion, produced a favorable impression. In stature she was above the middle height, and her figure was fully developed; though not handsome, but rather

the reverse, her countenance had a sweet, noble, frank expression; and when excited by the ardor of feeling, her physiognomy was full of fire and passion. Her voice was a mellow soprano, which had the true metallic ring, and united softness with power and compass, though it was deficient in flexibility. Her intonation was remarkably perfect, her articulation singularly distinct, and her accentuation impressive.

She speedily became a favorite, but her triumph was achieved by her performance of Leonora in the *Fidelio* of Beethoven, in which she eclipsed all who had preceded her. This opera was represented for the festival of the emperor's birthday, and the young débutante drew down thunders of applause. The character itself excites the deepest sympathy, and there are some most pathetic situations in the scenes where Leonora appears. Schröder's performance throughout was thrilling, but in the scene where Leonora enters the dungeon, her delineation of the agonizing emotions which rend the heart of the wife was perfectly electrifying. She had studied this character profoundly. Her account of her first performance is very interesting.

"When I was studying the character of Fidelio at Vienna," she herself says, "I could not attain that which appeared to me to be the desired and natural expression at the moment when Leonora, throwing herself before her husband, holds out a pistol to the governor, with the words 'Kill first his wife!' I studied and studied in vain, though I did all I could to place myself mentally in the situation of Leonora. I had pictured to myself the situation, but I felt that it was incomplete, without knowing why or wherefore. Well, the evening arrived; the audience knows not with what feelings an artiste, who enters seriously into a part, dresses for the representation. The nearer the moment approached, the greater was my alarm. When it did arrive, and as I ought to have sung the ominous words, and pointed the pistol at the governor, I fell into such utter tremor at the thought of not being perfect in my character, that my whole frame trembled, and I thought I should have fallen. Now only fancy how I felt when the whole house broke forth into enthusiastic shouts of applause, and what I thought when, after the curtain fell, I was told that this moment was the most effective and powerful of my whole representation. So that which I could not attain with every effort

of mind and imagination, was produced at this decisive moment by my unaffected terror and anxiety. This result, and the effect it had upon the public, taught me how to seize and comprehend the incident, so that which at the first representation I had hit upon unconsciously, I adopted in full consciousness ever afterward in this part."

Not even Malibran could equal her in the impersonation of this character. Never was dramatic performance more completely, more intensely affecting, more deeply pathetic, truthful, tender, and powerful.

Some persons regarded her as more of a tragedian than a singer. "Her voice, since I have known it," observes Mr. Chorley (*Modern German Music*), "was capable of conveying poignant or tender expression, but it was harsh and torn —not so inflexible as incorrect. Madame Schröder Devrient resolved to be par excellence 'the German dramatic singer.' Earnest and intense as was her assumption of the parts she attempted, her desire of presenting herself first was little less vehement: there is no possibility of an opera being performed by a company, each of whom should be as resolute as she was never to rest, never for an instant to allow the spectator to forget his presence. She cared not whether she broke the flow of the composition by some cry heard on any note or in any scale—by even speaking some word, for which she would not trouble herself to study a right musical emphasis or inflexion—provided, only, she succeeded in continuing to arrest the attention. Hence, in part, arose her extraordinary success in *Fidelio*. That opera contains, virtually, only one acting character, and with her it rests to intimate the thrilling secret of the whole story, to develop this link by link, in presence of the public, and to give the drama the importance of terror, suspense, and rapture. When the spell is broken by exhibiting the agony and the struggle of which she is the innocent victim, if the devotion, the disguise, and the hope of Leonora, the wife, were not forever before us, the interest of the prison-opera would flag and wane into a cheerless and incurable melancholy. This Madame Schröder Devrient took care that it should never do. From her first entry upon the stage, it might be seen that there was a purpose at her heart, which could make the weak strong and the timid brave; quickening every sense, nerving every fibre, arming its possessor with dis-

guise against curiosity, with persuasion more powerful than any obstacle, with expedients equal to every emergency. . . What Pasta would be in spite of her uneven, rebellious, uncertain voice—a most magnificent singer—Madame Schröder Devrient did not care to be, though Nature, I have been assured by those who heard her sing when a girl, had blessed her with a fresh, delicious soprano voice."

Her fame increasing, the Fräulein Schröder resolved to undertake an art-tour in Germany. Early in 1823 she appeared at Cassel, producing a great sensation in Emmeline, Pamina, and Agathe. Seldom had any performer achieved such a popularity. From thence she went to Dresden, where she met with Carl Devrient, a clever vocalist from Berlin, with an agreeable voice, youthful and fresh. He was a favorite with the public, and as a tragedian he disputed the histrionic crown with Herr Seydelmann of Stuttgart. The Dem. Schröder was very much charmed with this young singer, who reciprocated the sentiment, and they were married; but the union did not prove a happy one.

For some time Madame Schröder Devrient remained at Dresden. Her most noticeable performance in 1824 was Euryanthe, with Madame Funk, Herr Bergmann, and Herr Meyer. For a short time she was at Munich, but returned again to Dresden. In 1825 the chief operas there were Cherubini's *Faniska*, Spohr's *Jessonda* (in which she sang with Mdlle. Voltheim, Bergmann, and Meyer), and the *Barber of Seville*, in which Bergmann performed Almaviva, and Keller, Bartolo. She was still performing there in 1826 and 1827. In 1828 she went to Prague, and thence to Berlin, where her marriage was dissolved judicially. She had one boy, born in 1824. At Berlin she appeared at both theatres in the chefs-d'œuvre of Weber with the utmost success. Spontini at first conceived against her a violent antipathy; but this did not prevent her from obtaining the most astonishing success, especially in the part of Euryanthe. She then went to Vienna, where she performed with Cramolini and Madame Grünbaum.

A troup of German singers, headed by Madame Fischer, a pretty, tall blonde, with a fresh voice, went to Paris in 1830. Madame Schröder Devrient formed one of this company, and made her début in May at the Théâtre Louvois (then under the direction of Röckel), in *Der Freischütz*. She was terribly

agitated, but the encouragement which she received reassured her. The critics were delighted with the beauty and finish of her style. Madame Roland, Woltereck, and Wieser sang with her in *Der Freischütz*. She repeated the principal parts of her répertoire in *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, etc., and also appeared, with Haitzinger, Wieser, and Madame Schmidt, in Weber's *Oberon*, and in the *Serail* of Mozart. Her success was particularly marked in *Fidelio*.

Returning to Germany, Madame Schröder Devrient appeared next in Berlin with triumph, together with Scheckner and Sontag. In 1832 she was again in Paris, fulfilling an engagement of a year, when she imprudently accepted a proposition made to her by the manager of the Théâtre Italien to sing in a language and in the style of a school for which she had not the necessary qualifications. The theatre opened September 1, with a splendid company: Pasta, Malibran, Schröder Devrient, Rubini, Bordogni, and Lablache. The illness of Madame Pasta rendered it necessary for Schröder to appear in *Anna Bolena*, in which she failed completely. Bellini's *Pirata* was afterward brought out with a decided success, to which the singing and acting of Madame Devrient and Rubini powerfully contributed. Madame Devrient performed the part of the heroine with great taste and expression, improving as she became more familiar with the usages of the Italian stage. On the 22d of November she performed Desdemona for Malibran's benefit, Rubini being the Moor. Madame Devrient had certainly moments of inspiration in this performance, but she was not Desdemona.

In 1832 Mr. Monck Mason became lessee of the King's Theatre, at a rent of £16,000. He had already dabbled a little in theatrical affairs, having written and composed a small opera, and was quite a musical enthusiast. His plans and projected improvements were of the most novel character, and on the most extensive scale, for he engaged an excellent company, not only of Italian, but of French and German singers. Among the latter he brought forward Schröder Devrient, who appeared in her favorite operas with Mdlle. Schneider and Herr Haitzinger; the latter a tenor, who sang with great feeling, but sometimes too vehemently. Madame Devrient also performed in Italian opera, appearing as Desdemona in *Otello*, July 17. On this occasion Roderigo's serenade was sung by

Donzelli, who was the Otello. The English public did not care much about the German cantatrice, but the critics were delighted with her genius. "We know not," said one, "how to say enough of Madame Schröder Devrient, without appearing extravagant, and yet the most extravagant eulogy we could pen would not come up to our idea of her excellence. She is a woman of first-rate genius; her acting skillful, various, impassioned; her singing pure, scientific, and enthusiastic. Her whole soul is rapt in her subject, yet she never for a moment oversteps the modesty of nature." This season was a most disastrous one to the unfortunate Mr. Monck Mason, who not only sacrificed his money and his energies, but was most unjustly attacked and lampooned.

The following year Mr. Bunn engaged Madame Schröder Devrient to perform on alternate nights with Malibran, the company being abruptly transferred from Drury Lane to Covent Garden. The first piece in which the Germans performed was Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, produced for the first time on the English stage. Haitzinger, Dobler—a fine, deep musical bass—and Madame Uetz—a very excellent actress, and a singer of great merit—supported the chief parts with Madame Schröder Devrient; but it was not a success. Weber's *Euryanthe* was also brought forward, for the first time in England, and of course Madame Schröder Devrient performed in *Fidelio*.

In January, 1834, she was engaged at Berlin, where she was to sing in twelve operas by native composers: *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Euryanthe*, *Oberon*, and others. From thence she went to Vienna and to Russia. In March, 1835, she was at Dresden; by May, in Leipzig; then returning to Dresden, she obtained a congé of eighteen months to go to Italy, where she was welcomed with great enthusiasm. She paused at Breslau, giving in that town some representations which threw the public into a frenzy of rapture, according to the journals of the time. They conducted her in triumph to her dwelling, where the orchestra of the theatre had prepared a serenade for her. She was in Vienna in 1836 with Madame Tadolini, Genaro, and Galli, singing in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, etc.

The managers of Drury Lane applied to her in 1837 to supply the place of Madame de Beriot, and the people of Dresden—where she was performing when she entered into the en-

gagement—gave her a flattering ovation before her departure. She personated the character of Euryanthe, and when the enthusiasm was at its height, Mdlle. Wust approached in her character of Eglantine, and presented a beautiful chaplet of flowers to the heroine of German song, reciting at the same time a complimentary address.

Madame Schröder Devrient played in *Fidelio*, for the first time in English, May 14th. The whole performance was lamentably inferior to that at the Opera House in 1832. *Norma* was produced June 25th, Schröder Devrient being seconded by Wilson, Giubilei, and Miss Betts. She was either very ill advised or overconfident, for her "massy" style of singing was totally at variance with the light beauty of Bellini's music. Her conception of the character, however, was in the grandest style of histrionic art. "The sibyls of Michael Angelo are not more grand," exclaimed one critic; "but the vocalization of Pasta and Grisi is wholly foreign to her." During this engagement Madame Schröder Devrient was often unable to perform from serious illness. She took her benefit July 7th, when *La Sonnambula* was performed; and Tuesday the 16th, the theatre closed with *Fidelio*.

From England she went to the Lower Rhine. In 1839 she was at Dresden with Herr Tichatschek, one of the first tenors of Germany, a handsome man, with a powerful, sweet, and extensive voice. In June, 1841, she gave a performance at Berlin, to assist the Parisian subscription for a monument to Cherubini. The opera was *Les Deux Journées*, in which she took her favorite part of Constance. The same year she sang at Dresden, with the utmost success, in a new rôle in Goethe's *Tasso*, in which she was said to surpass her *Fidelio*. She then went to Leipzig, and early the next year returned to Dresden.

For some years Madame Schröder Devrient resided in perfect seclusion in the little town of Rochlitz, in Saxony. She was almost forgotten, when suddenly she reappeared on the stage at Dresden as Romeo, in Bellini's *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti*. Although not so great a singer as in the days when she had been accustomed to carry away her audiences by the irresistible power of her performance, yet her success was immense. Shortly after, Glück's *Iphigénie en Aulis* was revived. Madame Schröder Devrient performed Clytemnestra; Johanna

Wagner, Iphigénie; Mitterwurzer, Agamemnon; Tichatschek, Achilles.

She was again at Dresden in 1849, when she married a rich Livonian propriétaire named Bock, with whom she retired to Livonia. In October her mother died at Raudnitz, in Saxony, at the advanced age of eighty-four. The Emperor Francis I. paid Madame Schröder an honor which no other German artiste ever received. He ordered her portrait to be drawn in all her principal characters, and placed in the collection in the Imperial Museum.

About 1854, Scudo saw Madame Schröder Devrient at Paris in many exclusive houses, and in a public concert, "where she sang with a very weak voice the melodies of Schubert." She was a woman of intelligence and acute observation; as an artiste, full of impetuosity and ardor; a lyric tragedian perhaps, rather than a singer in the ordinary sense of the word. She might be said to belong to the group of singers who were the interpreters of that school of dramatic music which arose in Germany after the death of Mozart.

Her son, Carl Devrient, appeared in 1857 with his father at Hanover, in *Don Carlos*, on the anniversary of the birthday of Schiller.

Madame Schröder Devrient died February 9th, 1860, at Cologne. The following year her bust was placed in the Opera House at Berlin.

The great German artiste, whose life was much agitated by a variety of adventures, left a kind of journal wherein she recorded her different impressions, and which testified how much she had suffered during a career replete with triumphs. One of the Leipzig papers published numerous extracts from this journal.

CHAPTER XXIV.

HENRIETTA SONTAG.

Henrietta Sontag, or Sonntag, born May 13, 1805, at Coblentz, was a graceful and vivacious child, with a lovely silver-toned voice, and the darling of her father, who was an actor of genteel comedy. From her cradle she was destined by her parents for their own profession, and, when six years old, appeared for the first time on the stage, at the court theatre of Hesse Darmstadt, in an opera entitled *Donau Weibchen* (the Daughter of the Danube). Her infantine prettiness, her naïveté, her silver-toned voice, and the accuracy of her intonation, made her a pet at once. In her eighth year her voice had already acquired much steadiness, and, to gratify neighbors and friends, Henrietta's mother would place her on the table and bid her sing. A distinguished traveler relates having seen her sing in this manner the grand aria of the "Queen of Night," in the *Zauberflöte*, "her arms hanging beside her, and her eye following the flight of a butterfly, while her voice, pure, penetrating, and of angelic tone, flowed as unconsciously as a limpid rill from the mountain side."

In her ninth year Henrietta lost her father, when the widowed Madame Sontag took her daughters to Prague, where Henrietta played the parts of children under the direction of Weber, then chef-d'orchestre of the theatre. These early successes obtained for her, as a very special favor, permission to attend the courses of the Conservatoire of Prague, although she had not yet attained the prescribed age—twelve—she being only eleven. During four years she here studied vocal music, the piano-forte, and the elements of harmony. Pixis, for whom she always retained a lively affection, taught her the piano; Bayer, the celebrated flutist, and Madame Czezka, instructed her in vocalization; and the maître de chapelle, Tribensée, taught her the rudiments of music; and she successively won the prize in every class of this great school of music.

MADAME SONTAG.

A sudden indisposition of the prima donna gave Henrietta an unexpected opportunity of appearing in the rather important part of the Princesse de Navarre, in Boïeldieu's opera of *Jean de Paris*. She was then only fifteen, and being very small, the little vocalist was supplied with heels four inches high; so, when the little prodigy appeared on her cork pedestals, the house was filled with cheers and acclamations; but the emotion which agitated her did not injure her success. Her next part was the far more difficult one of the heroine in Paer's fine opera, *Sargino*. The brilliant success she had achieved decided her career, and, leaving the Conservatoire, she went to Vienna, where she had an opportunity of hearing Madame Fodor, who was engaged at the theatre there. Admiring the talents of the French cantatrice, Henrietta endeavored to impress on her mind the practical lessons which she thus received, and which were as profitable as all the studies she had pursued in the Conservatoire. The admiration was reciprocated by Madame Fodor, who, on hearing the young girl sing for the first time, exclaimed,

"Had I her voice, I should hold the entire world at my feet!"

Singing alternately in German and Italian opera, with the most experienced colleagues, Rubini among others, Henrietta Sontag was perfected in the two languages, and was enabled at the same time to choose between the brilliancy of Italian music and the sober profundity of the German school. The English embassador, Earl Clanwilliam, became one of her most ardent admirers; he followed her to the theatre, to concerts, and even in her walks to church. Sontag, in German, means Sunday, and the Viennese wits nicknamed the embassador Earl Montag, as Monday follows Sunday.

In November, 1823, Weber produced his *Euryanthe*, at the Kärnthnerthor Theater, Mdlle. Sontag taking the leading part; but the public were so little pleased that they called the opera *L'Ennuyante*. With the exception of the chorus of huntsmen, the music was not liked.

Mdlle. Sontag, in 1824, was engaged to sing in German opera at the theatre at Leipzig. She gained great applause by the manner in which she interpreted the *Freischütz* and the *Euryanthe* of Weber, then almost in their flush of novelty. Her young sister Nina performed at the same time in children's

characters. Here commenced the serious part of her art life.

Henrietta's voice was a pure soprano, reaching perhaps from A or B to D in alt, and, though uniform in its quality, it was a little reedy in the lower notes, but its flexibility was marvelous: in the high octave, from F to C in alt, her notes rang out like the tones of a silver bell. The clearness of her notes, the precision of her intonation, the fertility of her invention, and the facility of her execution, were displayed in brilliant flights and lavish fioriture; her rare flexibility being a natural gift, cultivated by taste and incessant study. It was to the example of Madame Fodor that Mdlle. Sontag was indebted for the blooming of those dormant qualities which had till then remained undeveloped. The ease with which she sang was perfectly captivating; and the neatness and elegance of her enunciation combined with the sweetness and brilliancy of her voice, and her perfect intonation, to render her execution faultless, and its effect ravishing. She appeared to sing with the volubility of a bird, and to experience the pleasure she imparted. To use the language of a critic of that day, "All passages are alike to her, but she has appropriated some that were hitherto believed to belong to instruments—to the piano-forte and the violin, for instance. Arpeggios and chromatic scales, passages ascending and descending, she executed in the same manner that the ablest performers on these instruments execute them. There was the firmness and the neatness that appertain to the piano-forte, while she would go through a scale *staccato* with the precision of the bow. Her great art, however, lay in rendering whatever she did pleasing. The ear was never disturbed by a harsh note. The velocity of her passages was sometimes uncontrollable, for it has been observed that in a division, say of four groups of quadruplets, she would execute the first in exact time, the second and third would increase in rapidity so much that in the fourth she was compelled to decrease the speed perceptibly, in order to give the band the means of recovering the time she had gained."

Mdlle. Sontag was of middle stature, neither full nor slender, with a face expressive of delicacy, sensibility, and modesty united; she had light hair (between blonde and auburn), fair complexion, large blue eyes, softly penciled lips, and regular white teeth, and an aspect of sweetness and good humor;

but her features were by no means striking, or capable of vivacious or tragic expression. Her elegant form, the delicacy of her features, the exquisite proportion of her hands and feet, and her beautiful and soft expressive eyes, completed the enchantment exercised by this fair cantatrice. She could not command, but she won admiration by her easy, quiet, and reserved, yet artless and unaffected lady-like demeanor. As an actress, though not great, she justly claimed applause. Neither in her action nor in her singing did she display any grandeur or depth of feeling; but while she could not aspire to be a tender and impassioned Leonora, a thrilling Medea, she was a captivating Rosina, a bewitching Susanna. In light and elegant comedy, whether as actress or singer, she has rarely been excelled. She possessed all the originality of her own nation, while emulating the flexibility of the Italians. With equal skill she could render the works of Rossini, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr, joining to the verve and power of the German the volubility and facility of French and Italian singers.

Such was her success in Leipzig that she was called to Berlin to sing in the Koenigstadt Theater. Her studies at Vienna had prepared her to sing in the operas of Rossini; but the music of this illustrious maestro, which was enthusiastically admired in the capital of Austria, was not duly estimated at Berlin. Mdlle. Sontag was therefore chiefly heard in some German operas, in which she gained great renown throughout Germany, and she made the fortune of the theatre which possessed her. It was not merely admiration and delight which she inspired, but an enthusiasm which manifested itself in the most extravagant demonstrations of rapture whenever she appeared. The old King of Prussia received her at his court with paternal kindness.

About this time Mdlle. Sontag became acquainted with Count Rossi, a Piedmontese nobleman, then secretary to the Legation of Sardinia at Berlin, and their marriage was arranged to take place.

After a sojourn of two years at Berlin, Mdlle. Sontag determined to visit Paris. When she announced her intention, the Berlin public were very angry: they told her she might either go or stay, for they didn't care in the least, while they vented their spleen in very unequivocal marks of resentment, and, to spite her, petted a rival singer. Such conduct was not

calculated to induce her to forego her intentions, and at the end of May, 1826, she profited by a congé, which was granted her, to go to the French capital.

In the Parisian salons, in the daily papers, in the cafés and restaurants, people laughed at the idea of *la petite Allemande*, who was daring enough to appear in the part of Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia.* What audacious self-confidence this Sontag—this German Frau must be endowed with, to dare to step on a scene where Pasta, Cinti, and Fodor had shone! It was ridiculous! What *could* M. le Vicomte Sosthènes de la Rochefoucault be dreaming of?

On the 15th of June Mdlle. Sontag appeared, and curiosity to hear how the German vocalist would maltreat the music of Rossini caused the theatre to be filled to overflowing. The audience expected to see a bold, robust songstress with a harsh voice. What was their amazement when there flitted on to the stage, in all her shy, blushing beauty, a young girl of scarce twenty summers, whose aspect at once disarmed criticism. The first silvery tones of her voice in recitative produced a reaction in her favor; thunders of applause broke forth, and the singer's courage, which had wavered for a moment, was now assured. Her execution of the air with Rode's variations, in the second act, distanced even Madame Catalani, who had till then been invincible. The enthusiasm of the Parisian public rose to its full height, and was undiminished by twenty-three subsequent representations; and she immediately received the appropriate sobriquet of the Nightingale of the North.

The principal operas in which she appeared were *Il Barbiere*, *La Donna del Lago*, and *L'Italiana in Algieri.* In this last the leading airs were transposed for a soprano voice. On the occasion of her benefit she was crowned on the stage, and elegant devices of a complimentary kind were thrown at her feet. The charming young German was petted and caressed by the Parisian aristocracy, and, through the Prussian embassador, she was honored with a state dinner. She was presented to Alexander von Humboldt and to the Princess Dalbergischen, and required no letters of introduction to render her welcome in the highest circles. At the house of Talleyrand, the young cantatrice being introduced by the Duchess of Dino to Madame de Baudemont, the strong-minded Duchess von Lothringen, was thus complimented: "I would not desire that

my daughter were other than you." The society of a German singer—a thing before unheard of—was now sedulously courted by ladies of the highest fashion in Paris; and Benjamin Constant and his wife (the Countess Hardenberg) made her acquainted with the élite of the Republican party.

Madame Catalani, it is reported, declared of her, "Elle est la première de son genre, mais son genre n'est pas le premier;" and a professor of great reputation and experience introduced a celebrated flute-player to her in these words—"Ecco il tuo rivale!"

Mdlle. Sontag was always supposed to be on the point of marriage, and princes, musicians, romantic young heroes were imagined by turns to aspire to the honor of her hand, and to be dying of love for her. No singer was ever rumored to have so many honorably disposed lovers at her feet. A musician of celebrity* and a gentleman of high rank asked her in marriage about this time, but she rejected both offers without reserve, yet with kindness and delicacy; her troth had been already pledged. Her health failed for a time, but the sea-bathing of Boulogne restored her, and she was in blooming health when she started, at the end of September, 1826, on her return to Berlin.

She was offered fabulous terms in Paris if she would give up Berlin, but her heart and her duty steeled her against every temptation.

On her route she made large sums by singing, and received numerous handsome testimonies to the esteem in which she was held. Just before she left Paris, Ebers wrote offering her £2000 and a benefit for the season. This offer it was impossible for her to accept, as she was under a contract for Berlin; he wrote again, volunteering to pay the forfeit which she might incur by the breach of her contract; but, not wishing to break her faith with the Berlin public, she refused.

She received a hearty welcome in Weimar and Frankfort. In Hainz, the home of her parents, she went to see her grandmother, and she also visited her father's grave, and gave her needy relatives proofs of her generosity; she sang in the theatre for the poor, sought out the gray-headed Mathison, that she might receive the last blessing of the aged poet, and left the home of her father laden with love and kind wishes.

* Charles de Bériot.

The Berlin people did not prove ungrateful for the preference their favorite had shown for them, though on her first reappearance in *L'Italiana in Algieri* they affected to be still very cross, in order that they might be coaxed a little. There was a brilliant company of singers assembled that season in Berlin, and Madame Catalani and Mdlle. Schechner shared the glory of the day with Sontag. The King of Prussia engaged her for his chapel at a yearly salary of 20,000 francs, about £840.

Early in 1828 she was again in Paris, at the same time with Malibran, who had reigned the preceding season. Mdlle. Sontag appeared as a novelty in *La Cenerentola;* but the music of this opera suffered very much from being transposed for a soprano voice. The Parisian public, which always had a penchant for fomenting musical rivalries and jealousies, put in direct opposition the cool, placid German, and the ardent, passionate Spaniard; yet, excepting that they both could sing, there was very little in common between the two: however, the war waged long and hotly, occasioning ill feeling and discord.

Mdlle. Sontag appeared in London at the King's Theatre, April 16, as Rosina in Rossini's *Il Barbiere*, a character which affords every opportunity for the display of lightness and gayety; and of all modern operas, it is the best adapted to her style. Since Mrs. Billington, never had such high promise been made, or so much expectation excited: her talents had been exaggerated by report, and her beauty and charms extolled as matchless; she was declared to possess all the qualities of every singer in perfection, and as an actress to be the very personification of grace and power. Stories of the romantic attachments of foreign princes and English lords were afloat in all directions: she was going to be married to a personage of the loftiest rank—to a German prince—to an embassador; she was pursued by the ardent love of men of fashion. Among other stories in circulation was one of a duel between two imaginary rival candidates for a ticket of admission to her performance; but the most affecting and trustworthy story was that of an early attachment between the beautiful Henrietta and a young student of good family, which was broken off in consequence of his passion for gambling.

Mdlle. Sontag, before she appeared at the Opera, sang at the houses of Prince Esterhazy and the Duke of Devonshire.

An immense crowd assembled in front of the theatre on the evening of her début at the Opera. The crush was dreadful; and when at length the half-stifled crowd managed to find seats, "shoes were held up in all directions to be owned." The audience waited in breathless suspense for the rising of the curtain; and when the fair cantatrice appeared, the excited throng could scarcely realize that the simple English-looking girl before them was the celebrated Sontag. On recovering from their astonishment, they applauded her warmly, and her lightness, brilliancy, volubility, and graceful manner made her at once popular. Her style was more florid than that of any other singer in Europe, not even excepting Catalani, whom she excelled in fluency, though not in volume; and it was decided that she resembled Fodor more than any other singer——which was natural, as she had in early life imitated that cantatrice. Her taste was so cultivated that the redundancy of ornament, especially the obligato passages which the part of Rosina presents, never, in her hands, appeared overcharged; and she sang the cavatina "Una voce poco fà" in a style as new as it was exquisitely tasteful. "Two passages, introduced by her in this air, executed in a *staccato* manner, could not have been surpassed in perfection by the spirited bow of the finest violin-player." In the lesson-scene she gave Rode's variations, and her execution of the second variation in arpeggios was pronounced infinitely superior to Catalani's.

Mdlle. Sontag appeared successively in the *Cenerentola*, *La Gazza Ladra*, as Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, and as Elena in *La Donna del Lago*, in which she achieved a new success. The part of Elena abounds in opportunities for the display of vocalization, and the tranquil situations do not demand energy or dramatic power. She also performed Palmide in *Il Crociato* for Velluti's benefit.

At first the cognoscenti were haunted by a fear that Sontag would permit herself to degenerate, like Catalani, into a mere imitator of instrumental performers, and endeavor to astonish instead of pleasing the public by executing such things as Rode's variations. But it was soon observed that, while indulging in almost unlimited luxuriance of embellishment in singing Rossini's music, she showed herself a good musician, and never fell into the fault common with florid singers, of introducing ornaments at variance with the spirit of the air or

the harmony of the accomplishments. In singing the music of Mozart or Weber, she paid the utmost deference to the text, restraining the exuberance of her fancy, and confining herself within the limits set by the composer. Her success was tested by a most substantial proof of her popularity—her benefit produced the enormous sum of £3000.

Mdlle. Sontag was engaged by Laurent at the Théâtre Italien at a salary of 50,000 francs per annum, and a congé of three months in the year. She reappeared as Desdemona, but the part was not suited to her. She, however, turned her attention seriously toward the study of sentiment and passion, and the manner in which she afterward performed the part of Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, of Semiramide, and many other tragic characters, showed that she had to a certain extent inspiration as well as taste and grace.

The rivalry between Malibran and Sontag now broke out afresh with redoubled vehemence, and reached such a height that they would not even meet in the same salon; the partisans of each, as it always happens, contributed to give to this rivalry an aspect of vindictiveness, and on the stage, when they sang in the same opera, their jealousy was scarcely disguised. An Italian gentleman, the firmest item of whose musical creed was that none but Italians could sing, refused to admit that Sontag (whom he had never heard) could by any possibility be equal to the singers of Italy. With great difficulty he was induced to hear her; when, listening for five minutes, he suddenly quitted his seat. "Do stay," urged his friend. "You will be convinced presently." "I know it," replied the Italian, "and therefore I go."

One evening, at the termination of the opera, the rival singers were called for, and a number of wreaths and bouquets were flung on the stage. One of the coronals fell at the feet of Malibran, who, considering it was meant for her, stooped and picked it up; when a stern voice from the pit cried out, "Rendez-la: ce n'est pas pour vous!" "I would not deprive Mdlle. Sontag of the coronal," answered Malibran, somewhat scornfully; "I would sooner bestow one on her."

There also commenced between Sontag and Madame Pisaroni one of those vindictive contests of which musical history has so many instances, though no two vocalists could possibly be more different in voice and style as well as in person.

Having performed during 1827 almost exclusively in Berlin, Mdlle. Sontag appeared again in London in May, 1828, as Angelina, in Rossini's *Cenerentola.* She was charming, as she always was, her execution was brilliant as ever, and she looked unusually lovely in her splendid costume in the last scene. She also appeared in *Il Barbiere*, and as Semiramide for Madame Pisaroni's benefit; but there was a want of majesty and royal dignity in her deportment as the Assyrian Queen which detracted greatly from her performance.

Malibran was performing at the same time on alternate nights, and a reconciliation had taken place between the two rival artistes; this had been brought about, but not without much trouble, by M. Fétis, who was then in London. His benevolent purpose was aided by an unexpected circumstance. They had both promised to sing at a concert, to be given at the house of Lord Saltoun, for the benefit of Mr. Ella.* Fétis, who was engaged to accompany the two singers, proposed to them to sing together the duo of Semiramide and Arsace. They agreed, and for the first time their voices were heard in combination; each strove to surpass the other, and the effect of the fusion of the two voices, so different in tone, character, and expression, was so fine, that a complete triumph sealed their reconciliation. In consequence of this, Laporte brought forward operas in which they could play together. They first appeared in *Semiramide*, and then in *Don Giovanni*, when Malibran took the part of Zerlina. Malibran's Zerlina was original and sprightly; and Sontag, who had already performed the arduous part of Donna Anna in London, executed it in a most brilliant manner, delightful to the ear, if not so satisfactory to the judgment. They also appeared together in the *Nozze di Figaro*, on the occasion of Malibran's benefit. Mdlle. Sontag, as the Countess, performed with appropriate dignity, and the celebrated letter duet between the Countess and Susanna was sung by them in a style which was not to be surpassed. Sontag also appeared with her rival in the second act of *Romeo e Giulietta*, but the part of Giulietta was not suited to her.

Her sister Nina appeared at Mdlle. Sontag's benefit in the *Zauberflöte.* The sisters bore a strong resemblance, both in

* Now the director of the "Musical Union."

person and in voice, but as a performer Nina was very inferior to Henrietta.

On the 29th of January, 1829, she made her reappearance at the Théâtre Italien as Rosina; she also performed during the summer in London, with Malibran. Her most remarkable performance was Carolina in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, which she gave with great feeling and occasional comic humor; she also performed Desdemona several times. She reappeared in Paris, September 16, in *Semiramide*, Madame Pisaroni being the Arsace; and in October in *Matilda di Shabran*.

Mdlle. Sontag had now been for more than a year married to the Count Rossi, but the union was preserved a secret for a long time, his family not chosing to recognize a singer, and one who could not boast of descent from nobility. Count Rossi was a native of Corsica, a relative of Bonaparte by the Romalino family, and his sister was married to the Prince de Salm. The secrecy of Henrietta's marriage was unfortunate, and calumny for the first time assailed her, until at last the fact of her marriage transpired, when she determined to undertake an art tour through Europe and then retire. She had been ennobled by the King of Prussia under the title of Mdlle. de Lauenstein.

She made her adieux to the Parisian public in January, 1830, and, returning to Berlin, she there closed the first portion of her dramatic career, May the 19th, by the performance of the *Semiramide* of Rossini. The enthusiasm of the public was not to be described. From the Prussian capital she went to Russia, singing at St. Petersburg, Moscow, and Warsaw with incredible success.

On arriving at Hamburg, on her return from Russia, she was received with every mark of distinction by the principal inhabitants of that city, and by the hereditary Prince of Mecklenburg, who happened to be on a visit there with his princess. She received an invitation from the citizens of Bremen, who offered carte blanche as to terms; but, gratefully declining the offer, she stated decisively her resolve to retire altogether from public life. At a supper given in compliment to her by a distinguished English merchant at Hamburg, she announced herself for the first time as the Countess Rossi. At Hamburg she sang for the last time in public, but only at concerts, in which she showed that her powers, far from having

declined, had gained in compass, in execution, and, above all, in expression.

The Countess Rossi lived first at the Hague, then for a short time at Frankfort-on-the-Maine. In 1835 she was at the latter place, where, as a matter of etiquette, she took precedence of all the ladies of the corps diplomatique, her husband being minister plenipotentiary to the Germanic Diet.

In 1838 Madame Rossi paid a visit to Berlin, where she had the honor of dining with the royal family, and after the repast she joined in several ducts and concerted pieces with the princes and princesses.

She devoted herself on her retirement from the stage to the study of composition. At Vienna, and at the houses of Prince Esterhazy and Prince Metternich, in 1841, she executed a cantata entitled *Il Naufragio Fortunato*, for a soprano voice and chorus, of which she wrote a portion during a sojourn in Hungary. This work was received with the greatest enthusiasm by a brilliant and numerous company, and Madame Rossi received from the empress an autograph letter, begging of her to sing her cantata in the concert which her imperial majesty was about to give in her apartments, to which were invited the imperial family and all the court.

The political storm which swept over Europe in 1848 reduced the family of Count Rossi to ruin, and when the revolution broke out at Berlin Madame Rossi's fortune was lost. With a real nobility of soul the countess firmly breasted the storm: she announced her intention of reappearing once more on the stage, and accepted an offer of £17,000 from Mr. Lumley, of Her Majesty's Theatre. On the 7th of July, 1849, she made her appearance in *Linda di Chamouni*, as "Madame Sontag." Her reception was cordial and enthusiastic, and the most eager interest was evinced in this fresh début. Her voice had suffered little during a repose of seventeen or eighteen years, and still possessed its "exquisite purity and *spirituelle* quality," which rendered it a luxury to hear her. If her lower notes had lost a little of their fullness and freedom, the upper tones still retained their roundness and beauty, and her execution had lost nothing of that marvelous flexibility which was its characteristic. She still possessed "the finish, the charm, the placid and serene expression" which had formerly pre-eminently distinguished her; and always a thorough

and conscientious artist, she still remained so, although she found herself in presence of a new public, who had become accustomed to a different style of singing.

All her former companions had long vanished from the scene. The brilliant Malibran had been dead for thirteen years; Madame Pisaroni had disappeared for the same length of time; and the "stars" who now shone on the musical world had not appeared when Henrietta Sontag left the stage in 1830. Giulia Grisi, Clara Novello, Pauline Viardot, Fanny Persiani, Jenny Lind, Marietta Alboni, Nantier Didier, Sophie Cruvelli, Catharine Hayes, Louisa Pyne, Duprez, Mario, Ronconi, Tagliafico, Gardoni—this brilliant galaxy of musical genius had arisen since the day she announced herself as the Countess Rossi; and Bellini, Donizetti, and Meyerbeer had written their best operas since that day.

Lablache—the good-hearted, kind, joyous, dear old comrade of earlier days—was perhaps the only familiar friend she recognized on returning to Her Majesty's Theatre. Even the King's Theatre had been metamorphosed.

Madame Sontag appeared in her favorite character of Rosina, with Lablache and Gardoni; she also performed Amina and Desdemona. Had it not been that the attention of the public was absorbed by "the Swedish Nightingale" and the "glorious Alboni," Madame Sontag would have renewed the triumphs of 1828. The next season she sang again at Her Majesty's as Norina, Elvira (*I Puritani*), Zerlina, and Maria (in *La Figlia del Reggimento*), characters which she performed for the first time. The chief novelty was *La Tempestà*, written by Scribe and composed by Halévy expressly for Her Majesty's Theatre, the drama having been translated into Italian from the French original. It was got up with extraordinary splendor, and had a considerable run. Madame Sontag sang charmingly in the character of Miranda; but the greatest effect was created by Lablache's magnificent impersonation of Caliban: no small share of the success of the piece was due to the famous danseuse Carlotta Grisi, who seemed to take the most appropriate part ever designed for ballerina when she undertook to represent Ariel. With the exception of Carlotta, all have passed away like a dream—Halévy, Scribe, Lablache, Henrietta Sontag.

When, at the close of 1850, the Théâtre Italien of Paris

opened under the management of Mr. Lumley, Madame Sontag, as the prima donna, was welcomed with a new ovation. Respect, admiration, and deferential sympathy animated the audience. "Even amid the loud applause with which the crowd greeted her reappearance on the stage," says a French writer, "it was easy to distinguish the respect which was entertained for the virtuous lady, the devoted wife and mother."

In 1851 Madame Sontag was again at Her Majesty's Theatre. She was next heard in Vienna and Berlin. In 1852 she accepted an offer to go to America. She appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre for a limited number of nights previous to her departure.

On her arrival at New York, September 19, she commenced a series of concerts at the Metropolitan Hall, with Salvi and Signora Blangini. From New York she went to Boston and Philadelphia. Her course was a triumphant one, and she became one of the greatest favorites that had ever visited the New World. A portion of the capital realized by her entertainments was devoted by her to the purchase of a chateau and domain in Germany. In New Orleans, in 1854, she entered into an engagement with M. Masson, director of the principal theatre in the city of Mexico, to sing in opera for a fixed period of two months, with the privilege on his part of continuing the arrangement for three months longer, at a salary of $7000. Madame Sontag dispatched her agent, Mr. Ullman, to Europe, to secure a company, and he had nearly concluded his mission, when news arrived from America that she had died in Mexico on the 17th of June, of an attack of cholera.

Her funeral took place on the 19th of June, in presence of an immense concourse of people, including the corps diplomatique. The funeral service was celebrated with great grandeur: the instrumental performers included the orchestras of the two Italian theatres; the nuns of San Francisco sang the canticles; the German Philharmonic Society intoned a prayer to the Virgin, and sang a chorus of Lindpaintner's "Ne m'oubliez pas;" and M. Pantaléon Tovar declaimed a composition in beautiful Spanish verse to the memory of the departed. It was nine o'clock in the evening before the ceremony was concluded.

The remains of the deceased lady were transported to Germany, to be buried in the Abbey of Marienstern, in Lausitz. Her husband had quitted Mexico immediately after her death, leaving the body of his wife to be sent to the port by a carrier, with other parcels.

CHAPTER XXV.

JULIE DORUS GRAS.

The chef-d'orchestre of the Valenciennes Theatre, at the beginning of the present century, was a Monsieur Dorus, who had been a soldier, and served his country on the field of battle, but had wisely turned his musical talents to account. He had two children, a boy and a girl, whom he resolved to bring up in his favorite profession.

The girl, Julie (born about 1808), had a clear, brilliant, though somewhat hard voice, and being smart and clever, she so quickly profited by the lessons imparted by her father, that ere she had entered her teens she sang at a concert. The municipality of Valenciennes, perceiving the undoubted gifts of this little vocalist, adopted her, and sent her to the Conservatoire de Paris, with an allowance of 1500 francs per annum for three years. She entered as a pupil in December, 1821, and in a year after she sent, as a token of gratitude to her native city, the coronal which she had received from the hands of Cherubini in the singing class of Henri and Blangini. Paer and Bordogni were her next masters, to whom the maturing of her talents and the finish of her style are due.

On leaving the Conservatoire, Mdlle. Dorus was heard at various concerts in Paris, and she then began to travel in the provinces, giving concerts. Her fresh melodious voice, in the management of which she was already skillful, gradually obtained singular neatness and fluency of execution. Her first appearance on the stage was at the Theatre Royal in Brussels, where she met with such complete success that she attracted the notice of Count Lidelkerke, on whose behalf she was offered terms for an engagement at the opera. These she accepted, and for six months she studied lyric declamation with M. Cassel, an artiste of the Theatre Royal. She then made her début in opera and gained much applause.

It will be recollected with what fury the Revolution of September, 1830, flashed on Brussels at a representation of the

French opera *La Muette di Portici*. This uproar terrified Mdlle. Dorus, who performed Elvira, and she fled to Valenciennes. However, she did not forget her kind friends, and expressed her feelings of gratitude by giving a concert for the benefit of the victims of the outbreak.

She next obtained an engagement from the directors of the Académie of Paris, and on the 19th of November, 1830, she made her début in *Le Comte Ory*, when she was received with marked favor. Her person and her voice were equally agreeable. She was of middle stature, light and graceful in form, and exceedingly pretty, with blue eyes and blonde hair. Her voice was thoroughly French, possessing at once all the beauties and all the defects of the school to which she belonged. Its compass was two octaves, from D to D, but the tone was weak in the lower notes; in the high notes, on the contrary, her voice gained volume, penetrating power, and extraordinary brilliancy. "She shines above all in fioriture and the ornaments of vocalization," says Escudier. "Passages the most eccentric, caprices the most varied, roulades the most daring, offered no obstacle to the marvelous facility of her throat. Mdlle. Dorus is remarkable also for the brilliancy and the vigor of her singing. Her voice, of perfect intonation, seizes each note with certainty and a surprising firmness." The highest notes seemed to escape her with as much ease as an ordinary breath; not a sign denoted that the effort cost her a moment's thought, and her singing pleased the eye as much as the ear. It was afterward laughingly said in Parisian circles that "when once she touches a high note, her audience may lounge into a neighboring café, eat an ice, and yet be back before she has changed it." Grisi herself could hardly dwell so long on a note. If Mdlle. Dorus could have combined a little more charm and softness with her brilliancy, she would have been perfect.

She had many beauties, but also many defects. She often regarded with indifference the words of her song — a grave fault for a singer endowed with a musical feeling so delicate. She was also too apt to consider the melody as a theme whereon she was at liberty to heap a redundance of variations. In flexibility she was surpassed by few singers: she could execute the most difficult passages with extraordinary fluency and rapidity; but for purity of tone and volume, her organ,

like most singers of the French school, was throaty, and wanting in the dulcet sweetness of the Italian vocalists. While singing with the ease of a bird, she had a disagreeable habit of forcing up the notes.

She was an admirable musician — one of the best that had appeared on the French stage for years: as an actress she was composed, but inert and indifferent. The impossibility of her attaining tragic or impassioned dignity was owing, perhaps, to her want of physical strength; for she had an ideal of passion in her mind, though she was incapable of embodying it; she was not able even to look a tragic part. There was no deficiency of genuine feeling, but she always appeared to experience an insuperable difficulty in arousing, and, when aroused, exerting with sustained energy, all her powers: an aspect of languor and exhaustion clouded her countenance while on the stage. In light and coquettish characters, where there was not much action required, she was sometimes arch and captivating. Her most advantageous characters were Elvira in *La Muette*, and Mathilde in *Guillaume Tell*. When off the stage, her manner was graceful, unobtrusive, and amiable, if not specially intellectual: the very tones of her voice in conversation spoke of a kind and gentle nature.

At the opening of the Académie in June, 1831, Mdlle. Dorus obtained her first chance of appearing in a prominent part. She was unexpectedly called on to replace Madame Damoreau, who was suddenly taken ill. The piece was *Guillaume Tell*, and Mdlle. Dorus willingly undertook the character of Mathilde. The same month, Auber's *Le Philtre* was ready, but Madame Damoreau was not, and Mdlle. Dorus took the part of Thérèsine. She performed this admirably, with much esprit and coquettish grace, and showed that she had no need of the indulgence claimed for her. The talent of Mdlle. Dorus, it was observed, acquired each day new force.

In 1831 the Opéra came into the hands of Dr. Véron, renowned for his literary, musical, and medical tastes. He determined to make his operatic reign an era in the annals of music, and by a combination of good fortune and good judgment he certainly succeeded. The prima donnas were Mdlle. Dorus and Madame Damoreau; the male singers, Taglioni and the Elsslers.

Meyerbeer commenced his *Robert le Diable* in 1828, but,

interrupted by his frequent journeys, the opera was not completed before the month of July, 1830. Written for the Académie, this work was disposed of by the composer to the administration, when the Revolution put to flight all ideas of music and harmony. Toward the end of the following year, however, *Robert le Diable* was put in rehearsal. Meyerbeer, an ardent lover of his art, was in a state of feverish agitation, and the critics did their best to extinguish the courage of the composer. At the last general rehearsal there was the usual number of loungers, who indulged in sneers, suppressed laughter, shrugs, sarcasms, and evil prognostications, which circulated on the stage, and in the lobbies and boxes: it was said that the piece would not survive ten representations.

At the rehearsal of his operas Meyerbeer was always timid and nervous, and in his overanxiety he consulted every body —the machinist, the prompter, even the very carpenters. One may fancy the unhappy composer, with his small, slight figure, and dark Jewish countenance, his pensive air and his sparkling eyes, in the midst of his tormentors, a prey to misgivings and apprehensions, and almost to despair. Dr. Véron, however, was confident of the success of the new piece, and although assailed on all sides by spiteful speeches, he strolled hither and thither, listening with smiling serenity to the detractors.

Dr. Véron met Fétis on the stage, and the critic did not conceal his forebodings as to the fate of *Robert le Diable.* "Do not be uneasy," blandly replied the rubicund doctor; "I have listened attentively, and am satisfied that I am not deceived. In this work the great qualities immeasurably transcend its imperfections. The situations are striking, the expression is powerful; the impression can not fail to be instantaneous and profound. It will make the tour of the world."

Every body belonging to the theatre exerted themselves to the utmost to insure the success of the opera. The *mise en scène* was rich and splendid; the orchestra was admirable; the costumes were superb, and the last scene was dazzling. At first the critics endeavored to contravene the opinion of the public, but they were obliged to yield and join in the pæans of laudation; "for nobody," as M. Fétis judiciously remarks, "can resist the whole world." Then they came to admit that it was the finest opera, except *Guillaume Tell*, that

had been produced at the Académie for years. It certainly made the fortune of the establishment; it placed Meyerbeer, at one bound, on the summit of glory, and it made Julie Dorus a celebrity.

Adolphe Nourrit was an admirable Robert: his voice, his handsome figure, his style of acting, exactly suited the character. His voice had not originally been either light or flexible, but he had resolutely set himself, with the aid of Garcia, to the task of subduing it to his control; and although he did not attain the brilliant fluency or the passionate intensity of Rubini, he could execute rapid passages in a satisfactory manner, while any defects in his vocalization were amply atoned for by his charming method of phrasing, and his exquisite falsetto. He had great tact and discretion in the conception of a character and the expression of dramatic emotion; he seized the most delicate phases of character with quick intelligence, and gave them such an aspect of dramatic truth that it seemed as if the parts he created could not be represented in any other manner. The music of Meyerbeer offered the severest trial to which a singer could be subjected. "Completely different from the Rossinian system, so favorable to the voice, it was a return toward the declaimed opera," observed Fétis, "but in proportions so massive and with an instrumentation so formidable that success must inflict on individual vocalists serious injury and deterioration." Fortunately Nourrit, by an adroit use of his falsetto, managed to escape with less detriment to his vocal organ than he might have suffered had he constantly employed his chest-voice. Levasseur was a veritable basso, and with Nourrit, Madame Damoreau, and Mdlle. Dorus, completed a group of singers of which France had just reason to be proud.

As Alice, Mdlle. Dorus created the most powerful sensation; it was pronounced to be one of the most exquisite performances ever seen. It was truly "angelic," said Meyerbeer himself, who was hard to please in the matter of *prime donne.* Every one who performed the character after — even Jenny Lind and Pauline Viardot — adopted the model presented by the charming Julie Dorus; and the traditions of her acting and singing in this part have become classical.

Rossini, it was said, was unable to pardon the success of *Robert le Diable;* and his vexation was redoubled on finding

that his *Guillaume Tell*, *Mosè*, and *Siege of Corinth* were now only fragmentarily performed. Dr. Véron, to propitiate the Italian maestro, proposed to him to compose *Gustave*, with Scribe for his collaborateur; but Rossini shrugged his shoulders, and, with a sardonic smile, replied, "I will return to Italy, and will come back when the Sabbath of the Jews is over."

Meyerbeer, it should be remembered, entertained the most profound respect and admiration for Rossini, and was passionately delighted with his operas.

Hérold had, in 1832, just produced his opera *Le Pré aux Clercs;* but the composer was on his death-bed, and lived only to witness the success of his final opera, which soothed his last moments. Madame Casimir being unexpectedly taken ill after the first representation, the theatre was closed. Hérold sent to Mdlle. Dorus, and begged her, with tears, to undertake the part of the heroine, and Dr. Véron consented to lend the services of the accomplished artiste; she worked with ardor for three or four days, and on the 21st of December, 1832, gained a new triumph in the part of Isabelle, which she played for twelve nights consecutively.

Mdlle. Dorus continued her studies with conscientious perseverance, and gradually rendered herself worthy of taking the place of Madame Damoreau. The libretto of *Gustave*, rejected so disdainfully by Rossini, was accepted by Auber, whose genius, light, spirituel, sparkling, was overpowered by it. "The poet kills the music," says a sprightly French writer, "and the ballet kills the opera." The fifth act arrives, and, disembarrassed of Gustave and of M. Scribe, the musician becomes lively. *Gustave* was produced February 27, 1833, with the following cast — Nourrit as Gustave, Levasseur as Ankerstroëm, Mdlle. Falcon as the Countess Amélie, and Mdlle. Dorus as the Page. But the audience dozed through four acts to awake with delight at the fifth; thanks to which, and its gorgeous masquerade, *Gustave* was popular for some time; but the four preliminary acts soon disappeared, and the fifth alone survived.

This year Mdlle. Dorus married M. Gras, first violin of the orchestra at the Opéra, where her brother, M. Dorus, an exquisite flute-player, held an eminent position.

After *Robert*, the next great triumph for Madame Dorus

Gras, and for Mdlle. Falcon, the new operatic star at the Académie, was *La Juive*. The great character of Rachel was given to Mdlle. Falcon, and Madame Dorus Gras had the part of Euxodie. Nourrit and Levasseur were the leading male vocalists. All Paris thronged to admire the resplendent scenery and the glittering armor, and applauded vociferously.

At a performance of *Robert le Diable*, Rossini, who was in a box with Meyerbeer, was so pleased with some particular morceau, that he said to his illustrious confrère, "If you write any thing better than this, I will undertake to dance upon my head." "You had better, then, commence practicing," responded Meyerbeer, gravely, "as I have just finished the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*."

M. Véron, knowing the dilatory habits of Meyerbeer, or rather his habit of taking an immense time to elaborate his composition, made an agreement with the composer, by which the maestro engaged to deliver the score of *Les Huguenots* by a fixed day. The day arrived, and the opera was placed in rehearsal; but Madame Meyerbeer having been ordered to Italy on account of her health, her husband determined on accompanying her. He demanded from the Opéra a delay of six months, which was refused; whereupon he took up his score and put it in his pocket. "I and my opera," he said, "are one. I depart; my opera goes with me." And he paid the forfeit of 30,000 francs rather than permit *Les Huguenots* to be rehearsed without his personal superintendence. But he could not forgive the exaction of the forfeit, and he never pardoned M. Véron. He refused to let him have *Les Huguenots* on any terms, and subsequently offered it to M. Duponchel, who succeeded M. Véron in the management, and generously volunteered to repay Meyerbeer the 30,000 francs; but the composer would accept only 20,000.

The success of *Les Huguenots* was neither so brilliant nor immediate as that of its predecessor. At first the public were unable to rightly appreciate the merits of *Les Huguenots*, and by the critics it was placed below *Robert le Diable*. The enthusiasm was shared between Nourrit (Raoul), Falcon (Valentine), and Dorus Gras (Marguerite). It created a great sensation, however.

During the summer, Madame Dorus Gras, with Nourrit and some other performers, accepted an engagement at the theatre

of Lille. She then visited the principal towns of the north of France, and Brussels. In 1836 she was at Toulouse, when the workmen gave her a serenade, surprisingly well performed.

M. Duponchel did not sleep in the midst of his present prosperity. Dreading lest a cold or other indisposition should incapacitate the first tenor, Nourrit, he sought every where, in vain, for another, until one day, on the quay at Rouen, he heard a handsome young cooper, one Poultier, who was singing with all the force of his lungs. Struck with his fine tenor voice, Duponchel brought this young man to Paris, instructed him, and engaged him at a salary of 1000 francs a month. But Poultier, though he sang very well, was not a substitute for Nourrit, and M. Duponchel had to resume his pursuit of a tenor. At last he heard of Louis Gilbert Duprez, and wrote to him, and in the November following Duprez arrived in Paris.

A day was fixed when the young tenor was to sing before a kind of musical jury, consisting of Messrs. Duponchel, Halévy, and Ruolz: the latter, at Naples, had written *Lara* for him. Duprez sang, and the future hero of a succession of operatic triumphs was revealed. He was accordingly engaged, Duponchel going through the form of consulting Nourrit on the subject. From that time Duprez's brilliant career began; but the result was fatal to the unfortunate Nourrit. Concealing his grief and mortification at being thus eclipsed and set aside, he left Paris and went to Italy. His melancholy gradually rose to despair and insanity; and at length, after having appeared at Naples, he committed suicide by throwing himself from the window of his room. Duprez, on the other hand, rose at once to the height of Parisian favor. *Guillaume Tell* was revived for his début, Madame Dorus Gras taking the part originally written for Madame Damoreau; and never, it was remarked, had the superb duet in the second act produced such an effect as when sang by Dorus Gras and Duprez.

Halévy's *Guido e Ginevra* was brought forward March 3, 1838, and Mdlle. Falcon was to have been the leading personage in that opera; but she had lost her voice, and was on her way to Italy, so Madame Dorus Gras had to take the part. She could hardly have found one less adapted to her powers than Ginevra, for passionate characters were not suited either to her talent or her person. *Guido e Ginevra* was not received with an ovation, in spite of the singing of Duprez.

In May, 1839, Madame Dorus Gras, accompanied by her brother, appeared in London, at the Philharmonic and other first-class concerts, with Tamburini, Mario, Madame Albertazzi, etc.

During the summer Madame Dorus Gras appeared again in London, singing at concerts. At the close of the fashionable musical season she undertook a series of concerts around England with Tamburini, Brizzi, M. Laveviere the harpist, and her brother, commencing at York, and finishing, September 6, at Gloucester. In 1842 she received pressing invitations to come to London, which the state of her health compelled her to refuse. From this time, however, she was in the habit of coming almost every year; and in 1844 she went to Dublin.

Modest, unassuming, and never intriguing, Madame Dorus Gras greatly disliked and dreaded the continual cabals and plottings, of which she was not only the witness, but frequently the victim, though no rival had ever been able to dethrone her; and she determined to retire from the scene of these mingled triumphs and mortifications. She gave her farewell performance at the Académie, May, 1815, singing for the last time in *Robert le Diable* and *Le Rossignol.* The farewell was brilliant; the public testified their sympathy by unbounded applause and showers of wreaths and bouquets, and the Queen of the French sent her a superb bracelet, accompanied by a flattering letter as a testimony of personal esteem.

After visiting London in 1846, Madame Dorus Gras went to Dijon, Brest, Nantes, and other places. She returned to London in the summer of 1847. In the winter of that year, M. Jullien commenced his attempt at Grand Opera at Drury Lane, and offered an engagement as prima donna to Madame Dorus Gras, with a salary of £2000. The only impediment to her accepting the offer was that she knew not a word of English; however, she set to work, and contrived to master the libretto of the *Bride of Lammermoor*, in which opera she appeared December 13th, with Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Weiss. There was great curiosity to hear this favorite of the concert-room, and at first she was much liked for her easy, graceful style and brilliant singing, in spite of the perceptible defects of her English pronunciation; but she either would not or could not learn another libretto, and was obliged to withdraw, which was one cause of the ruin of Jullien's Grand Opera scheme.

In 1849 Madame Dorus Gras appeared at the Royal Italian Opera with Mario, Massol, Tagliafico, Salvi, Mdlle. Corbari, etc. She performed in *Masaniello*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, and other modern French operas. She was much admired, though most English critics objected to her tendency to display her extraordinary vocal fluency in extravagant embellishment.

Madame Dorus Gras is at present residing in Paris.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CORNÉLIE FALCON.

Cornélie Falcon was the daughter of a Parisian tradesman, and having early evinced a taste for music, she was placed in the Conservatoire, where she received instruction from Pellegrini and Bordogni. An earnest, attentive student, she succeeded in carrying off several prizes. On leaving the Conservatoire, she sang at various concerts, where she was but little noticed. At last, through the influence of Adolphe Nourrit, she obtained an opportunity of making her début at the Académie. *Robert le Diable* was revived for the occasion, and she appeared Friday, July 20, 1832, with Nourrit and Mdlle. Dorus.

The lights, the crowd, the buzz, and the novelty of her situation at first alarmed Cornélie. Like every débutante who stepped on the boards of the Grand Opéra, the young songstress trembled as she emerged from the wings in her character of Alice, and her voice faltered; but, gathering courage, she sang her first air with success. Encouraged by this, she became more animated, and at last succeeded in fixing the attention of the audience.

Her voice was full and resonant, especially in the upper and middle notes, and was of great compass, and her intonation was good, though as yet far from perfect. Her accents were touching; for she sang, like Rubini, with *des larmes dans la voix.* Her figure was well formed, tall and slender, and she had the complexion of a Spaniard of pure blood, with black sparkling eyes; her hands were rather large, but finely shaped.

"She indeed was a person to haunt even a passing stranger," says Mr. Chorley, in his *Music and Manners.* "Though the seal of her race was upon her beauty, and it bore the expression of a Deborah or a Judith rather than of a Melpomene, I have never seen an actress who in look and gesture so well deserved the title of the Muse of Modern Tragedy. Large, dark, melancholy eyes — a form, though slight, not meagre —

and, above all, an expressiveness of tone rarely to be found in voices of her register, which was a legitimate soprano — the power of engaging interest by mere glance and step when first she presented herself, and of exciting the strongest emotions of pity, or terror, or suspense by the passion she could develop in action—such were her gifts."

The originality of her style, her fervor, her grandeur, her dignity, her impassioned energy, and the beauty of her voice, raised Cornélie Falcon at one step to a high position. "This little girl from the Conservatoire," says Jules Janin, speaking of her début, "bathed in tears men who have almost grown weary of dramatic emotions. She astonished us."

After some eleven or twelve representations, the performance of *Robert le Diable* was suspended, Mdlle. Falcon having fallen ill. Meyerbeer, who had hastened to Paris, was bitterly disappointed at being unable to see this new Alice. It was not before September that she was sufficiently recovered to resume her performances.

In Auber's *Gustave*, which was produced February 27, 1838, Mdlle. Falcon had the opportunity of creating a new character. Unfortunately, the part of the Countess Amélie, with its powder and hoops, and pretty coquetry, was not suited to the dark and mystic style of Cornélie. "Alas, Mdlle. Falcon!" cried Jules Janin; "this young creature, of such great hopes, sang without voice, without expression, without exertion, without energy, without point." She was stifled amid the mad gayety, the whirl of the dancers, the glare and splendor of the scenes. The singers in *Gustave* indeed were "nowhere;" the dancers reigned supreme.

"I believe," says Jules Janin, "that never, even at the Opéra, was seen a spectacle more grand, more rich, more curious, more magnificent, than the fifth act of *Gustave*. It is a fairy-land of beautiful women, of gauze, of velvet, of grotesqueness, of elegance, of good taste and of bad taste, of details, of learned researches, of esprit, of madness and of whimsicality — of every thing, in a word, which is suggestive of the eighteenth century. When the beautiful curtain is raised, you find yourself in an immense ballroom." The stage of the Grand Opéra, the largest in Paris, is admirably adapted for masked balls, and the side-scenes being removed, the stage was surrounded by a salon, the decorations of which corresponded with those

of the boxes. "This salle de bal is overlooked by boxes, these boxes are filled with masks, who play the part of spectators. At their feet, constantly moving, is the circling crowd, disguised in every imaginable costume, and dominoes of every conceivable hue. Harlequins of all fashions, clowns, peddlers, what shall I say? One presents the appearance of a tub, another of a guitar; his neighbor is disguised *en botte d'asperges;* that one is a mirror, this a fish; there is a bird, here is a timepiece—you can hardly imagine the infinite confusion. Peasants, marquises, princes, monks, I know not what, mingle in one rainbow-hued crowd. It is impossible to describe this endless madness, this whirl, this *bizarrerie*, on which the rays of two thousand wax tapers, in their crystal lustres, pour an inundation of mellow light. I, who am so well accustomed to spectacles like this — I, who am, unfortunately, not easily disposed to be surprised — I am yet dazzled with this radiant scene."

Cornélie Falcon took her revenge in *Don Giovanni*, which was produced about June with extraordinary magnificence. She sang with Nourrit, Levasseur, Madame Damoreau, and Mlle. Dorus. As Donna Anna she was superb, and redeemed herself so far from the failure she had made in *Gustave*, that when *Ali Baba* was brought out in July, Cherubini gave her the part of Morgiana; but here Mdlle. Falcon found herself again hampered with a character unfitted for her, and in which she had nothing to sing. Her great triumph was reserved till February 23, 1835, when *La Juive* was produced. This was the last work M. Véron put on the stage. The scenery of *La Juive* far exceeded in splendor any thing that had been brought out at the Parisian Opera. The magnificence of mediæval costume was realized in the richness, variety, and accuracy of the dresses. Mdlle. Falcon was touching in Rachel; she looked the resolved, passionate, pensive Jewish maiden, and transformed the pale sketch of M. Scribe into a beautiful finished picture. Malibran herself applauded Mdlle. Falcon in this part.

But her reputation rests mainly on her performance in *Les Huguenots*, which also combined the talents of Madame Dorus Gras, Nourrit, and Levasseur.

At rehearsal, Nourrit, a keen critic and an intelligent musician, gave Meyerbeer several valuable hints, especially in the

fourth act. He counseled the withdrawal of the Queen from the conspiracy scene, as the presence of another woman, he suggested, would weaken the interest attached to the situation of Valentine. Meyerbeer had terminated the act with the "Bénédiction des Poignards," but Nourrit proposed that this should be followed by a duet. Meyerbeer hesitated: after such a chorus, it was impossible. Nevertheless, Nourrit persisted; and Meyerbeer, vexed and uneasy, went home, and consulted M. Gouin, his landlord and factotum. Could Scribe be induced to make any more alterations? Gouin suggested another plan, to which Meyerbeer agreed. It was eleven o'clock at night, but Gouin rushed off to the Rue Lepelletier, where he discovered Emile Deschamps, the poet, absorbed in a game of dominoes. Emile obligingly left his game, dashed off a set of verses, nodded "Good-night," and returned to his friends.

Meyerbeer, on receiving the verses, flew to the piano, and composed a duo finale, and early next morning he knocked at Nourrit's door with the music in his hand. Nourrit was delighted, and threw himself into Meyerbeer's arms. Two days after the score was ready, and each musician found on his desk a new duet for Raoul and Valentine. "Then there was another scene," says M. de Mirecourt, one of the biographers of Meyerbeer; "for, after the execution of the morceau at rehearsal, frantic applause thundered from the orchestra. Habenech clambered on the stage to congratulate the maestro; Nourrit, Mdlle. Falcon, and all the musicians followed their chief, and Meyerbeer was saluted with acclamations. Never was ovation more magnificent or more spontaneous."

This fourth act of *Les Huguenots* is universally admitted to be one of the grandest successes of the composer. "Save in the two last acts," said George Sand, writing to Meyerbeer, "the character of Raoul, with all your skill, is unable to rise from the weight of commonplace insipidity with which M. Scribe has laden it. Even Nourrit's true sensibility and rare intelligence contend in vain against the sentimental and silly nonentity of the hero, who is 'a thorough victim to circumstances,' as the romance writers phrase it. But how the part rises in the fourth act; how it *tells* in the great scene, which (prudery and objection put aside) I find so pathetic, so intensely mournful, so fearful, so any thing rather than Anacre-

ontic! What a duet! What a dialogue! How has the musician wept, implored, raved, and conquered, where the author should have done it? Oh, maestro, you are a noble, truthful poet, an arch romancer!"

As Valentine, Mdlle. Falcon surpassed herself. Her beauty, her passionate intensity, the life and color which she threw into the part, elicited universal acclamations. One night, a few weeks after the production of this opera, Malibran quitted her box to embrace Mdlle. Falcon, and thank her, with deep feeling, for the pleasure she had given her in *Les Huguenots*.

March 3, 1837, *Stradella*, by Niedermeyer, was produced, Mdlle. Falcon, Nourrit, and Levasseur taking the first parts. On the first of April, Nourrit retired from the scene of his triumphs. He selected one act of Glück's *Armide*, and the three last acts of *Les Huguenots*. The farewell was a melancholy one. The house was crowded almost to suffocation, but "the audience was joyless and even sad." One of the most signal proofs of his great talent which Nourrit had ever displayed was in being able, during five hours, to control the profound emotion by which he was agitated.

Soon after this Mdlle. Falcon, who had suffered from fatigue and the exertion she had undergone for five years, found her vocal powers failing her, and one night, in *Stradella*, her voice suddenly left her: the curtain was lowered and the audience dismissed. Her vocal malady excited the most lively sympathy; perhaps the more keen, as there was no one to replace her. Every means was suggested to effect a restoration of her vocal powers, and the artiste did not lose her courage: she left her cure to time and the faculty, hoping against hope that she might yet be able to sing for some time to come. After an absence of some weeks she reappeared with Duprez in *Les Huguenots*. Her voice had never been more pure, more vibrating; the only alteration observable was that it seemed changing from a legitimate soprano to a decided contralto.

Early in 1838 she left for Italy, where her energies revived, but only for a short time. She was beloved by her comrades, and a great favorite with the public, so that when she announced her reappearance for March 14, 1839, there was great rejoicing among her partisans. She chose for her benefit the second act of *La Juive*, and the fourth of *Les Huguenots*,

and was supported by Duprez, Massol, and Madame Dorus Gras. The theatre was crowded: it was, a French writer says, like a family gathering to welcome the return of the *voix prodigue*. When the beneficiaire appeared the house rang with acclamations, but the illusion was not of long duration. Some notes, by accident, yet remained pure, but the others were either veiled, stifled, or cracked.

"At first, firm and calm, Mdlle. Falcon assisted without faltering at the spectacle of her own agony," says Charles de Boigne; "but soon the general emotion infected her, her tears gushed forth, and her despair was evidenced in convulsive sobs, which redoubled the applause still more, the last homage to a fine talent which had ceased to exist. Leaning on the shoulder of Duprez, she remained some instants absorbed in grief, but then courageously resumed her duty: as she had commenced her part, she was resolved to finish it. As Rachel she accomplished her painful task, but as Valentine she had yet to drink the bitter chalice of failure to the dregs. When she returned in the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, the music dragged painfully between the dying gasps of Valentine and the bravos arrested by the sight of so terrible a misfortune." The phrase "Nuit fatale, nuit d'alarmes, je n'ai plus d'avenir," contained an allusion to her situation so poignant that the ill-fated cantatrice was scarcely able to pronounce them.

Such a desperate, agonizing struggle of Art against Nature has seldom been witnessed. The magnificent voice of Cornélie Falcon had fled. Her beauty, her talent, her constant willingness to oblige—these qualities had endeared her to the public. "Add to these the charms of her youth, the love borne to her by all her comrades, and the loss of her voice, followed by the almost desperate efforts made by her to recover it," says Mr. Chorley, "and her disastrous final appearance when no force of will could torture destroyed nature into even a momentary resuscitation, make up one of those tragedies into which a fearful sum of wrecked hope, and despair, and anguish enters. Hers is a history, if all tales be true, too dark to be repeated, even with the honest purpose, not of pandering to an evil curiosity, but of pointing out the snares and pitfalls which lie in wait for the artiste, and of inquiring, for the sake of art as well as of humanity (the two are inseparable), if there be no protection against them, no means for their avoidance."

In 1840 the Home Minister granted to Mdlle. Falcon a pension of sixty pounds a year.

In 1841 it was said that Mdlle. Falcon, with Madame Damoreau, was among the stars who sang at St. Petersburg, and that her reception was most flattering — that she had completely recovered her beautiful voice. The rumor, however, was never confirmed. Some say that Mdlle. Falcon is at St. Petersburg, others that she resides at Paris, others again that she is no longer living.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MARIA FELICITA MALIBRAN.

Maria Felicita Malibran, the Gabrielli of modern days, was born March 24, 1808, in the Rue de Marivaux, Paris. Her father, Manuel Garcia, member of a respectable Hebrew family, was a Spaniard, and had been for many years a popular actor and singer at the Prince's Theatre, Madrid. Being ambitious, he left his native country and visited Paris, where his talent as a composer, and a teacher, and an artiste of rare ability were recognized—as Count Almaviva, Otello, above all, as Don Giovanni, he was unsurpassed. His wife, Joaquina Sitcher, had, under the name of Brionès, obtained much success in the great parts of the Spanish stage.

At the age of four years Maria accompanied her family to Italy, whither her father was going to study, and at Naples, in 1813, she played the part of the child in her friend Paer's *Agnese*, at the Théâtre des Fiorentini. Two years after, M. Panseron, with whom the family became acquainted in Naples, taught her solfeggio, and the composer Hérold, coming to this city about the same time, gave her the first lessons on the piano-forte. In 1816 Garcia quitted Italy and returned to Paris, having accepted an engagement from Madame Catalani at the Théâtre Italien; but a misunderstanding having arisen, he left Paris and came to London in the spring of 1818.

Maria was a delicate, sickly, sensitive child, and the early years of her life were sad and painful. Shortly after coming to England she was placed for education in the convent at Hammersmith, where, caressed by her teachers and elder schoolfellows, and led away by her vivacity and willful temper, she would probably have in time been completely spoiled; but her father soon removed her, that she might commence her musical education. Already Maria spoke with ease Spanish, Italian, and French; she soon became familiar with English, and afterward she learned German.

The temper of Garcia was rough, violent, and irritable, and

MADAME GARCIA MALIBRAN.

his behavior to his own family was not particularly considerate. One day, desiring to give a visitor some idea of a piece which he had recently composed, he roared out with all the strength of his lungs, "La Famiglia!" when his wife, son, and daughter immediately trooped in; then, no sooner had the composition been performed than they retired. At a performance at the Catholic Chapel in Warwick Street, the Garcia family were to sing an Offertorium composed by the patriarch, "and a fearful wailing the poor things made of it; when the father, unable to endure the noise, broke in and bore all before him with the furious roar of his voice." On another occasion he, with his wife, son, and daughter, sang some quartettes together, when poor Maria, being just in front of her father, was in a position to tempt him to accompany with a cruel blow on the face every fault she committed.

Garcia was determined that no effort should be spared to make his daughter what Nature had apparently resolved she should never be—a great vocalist; and on returning to France in November, 1819, he commenced his course of training. He was unable to comprehend how any one could be overcome by doubt, indolence, or timidity; he never could hear the words "I can not" without an expression of rage and scorn, and was resolved that his daughter should be reared in thorough contempt for "the weakness of the sex." The child, however, on her part, was intelligent, firm, and resolute, and had prodigious instincts for art, but was terribly afraid of her father. Her vocal qualifications, however, seemed very unpromising; her voice was weak, the lower notes imperfectly developed, the upper tones indifferent in quality, hard, and thin, and the middle much veiled; above all, her intonation was so doubtful that there was a reasonable apprehension of her ear being defective. Sometimes she would sing so frightfully out of tune that her father would quit the piano precipitately, and run to the farthest corner of the house, while she, distracted with fear, yet feeling within her the sparks of genius which were one day to burst into a flame, would fly after him, and, seizing him by the coat, weeping bitterly, would supplicate him to recommence.

"One evening I studied a duet with Maria," says the Countess Merlin, "in which Garcia had written a passage, and he desired her to execute it. She tried, but became discouraged,

and said, 'I can not.' In an instant the Andalusian blood of her father rose. He fixed his flashing eyes upon her: 'What did you say?' Maria looked at him, trembled, and, clasping her hands, murmured in a stifled voice, 'I will do it, papa;' and she executed the passage perfectly. She told me afterward that she could not conceive how she did it. 'Papa's glance,' added she, 'has such an influence upon me that I am sure it would make me fling myself from the roof into the street without doing myself any harm.'"

She was a passionate, wayward child, but generous and ardent; apt to fly into paroxysms of anger, but ever ready to entreat forgiveness, and atone for any injustice she might have inflicted. She was irresistibly charming, frank, bold, and original, though impulsive, obstinate, and willful. "Her proud and stubborn spirit requires a hand of iron to control it," said her father. "Maria can never become great save at the price of suffering." This was true, for she was a terrible little vixen, though her faults were all inherited from him. By the time she was fifteen, Maria's voice had greatly improved; her chest-notes had gained in depth, power, and richness, but the other parts of her organ were still crude and veiled. She left with her family for England, and made her first appearance as one of the chorus at the King's Theatre.

In 1825, when Maria was seventeen, a sudden indisposition of Madame Pasta alarmed Mr. Ayrton, the manager, and Garcia offered the services of his daughter. On the 17th of June she appeared as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and gave abundant evidence of talent. "Her extreme youth," said Lord Mount Edgecumbe, "her prettiness, her pleasing voice, and sprightly, easy action, gained her general favor." She was immediately engaged for the rest of the season, six weeks, at a salary of £500. On the 23d of July she sang the part of Felicia, in the first representation of *Il Crociato*, by Meyerbeer, which was brought forward by Velluti, the eminent male soprano, at the end of the season, and produced after one month's rehearsal. There was a foolish attempt to force Maria on the public as a prima donna when she was only a very promising débutante, and the most injudicious alterations were made for the purpose; the scena and rondo for Felicia — "Ah! ch'io l'adoro ancor" — was omitted, and a song written by Garcia substituted. This substitution was not made known till the

last rehearsal, which took place the night before the opera was produced; and on Ayrton remonstrating, Garcia asserted that the engagement of his daughter gave him the option of changing at pleasure any songs allotted to her.

If her father was ambitious and daring, Maria was so likewise. She had to sing with Velluti a duet in Zingarelli's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and in the morning they rehearsed it together, Velluti reserving his fioriture for the evening, lest the young débutante should endeavor to imitate his ornaments. In the evening he sang his solo part, embroidering it with the most florid decorations, and finishing with a new and beautiful cadenza, which astonished and charmed the audience; Maria seized the phrases, to which she imparted an additional grace, and crowned her triumph with an audacious and superb improvisation. Thunders of applause greeted her, and while trembling with excitement she felt her arm grasped by a hand of iron. "Briccona!" hissed a voice in her ear, as Velluti glared on her, gnashing his teeth with rage.

After performing in London, she appeared in the autumn with her father at the Manchester, York, and Liverpool Festivals, where she sang some of the most difficult pieces from the *Messiah* and the *Creation*. Some said that she failed, others that she sang with a degree of mingled brilliancy, delicacy, and sweetness that drew down a storm of applause. It is certain that her talents were so little appreciated by her father, and her success was so little variable, that she was almost on the point of marrying an orchestral performer of the humblest pretensions.

Garcia at this time conceived a project for establishing an Italian Opera in America, though his company was a miserable one, as he depended chiefly on himself, his wife, his son, and daughter. The first opera represented was *Il Barbiere*, on the 29th of November, 1825, in which Maria had made her début in London; this was followed by *Tancredi* and *Otello* (Maria playing Desdemona to her father's Moor), by *Il Turco in Italia*, *Don Giovanni*, *Cenerentola*, and two operas composed by Garcia—*L'Amante Astuto* and *La Figlia dell' Aria*. The inefficiency of his corps, vocal and instrumental, nearly drove Garcia to distraction; and one evening, *Don Giovanni* being the opera, he was so transported with fury at the manner in which the orchestra gave the finale to the first act, that

he rushed, sword in hand, to the foot-lights, and compelled them to recommence.

The young Maria's success was extraordinary. The New York writers were in a perfect delirium of admiration. Her fresh, lovely voice was declared to be miraculous, and her beauty bewildering, while her amazing vivacity astonished them. The public were delighted, and her popularity was greatly heightened by her execution of English songs, one of which she generally sung every evening. "The demand for these increased to such an extent, that, when performing one night in *Otello*, she was called upon by the audience to sing 'Home, sweet home,' and, with all the good-humor imaginable, she instantly complied with the request."

Shortly after her arrival, M. François Eugène Malibran, a French merchant settled at New York, solicited her hand. He was fifty, Maria was seventeen; but the poor girl was already tired of her laborious life, and still more so of her father's temper. Garcia refused his consent; but her stubborn will had been rendered more unmanageable by opposition, and poor Madame Garcia, mild and amiable, vainly strove to act as mediator. One evening *Otello* was to be performed. Maria, of course, was the Desdemona, and her father the Moor. The morning had been a stormy one between father and daughter. At the moment when Othello, his brow lowering, his eyes sparkling with rage, approached to stab Desdemona, Maria perceived that the weapon which glittered in his hand was a real dagger, which her father had bought of a Turk some few days previously. Struck with terror and almost frantic, she cried in Spanish, "Papa, papa! for the love of God do not kill me!" Her fear was groundless: the dagger of the theatre having been mislaid, Garcia substituted his own. The audience took the matter in good part, and fancied Desdemona's exclamation in Spanish was excellent Italian.

M. Malibran was magnificent in his promises. He assured her she should be independent, and vowed to Garcia that he would make him a present of a hundred thousand francs in a year or two for the loss of the services of his daughter. As he was believed to be very wealthy, Garcia yielded, and the ill-matched pair were married on the 23d of March, 1826. A few weeks later Malibran became bankrupt and a prisoner for debt: his irregularities and imprudences, perhaps his igno-

rance and incapacity, had brought him to ruin. The young bride immediately and voluntarily resigned, for the benefit of the creditors, any claims which she might have advanced on the strength of the settlements which were made, an act which was highly applauded by the American public.

Garcia was furious, and his rage almost uncontrollable; and he, being also involved in pecuniary difficulties, left the United States, going to Mexico with his wife, son, and youngest daughter, Pauline. Alone in a land of strangers, separated from all her relations, chained by the strongest fetters to a man whom she now hated — who was unable to protect her, and who selfishly looked to her musical talents as a means of supplying him with the necessaries of life — the situation of Maria was pitiable. But, endued with energy of character, Madame Malibran soon resolved on her future course. The Italian company having been disorganized on the departure of her father, she at once commenced the study of English vocal music, and made her appearance on the national stage at New York. She was successful, and each evening a considerable sum of money was sent by the manager of the theatre to M. Malibran. Weary of her hard fate, disgusted with the deceitful man who had thrown such a blight over her young life, Maria determined on separating from her husband. She had not been married to Malibran five months when she took the decided step of quitting him and returning to Europe. She arrived in Paris, September, 1826, when she took up her residence with M. Malibran's sister.

Although she was born in Paris, and had spent some years there, the solitude in which she had pursued her studies had not permitted of her forming many friendships; she therefore found herself, on her return, completely isolated; but she recollected the friend of her childhood, the Countess Merlin, and sought her out. Hapless, helpless, the young, beautiful, and gifted girl of eighteen appeared before her friend without money and nearly destitute, seeking guidance and protection. That she had brought all this on herself made her case only the more melancholy. Pity, interest, admiration, by turns assailed the heart of her kind friend, who vowed she would spare no effort to make known the genius of poor Maria; and the countess went about extolling the rare genius and misfor-

tunes of her protégée, until she succeeded in raising an excitement and obtaining for her an engagement.

Madame Malibran made her first appearance at the Grand Opéra of Paris in January, in *Semiramide*, at the benefit of Galli. For the first time in her life she trembled at the ordeal she was about to undergo. She was only nineteen, and had not heard any of the great singers during the most important part of her life; moreover, Pasta and Sontag were the great stars of the opera. Thrown entirely on her own resources, she felt that upon the result of that night her future depended. The theatre was larger than any she had ever sung in, and the company was so distinguished, the audience so fastidious and undemonstrative, that a chill struck to her heart, and it was not without a violent effort at self-control that she stepped on the stage.

The sensation she produced was indescribable. At her entrance, her youth and beauty bespoke indulgence for her, and the noble and dignified manner in which she gave the first phrase, "Fra tanti regi e popoli," thrilled through the house, and applause rang from all sides. The difficult phrase, "Frema il empio," proved "a stumbling-block which she could not surmount. Alarmed by this check," says a French critic, "she did not attempt the difficult passage in the da capo, but, dropping her voice, terminated the passage without effect, leaving her audience in doubt and dissatisfaction. On her re-entrance she was coldly received, but she soon succeeded in winning the public to her favor. In the andante to the air 'Bel raggio,' the young singer threw out such powers, and displayed a voice so full and beautiful, that the formal coldness gave way to applause. Encouraged by this, she hazarded the greatest difficulties of execution, and appeared so inspired by her success that her courage now became temerity."

Her half-veiled genius, the novelty of her fioriture, and some flashes of fine dramatic sentiment, showed what she would be when emotion no longer checked her faculties. There were defects in her singing which were only those of inexperience: she multiplied the traits of all styles without considering their relative affinities, or their appropriateness in melody or even in harmony. From that night, however, she was the idol of the Parisians. Some critical observations in the journals, the frequent opportunities she enjoyed of hearing good singers,

and, above all, her admirable genius, soon gave a better direction to her talent.

The director, who had at first been rather unwilling that she should appear, lest she should interfere with Sontag, now became pressing in his offers. She hesitated a moment between the Grand Opéra and the Italiens, then decided for the latter—wisely, for opera was at that period a very dreary affair at the Académie. Laurent engaged her at 800 francs for each night of performance, and a free benefit, and she appeared at the Italian Theatre in May, in *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, with Zuchelli, Donzelli, Pellegrini, and Mdlle. Amigo.

Her voice, like her genius, was thoroughly original, and superior to that of all other artistes of the same class. In character a contralto, it was not precisely beautiful; it had even many defects, especially in the middle tones, which were hard and unequal; to overcome the imperfection of this part of her voice, she was obliged to go through her exercises every day. Her compass extended over three octaves — from D in alt to D on the third line in the bass. In private singing her range was even greater. Her low, soft, sweet, heart-searching tones were the never-failing index of her varying sensibilities. In her choice of ornaments she had a daring which was only justified by the success which almost invariably crowned her flights of fancy. As the pupil of her father, she had adopted a style florid in the extreme; her facility, her fertility of musical inspiration and cultivation of voice, giving her advantages rarely to be found. "Her passages were not only remarkable for extent, rapidity, and complication, but were invariably marked by the most intense feeling and sentiment. Her soul appeared in every thing she did." Her extraordinary flexibility enabled her to run with ease over passages of the most difficult character. "In the tones of Malibran," says one of her English admirers, "there would at times be developed a deep and trembling pathos, that, rushing from the fountain of the heart, thrilled instantly upon a responsive chord in the bosoms of all." She was the pupil of Nature. Her acting was full of genius, passion, and tenderness. She was equally grand as Semiramide and as Arsace, and sang the music of both parts superbly. Touching, profoundly melancholy as Desdemona, she was gay and graceful in Rosina; she drew tears as Ninetta, and, throwing off the coquette, could produce roars of laughter as

Fidalma. She had never taken lessons in poses or in declamation, yet she was essentially, innately graceful.

In person Maria was a little below the medium height, and the contour of her figure was rounded to a becoming degree of embonpoint. Her carriage was always noble and dignified; her face was more expressive than handsome; her hair — the pride of a Spaniard — was black and glossy, and she wore it always simply parted in the middle, whether she appeared as queen or peasant. Her eyes were dark and expressive; her teeth white and regular; and her whole countenance, with its pensive, and, at times, melancholy aspect, had the charm of indefinable interest and captivation: the mutability of her features was extraordinary, and reflected the most varied emotion and changes of feeling. "She may not have been beautiful," remarks Mr. Chorley, in his *Recollections*, "but she was better than beautiful, in so much as a speaking Spanish human countenance by Murillo is ten times more fascinating than many a faultless angel-face such as Guido could paint. There was health of tint, with but a slight touch of the yellow rose in her complexion; great mobility of expression in her features; an honest, direct brightness of eye; a refinement in the form of her head, and the set of it on her shoulders."

Fétis often reproached her with employing means of which no one had less need to secure the suffrages of the crowd. "With the degree of elevation to which you had arrived," he would say indignantly, "you should impose your opinion on the public, not submit to theirs." She would shrug her pretty shoulders and laugh. "*Mon cher grognon*, there may, perhaps, be two or three connoisseurs in the theatre, but it is not they who give success. When I sing for you, I will sing very differently."

The Parisian public, transported with such youth, beauty, and talent, threw themselves at her feet, and Maria, feeling herself sustained by the confidence which gives success, and which success gives, often attained the sublime. She appeared as Desdemona, Rosina, and as Romeo, in Zingarelli's opera; characters as diverse as could well be imagined—two of them, moreover, among the masterpieces of Pasta. It was remarked by a French critic that "if Malibran must yield the palm to Pasta in point of acting, yet she possessed a decided superiority in respect to song." From that time the superiority of

Malibran "in respect to song" became each day more indisputable; while, with regard to acting, though no vocal performer has ever equaled Pasta in her own peculiar style of terrible grandeur, yet none has ever surpassed Malibran in grace, originality, vivacity, piquancy, spontaneity, feeling, and those "tender strokes of art" which, coming from the heart, pierce instantly to the heart of every spectator. Her versatility was wonderful: the Semiramide of this evening was tomorrow the gentle Cinderella; the lively, arch Zerlina became the sad Desdemona. A friend once asked her what was her favorite character. "The character I happen to be acting, whatever it may happen to be," she answered.

Pasta, it was justly said, might be called the Siddons of Opera, Malibran the Garrick. Wherever she sang, she animated the orchestra, director, and singers with ardor by the glow of her genius; and she would voluntarily instruct her fellow-performers. She could sing in any school, and in almost any language: Mozart and Cimarosa, Boïeldieu and Rossini, Cherubini and Bellini, she seized on all readily, and presented each in its individual character, while pouring forth the notes as the inspiration of the moment. She had a genius which invents, which reproduces, which imposes types, and which forces others not only to admire, but to imitate. Many contradictory opinions were given of her talent, but none refused to acknowledge her great gifts. Her versatility was extraordinary.

She played the piano-forte remarkably well, and, without having taken lessons in drawing, she sketched caricatures, and portraits that were striking likenesses: an amusement in which she often indulged was sketching the profiles of those on the stage while waiting her turn to go on. She could compose with rapidity and felicity romances and songs. In feminine works she excelled; and if she saw a new work, a piece of embroidery, a cap, or a design in tapestry that struck her, she instantly caught the idea, and imitated, often surpassed the model. Her theatrical costumes and her head-dresses were all invented or made by herself, and she might often be found with the needle in her hand while exercising her voice. She wrote and spoke four or five languages, and employed them at the same time, without confounding them, in a conversation with different interlocutors, though in the heat of argument her vivacity would sometimes carry her away, so that

when at a loss for a word she would take the first that presented itself. One day, in an animated discussion, a friend reproached her with using language particolored like a harlequin's suit. "True," she quickly replied, "it is particolored like harlequin, but not masked." Her memory was amazing: in four or five hours she could learn an opera in one act well enough to perform it in the evening. She read the music and words, whether in prose or verse, with as much rapidity as clearness. She rode perfectly on horseback, but, like most singers, she danced badly.

Impassioned, vehement, torn by continual excitement, it was sometimes difficult to recall this wayward creature to the commonplaces of ordinary life; but she was very ready to attend to reason, and having the instincts of goodness and justice, was eager in her anxiety to repair any errors into which she might have fallen. She listened with candor and courage to the most severe truths. She was generous, without pomp or ostentation; extravagant and lavish to others, penurious to herself alone. Brusque and original in her frankness, though her unfortunate position needed great tact, she was so ingenuous that she could not conceal her real impressions. She had a childlike simplicity of character, and a singular mixture of the most lovable and the most dangerous qualities; she was fond of toys, dolls, trifles, yet she was daring, and devoted to athletic sports and pastimes — riding, skating, swimming, and even shooting. She would often, on returning from an evening spent in going through a long and fatiguing opera, begin jumping over chairs and tables, or up and down stairs like a schoolboy, in the wildness of animal spirits. She herself said, "When I try to restrain my flow of spirits, I feel as if I should be suffocated."

Her habits were not always suited to her sex, but her manners were invariably blameless. Her wild gayety, her occasional extravagance, her custom of frequently going about in the country dressed like a boy, led to a scandalous rumor that she made an immoderate use of stimulants, whereas she never drank any thing but wine mixed with water. Sometimes, when thoroughly exhausted, she would strengthen her nervous system with a glass of Madeira, as she would have employed vinegar if it would have afforded her the same relief.

Maria was not long before she became discontented with

the hostile tutelage of M. Malibran's sister. The necessity of protection, the fear of censure, her youth, and her unfortunate position, compelled her to prolong for many weeks her sojourn with her sister-in-law; but one fine day, in a moment of irritation, she took "French leave" of her hostess, sent for a hackney-coach, packed into it her trunks, jumped in after them, and drove to the house of Madame Naldi, an old friend of the family, a woman of imperious and austere manners, where she installed herself.

To Madame Naldi she was gentle and docile. If by any little fits of ill humor she offended, she would load her with caresses, and entreat forgiveness with the *abandon* of a child. Madame Naldi saw all her letters, and took all her money, never giving her a sous except in cases of imperative necessity. "It was really touching," says the Countess de Merlin, "to see her yield to the advice, to the petty sacrifices inflicted and exacted by her friend." One day, when her fortune was at its height, Madame Malibran showed a friend a little worn Cashmere shawl. "I use this shawl in preference to any other that I have," she said. "It was the first Cashmere shawl that I ever obtained, and I have pleasure in remembering the trouble I had in coaxing Madame Naldi to permit me to buy it."

In 1828, the principal members of the operatic company at the Italiens were Malibran, Sontag, Donzelli, Zuchelli, and Graziani. Malibran appeared in *Otello*, *Matilda di Shabran*, *La Cenerentola*, and *La Gazza Ladra*. The presence of the great German singer was a stimulus, not a check to her talent; but the invidious comparisons which were raised sent many pangs of jealousy to her heart. Every time that Sontag obtained a triumph Maria wept, naïvely saying, "Why does she sing so divinely?" Yet these two exquisite voices were formed for harmony, not for discord. It does not clearly appear how their reconciliation was effected: Madame Merlin says it was at a concert at her house. A kind of plot had been laid by the amateurs, who longed to hear them together; in the middle of the concert it was proposed to them to sing the duo from *Tancredi*. For some moments they hesitated; at last they agreed, and approached the piano-forte amid the acclamations of the audience. The enthusiasm which they excited was so lively, that at the termination of the duo they looked

at each other, and, by a spontaneous movement, clasped hands, sealing their triumph with the kiss of peace.

In the midst of these ovations Madame Malibran never lost her simplicity. She was totally ignorant of household affairs: absorbed by her studies, she never had a taste for luxury, nor indulged in superfluous expenses; but if her fellow-artistes were in need, she spared no exertion in their behalf. At the house of one of her friends she often met an aged widow, poor and unhappy, and strongly desired to assist her; but the position and character of the lady required delicate management. "Madame," she said at last, "I know that your son makes very pretty verses." "Yes, madame, he sometimes amuses himself in that way. But he is so young." "No matter. Do you know that I could propose a little partnership affair? Troupenas (the music publisher) has asked me for a new set of romances. I have no words ready. If your son will give them to me, we could share the profits." Madame Malibran received the verses, and gave in exchange 600 francs. The romances were never finished.

She performed all these acts of charity with such refined delicacy, such true generosity, that the kindness was doubled. Thus, at the end of this season, a young female chorister, engaged for the opening of the King's Theatre, found herself unable to quit Paris for want of funds. Madame Malibran promised to sing at a concert which some of the leading vocalists gave for her benefit. The name of Malibran of course drew a crowd, and the room was filled; but she did not appear, and at last they were obliged to commence the concert. The entertainment was half over when she came, and approached the young girl, saying to her in a low voice, "I am a little late, my dear, but the public will lose nothing, for I will sing all the pieces announced. In addition, as I promised you all my evening, I will keep my word. I went to sing in a concert at the house of the Duc d'Orleans, where I received 300 francs. They belong to you. Take them."

The Théâtre Italien being closed during the summer months, the principal singers accepted engagements with Laporte, of the King's Theatre; Madame Malibran accepted Laporte's offer of seventy-five guineas for each representation, and left for England with Madame Naldi.

On the 21st of April she appeared at the King's Theatre in

the character of Desdemona. Donzelli was the Moor; Curioni, Rodrigo; Levasseur, Elmiro; and Madame Castelli, Emilia. Madame Malibran was received by the public with an ovation, but the critics evinced great hesitation. To Madame Pasta was due the idea of reviving this opera, and in the part of Desdemona, a part originally written for Colbran, she had made the first conquest of the Parisians. Sontag had attempted it with diffidence, being unwilling to incur the risk of comparison with Pasta, and determining her to adopt a conception entirely different from that of her predecessor. It was difficult to find a medium between the passion of the one actress and the delicate beauty of the other, so Madame Malibran gave a version of the character suited to her individual taste and powers. The critics, who persisted in comparing her with Pasta, objected to her reading.

She was very vehement and impassioned: for example, in the last scene of the first act, during the quintette "Smanio, delirio, e tremo," she flew from Elmiro to Otello, and from Otello to Rodrigo, in a kind of frantic terror. In the scene where Desdemona endeavors to appease the quarrel of Otello and Rodrigo, she was unnecessarily violent; and when endeavoring to soften the wrath of her father, she fell into a transport of despair, dragging herself on her knees over the stage, tearing her hair, and abandoning herself to uncontrollable grief. Again, in the final scene, when Otello heaps reproaches on her, she called on him to kill her, and satiate his vengeance, in a tone of rage and resolution which was thought to be inconsistent with the gentle character of Desdemona, and with the sudden terror she evinced at his murderous purpose. Her explanation was, that she felt as if she were really in the various situations.

"I remember once," says the Countess de Merlin, "a friend advised her not to make Otello pursue her so long when he was about to kill her. Her answer was, 'You are right; it is not elegant, I admit; but when once I fairly enter into my character, I never think of effects, but imagine myself actually the person I represent. I can assure you that in the last scene of Desdemona I often feel as if I were really about to be murdered, and act accordingly.' Donzelli used to be much annoyed by Madame Malibran not determining beforehand how he was to seize her; she often gave him a regular chase.

Though he was one of the best-tempered men in the world, I recollect him one evening being seriously angry. Desdemona had, according to custom, repeatedly escaped from his grasp; in pursuing her, he stumbled, and slightly wounded himself with the dagger he brandished. It was the only time I ever saw him in a passion."

She next appeared as Rosina, Bordogni being the Count, and Zuchelli, Figaro. Her graceful and lively manner, her native simplicity, and her exquisite singing, made this a delightful performance. She also appeared as Ninetta, with Bordogni, Pellegrini, and Zuchelli; and it was she who first brought into notice, by her matchless vocalization, the beautiful duo of the prison scene, hitherto generally omitted as of little interest. In July she performed Tancredi, a character never a favorite with her, for she often declared that he was an insignificant being, with whose feelings she had no sympathy. In her execution of "Di tanti palpiti," it was objected that she covered the air with too great a profusion of ornament. The music of Rossini was, it is true, already sufficiently florid, and Pasta rather diminished than added to the notes of that popular composition.

Madame Malibran performed Semiramide with Madame Pisaroni, and Zerlina to Sontag's Donna Anna. She was very arch and sprightly as the coquettish young peasant, and in the execution of the vocal part she was unapproachable. Malibran's representation of Ninetta and Zerlina gave rise to a good deal of controversy among the contemporary critics. She represented these characters as she imagined they would be in actual life—common country girls, with awkward demeanor and hoydenish manners, thus making them to a certain extent ridiculous rather than interesting. This was undoubtedly a mistake, for the characters are almost entirely ideal; moreover, simple rusticity is not necessarily awkward or vulgar; while to lessen the sympathies of the audience is to impair the dramatic effect, and make the very music they utter in such refined accents appear absurd. Ninetta, as the heroine of a deeply pathetic story, was unlike the generality of peasant wenches; Zerlina, being a true village coquette, would not naturally be either rude or boisterous. "It is by no means rare," argued one critic, "to discover, in the humblest walk of life, an inborn grace and delicacy of nature's own implanting; and

such assuredly is the model from which characters like Ninetta and Zerlina ought to be copied." This argument also holds good with regard to the character of Amina. "She mistakes an awkward sprightliness and incessant rapidity of motion," observes another writer, "for the amiable naïveté of an interesting country girl. Nothing could be more out of character than her affected clumsiness in imitating the minuet step in the ball-scene with which the first act closes. Country girls are not necessarily clumsy; they are frequently remarkable for grace when moving in their own sphere."

Madame Malibran appeared as Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro* for her own benefit, and was irresistible as the arch waiting-maid. It was impossible to choose a part affording greater opportunity of displaying her talent for lyric comedy; and, as far as the acting was concerned, her performance was the best of that kind that had been seen for years on the stage of the King's Theatre. Her vocalization was of course magnificent.

The ludicrous had a strange fascination for Malibran. She had an unaccountable fancy for throwing aside her tragic robe, and donning the most grotesque costume she could find, often declaring she would greatly prefer to play the Duenna in *Il Barbiere* to Rosina, for the sake of the ridiculous dress; and she actually did perform it in private. In pursuance of this whim, she announced her intention of performing Fidalma, in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, a part answering to the Mrs. Heidelberg of the *Clandestine Marriage*, and her acting was inimitable: her comic humor was irresistible, and proved a versatility of power rarely, if ever to be met with. She reveled in the ludicrous situations, and made Fidalma a prominent part by the drollery of her tone and manner; though when she reproached the two sisters alternately with being "un poco insolente," the feeling of mirth was suddenly converted into a burst of admiration by the brilliancy of a roulade on the word "insolente," taken from the C above the lines, and running down the entire range of her voice. Yet at the Birmingham Musical Festival, in the autumn, she sang "Holy, holy Lord," in a style more impressive, as veteran amateurs admitted, than had been heard since the days of Mara.

Madame Malibran had scarcely stepped on French ground ere she learned that her father had unexpectedly returned,

with the intention of giving some representations at the Théâtre Italien. This resolution caused much vexation to his daughter, but she did not oppose it. Garcia had lost a part of his voice; his tenor had become a baritone, and he could no longer reach the notes which had in former times been written for him. She knew how much her father's voice had become injured, and knowing equally well his intrepid courage, feared, not without reason, that he would tarnish his brilliant reputation. Garcia displayed even more than ever the great artiste. A hoarseness seized him at the moment of appearing on the stage. "This is nothing," said he: "I shall do very well;" and by sheer strength of talent and of will, he arranged the music of his part (Almaviva) to suit the condition of his voice, changing the passages, transposing them an octave lower, and taking up notes adroitly where he found his voice available; and all this instantly, with an admirable confidence.

In November, having renewed her engagement with Laurent at a salary of 800 francs for each representation, and a benefit, Madame Malibran appeared as Desdemona. Every day her talent became more resplendent, and her voice was progressing to perfection. The season was unusually brilliant, and the "management" trembled for the health of the darling of the public.

She never rested an instant, but flung herself into all the exertions and pleasures of her fevered life without calculating the possibility of her strength one day deserting her. She lavished her voice, her time, her energies whenever she was called on to amuse, never hesitating to sacrifice herself to the whim of the moment or the gratification of her friends.

Having one night promised to sing at the house of Madame Merlin, M. Laurent told her that it was impossible, as it was a benefit night at the theatre. Malibran, after essaying to induce him to alter the performance to another evening, at length observed, in a very bad humor, "It does not signify. I sing at the theatre because it is my duty, but afterward I sing at the house of Madame Merlin because it is my pleasure;" and at one o'clock in the morning, after having played Semiramide, she appeared in the countess's salon, sang there till two or three, supped, waltzed, and did not leave till daybreak.

Thus, after having passed the night at a ball, on the eve of her performance of some arduous character, she rose at twelve,

mounted her horse, started off, and did not return till six. As soon as she had dined, she was obliged to be at the theatre, where she would dress hurriedly for her part; but worn out, agitated, and rather oppressed than recruited by a hasty dinner, even her iron will could not bear her through.

One night, after one of these fatiguing days, she fainted at the moment of appearing on the stage, and was carried into her dressing-room. Twenty vinaigrettes were presented at once, and by some mischance, among the number was one containing a mixture of oil and alkali, which some eager friend held to her lips; half unconsciously she tasted it, and the next moment blisters covered her mouth. What was to be done? She could not appear on the stage, and it was too late to change the performance. The director was in despair. "Stay," said Malibran, rising, "I will arrange it;" and, taking a pair of scissors lying near, she stepped up to a glass, and without a moment's hesitation cut off the blisters which swelled her lips! The state in which she remained may be imagined. But she performed the part of Arsace to the Semiramide of Sontag, and never sang or acted better.

In January Malibran performed Tancredi for the benefit of Sontag, when for the first time coronals and bouquets were thrown on to the Italian stage in Paris. At the conclusion of the performance, she picked up the floral treasures and offered them to Sontag, "who," observes a French critic, "in her confusion, forgot that a part of these trophies belonged to the fair Tancredi." Malibran was passionately fond of flowers, and when performing Desdemona for her benefit in March, as she lay dead on the stage, watching Othello, in his mad remorse, preparing to stab himself and fall in his turn, she exclaimed in a low tone, "Take care of my flowers! do not crush my flowers!"

In 1830 Madame Malibran became acquainted with M. Charles de Beriot, a native of Belgium, and a distinguished violinist, in whom she felt an interest, as much on account of his talents as because she sympathized with him in a sentimental disappointment. He was in love with Sontag, who did not care for him, and who was, besides, engaged to the Count Rossi. She made no scruple of avowing with childlike candor the predilection she entertained for the young Belgian, and as the surveillance of Madame Naldi became troublesome,

because that austere lady combated her passion for De Beriot, she determined to break with her; she therefore took a house in the Rue de Provence, and removed thither.

Madame Malibran reappeared at the King's Theatre in April in *La Cenerentola*, the music of which afforded her an opportunity for displaying all her resources. Her vocal powers had improved to an extent which tempted her to abuse them by too great a redundancy of ornament, and her style of singing was consequently more florid than it had ever been hitherto; but the ease, the neatness, the rapidity with which she gave all her passages, and the fullness and equality of each of her notes, were not to be surpassed. She also performed in *Otello* and *Il Matrimonio Segreto*. Lablache, who made his first appearance in England in the latter opera, was magnificent as Geronimo. "He looked like a deaf man, and sang like a man possessed of a very fine ear."

Malibran became sincerely attached to Lablache, and to the very hour of her death regarded him as one of her dearest friends. Both were amiable and charitable, and they often united in doing benevolent actions. One day during this season, an Italian émigré addressed Lablache, asking help to return to his own country. The next day, when all the company were assembled for rehearsal, Lablache requested them to join in succoring their unhappy compatriot: all responded to the call, Madame Lalande and Donzelli each contributing fifty francs. Malibran gave the same as the others; but the following day, seizing the opportunity of being alone with Lablache, she desired him to add to her subscription of 50 francs 250 more: she had not liked to appear to bestow more than her friends, so she had remained silent the preceding day. Lablache hastened to seek his *protégé*, who, however, profiting by the help afforded him, had already embarked; but, not discouraged, Lablache hurried after him, and arrived just as the steamer was leaving the Thames. Entering a boat, however, he reached the vessel, went on board, and gave the money to the émigré, whose expressions of gratitude amply repaid the trouble of the kind-hearted basso. Another time Malibran aided a poor Italian who was destitute, telling him to say nothing about it. "Ah! madame," cried he, "you have saved me forever!" "Hush!" she interrupted; "do not say that; only the ALMIGHTY could do so. Pray to HIM."

At the close of the opera season, Madame Malibran sang in September and October at Bath and at Bristol, in eight concerts, at a salary of eighty guineas for each concert. She knew no rest; and the fatigues which she voluntarily imposed on herself were scarcely credible. She would fly to Calais, and sing there; then back to England, and anon be on her way to Brussels, where she would sing, and return to England again, gay and light-hearted, dancing and acting at parties for her own amusement, needlessly flinging away the strength and energy she ought to have carefully preserved. It is said, however, that she was haunted by an idea that when she ceased to enjoy existence in this manner, she should die.

Being engaged by the new directors of the Théâtre Italien, Messrs. Robert and Severini, for 1175 francs for each representation, Madame Malibran presented herself again before her Parisian admirers in November, in the character of Desdemona, when she was welcomed with such enthusiasm that her reception completely unnerved her; but in the second act she recovered herself, and sang the duet with Donzelli in the very finest style. She chose for her benefit, at the end of this season, *Otello*, and, to render the performance more attractive, she conceived the mad project of playing the rôle of the Moor. She therefore transposed the music, and produced no more effect than did Madame Pasta when she made the same essay in London. The round and delicate form of a woman suited ill the strong and masculine figure of the warlike Moor; and the swarthy complexion she was obliged to assume enlarged her features and veiled their expression, which was their greatest charm.

Hearing of his wife's success, and of the extraordinary sums she was earning, M. Malibran, who until then had been constantly assisted by her, unexpectedly came over from America. Four years of labor had enabled her to accumulate some savings, and she had therefore just reason to fear that the presence of her husband in Europe would rob her of the fruits of her talents and exertions. Her ill-assorted marriage was full of painful memories; and she prudently declined to see him, while he was equally determined to have his rights. He proposed that they should share equally the emoluments she received, an arrangement which she passionately refused to agree to. Eventually, however, through the medium of friends, and

at some pecuniary sacrifice on her part, a pacific arrangement was made; but she resolved not to resume her performances while her husband retained the power arbitrarily to seize her earnings, so she hastily retired to Brussels, where she had purchased a chateau and park. The unpleasant dispute was at last compromised.

In November Madame Malibran consented to reappear at the Italiens as Ninetta. Rubini, who had returned to Paris after an absence of six years, sang with her, and the two singers vied with each other, "till," observed a French critic, "it seemed as if talent, feeling, and enthusiasm could go no farther." Unlike Malibran, Rubini was not a finished actor. "He did not trouble himself much about any thing but the particular scena which placed him in the foreground. When this was past, he retired, without caring much for the story of the drama, or the conduct of the other performers. In the air, the duet, or the finale, in which he had an active or preponderating part, Rubini would suddenly rouse himself, and display all the energy and charm of his incomparable talent. It was in the tone and sonorousness of his organ, in the artistic management of his voice, that all Rubini's dramatic power consisted."

Madame Malibran was now, however, obliged almost immediately to discontinue her performances, as her illnesses became frequent and alarming; she therefore departed suddenly for Brussels, leaving a letter for the director, Severini, informing him of her intention not to return. He was thus reduced to the necessity of closing the theatre. The administration, however, after having devised several expedients, bethought themselves of working on Malibran's feelings through the influence of a friend. They implored M. Viardot, who possessed her entire confidence, to go to Brussels, and represent to her the disastrous consequences to the theatre of her withdrawal. M. Viardot went, and found her tranquilly prepared to run all risks that she had incurred; but when he had fully impressed on her mind the ruin she would entail on the administration, she started up, exclaiming, "You are right; I did not dream of that. I am so unhappy! Come, I will return." The next day she was on her way to Paris.

But her health was rapidly failing. Often a notice would appear some hours before the opening of the theatre that the

performance was changed in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Madame Malibran; and as on the following day she would be perfectly well, these accidents were attributed to caprice or to temper. She resented this injustice, when a kind of coolness arose between her and the Parisians, who had hitherto adored her. At last, January 8, 1832, she announced a farewell performance, and appeared as Desdemona in *Otello*. Nothing could surpass her passionate acting, or the touching accents of her voice. The audience, electrified, forgot their former dissatisfaction, and testified their appreciation with fervor; but it was too late: this was her last farewell of the Parisian public, for she felt it impossible to forgive them.

About the middle of July Lablache passed through Brussels on his way to Naples, and learning by accident that Malibran was there, he went to see her, although obliged to depart within twenty-four hours. She received him with all the joy of a sincere friend; and when Lablache told her that he was going to Italy, she declared that she would go with him. He assured her that he should be compelled to quit the city at dawn the next day, when she laughingly declared that she would be ready; and next morning she was waiting at the door of his hotel before he was awake. It was not till they were on the frontier of Italy that she recollected she had no passport, and she had to remain some days till Lablache could obtain for her permission to enter Lombardy. At Milan she sang at the soirées given by the governor, and at the house of the Duke Visconti. She did not stay at Milan, but went on to Rome, where she was engaged at the Theatre Valle. The Roman public, however, did not appreciate her merit, because she was so ill-advised as to sing French romances in the lesson scene of *Il Barbiere*, and they chose to resent this innovation.

During her sojourn at Rome Maria learned the melancholy tidings of the death of her father. She felt the deepest grief, and was ill for some days from one of those nervous attacks to which she was subject.

While at Rome she signed an engagement with Barbaja to give twelve performances at Naples at 1000 francs each representation. She appeared in *Otello*, August 6, 1832, at the Fondo, the second theatre, where she sang ten times out of the twelve for which she had been engaged. Her reception by the Neapolitans was at first so cold that she may be said to

have failed. But, with the impetuosity of their country, they speedily corrected their first mistake, and when she sang, the theatre was crowded at double prices, "notwithstanding the subscribers' privileges were on most of those occasions suspended, and although *Otello*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and operas of that description, were the only ones offered to a public long since tired even of the beauties of Rossini, and proverbial for its love of novelty."

Her great triumph, however, was on the night when she took her leave in the character of Ninetta. "Nothing can be imagined finer than the spectacle afforded by the immense theatre of San Carlo, crowded to the very ceiling, and ringing with acclamations," says a correspondent of one of the English papers at the time. "Six times after the fall of the curtain Madame Malibran was called forward to receive the reiterated plaudits and adieux of the assembled multitude, and indicate by graceful and expressive gestures the degree to which she was overpowered by fatigue and emotion. The scene did not end within the walls of the theatre; for a crowd of the most enthusiastic rushed from all parts of the house to the stage door, and as soon as her sedan came out, escorted it with loud acclamations to the Palazzo Barbaja, and renewed their salutations as the charming vocalist ascended the steps."

She sang at Rome for three nights, then returned to Naples, whence in the autumn she went to Bologna, being engaged to perform for eighteen nights for £1440! commencing on the 13th of October with *La Gazza Ladra*. At Bologna she created a furore which, till then, had been unknown in that quiet city: the Bolognese did not confine the expression of their rapture to shouts and plaudits; they had a bust of their admired songstress executed in marble and placed in the peristyle of the theatre.

In the spring of 1833 Madame Malibran came to London, being engaged to perform in English opera at Drury Lane and Covent Garden at a salary of 150 guineas for each night, and two benefits (which produced about £2000). She appeared May 1 in the *Sonnambula*, which had been transposed expressly for her. After the *Sonnambula*, she performed the part of Count Bellino in the *Devil's Bridge;* this was followed by a new opera written for her by Chelard. In the months of May and June she appeared for twenty-eight nights at the

King's Theatre, for which she received £2775. She also concluded an engagement with the Duke Visconti, of Milan, for 185 representations — 75 in the autumn and Carnival season of 1835–6, 75 in the corresponding season of 1836–7, and 35 in the autumn of 1836, at a salary of £18,000. These were the highest terms ever offered to a theatrical performer since the days of luxurious Rome.

From London the triumphant singer went to Naples, where she appeared at the San Carlo, November 14, in *Otello.* She sang with her sister-in-law, Ruiz Garcia, in a new opera by Pacini, *Irene*, which was performed November 30, and proved a total failure. She then performed Semiramide, January 19, 1834; also played in a new opera by Coccia, composed expressly for her, *La Figlia del Aria*, which did not attain the third representation. Madame Malibran had the ill fortune to have none but bad operas written for her. She performed, besides her pet character, Fidalma, in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, La Somnambula, February 3, and Norma on the 25th. In these latter parts she excited the enthusiasm of the public to the highest pitch. Her popularity was excessive. Bonnets à la Malibran, caps à la Malibran, every thing à la Malibran were the rage; all Italy, in fact, re-echoed her name with enthusiasm. On her arrival at Milan she had to struggle against a party formed by the admirers of Pasta; but, as soon as Malibran appeared as Norma, she was proclaimed "la cantante per eccelenza." She performed twenty times at Milan, and obtained an immense success. A medal, executed by the eminent sculptor Valerio Nesti, was struck in her honor.

Madame Malibran came to London for a few days only, in order to sing at a concert for the benefit of her brother Manuel. This journey was rapidly performed, and she then went to Sinigaglia, having been engaged by Azzolini to sing from July 15 to August 11, during the season of the fair. During her stay she heard a beggar-girl sing beneath the window of her hotel. Struck with the beauty of the voice, she inquired into the poor girl's history, and finding that it was real want which had driven her to sing in the streets, she placed the girl in a situation where she would receive regular musical instruction.

In August she visited Lucca, where new triumphs awaited her. She made her début in a new opera by Persiani, *Inès de Castro*, which was not successful. She also appeared in *La*

Sonnambula, and *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti*, and after her last representation, the people took the horses from her carriage, conducting her home amid an uproar of applause and delight. Returning to Milan, she performed in *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Otello*, *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti*, and the *Maria Stuarda* of Donizetti. When she sang in the last opera particularly (though the government caused its immediate withdrawal), the enthusiasm of the public was at its height; bouquets of flowers, and leaves of gold and silver, covered her when she reappeared, in answer to frantic shouts, twenty times.

She then went again to Naples. The Neapolitans adored her. On one occasion she specially flattered them: her carriage having been overturned in the morning, she sang in the evening with her arm in a sling rather than disappoint the audience. At Naples she pursued the same reckless course with regard to her health and strength as she did in all other places: a courageous horsewoman, and a daring swimmer, she alternated her exhausting pleasures with fatiguing studies. She made it a rule to practice music five or six hours a day, and she would go in the evening to parties, where she amused herself in a thousand different ways, making lively caricatures, doggerel verses, riddles, conundrums, *bouts-rimés*, dancing, joking, laughing, singing; and, withal, she attended to her professional duties with scrupulous punctuality.

On the eve of her departure, Gallo, proprietor of the Teatro Emeronnitio, came to entreat her to sing once at his establishment. He had a wife and several children, and was a very worthy man, on the verge of bankruptcy. "I will sing," answered she, "on one condition—that not a word is said about remuneration." She chose the part of Amina; the house was crammed, and the poor man was saved from ruin. A vast multitude followed her home, with an enthusiasm which amounted almost to a frenzy, and the grateful manager named his theatre the Teatro Garcia. On Ash-Wednesday, March 13, 1835, Madame Malibran bade the Neapolitans adieu—an eternal adieu. Radiant with glory, and crowned with flowers, she was conducted by the Neapolitans to the faubourgs amid the éclat of vivats and acclamations.

On arriving at Venice, her next appointment, as her gondola approached the quay fanfares of trumpets announced her arrival, and an immense crowd lined the landing-places. The

concourse was so great as she crossed the Place St. Marc that she became frightened, and took refuge in a church, which was soon filled, and it was with much difficulty that a passage could be opened to her hotel. Her powers were highly appreciated by the Venetians, whose enthusiasm amounted to delirium. If their idol paused at a shop on the Place St. Marc, the curious throng pressed round her, so that the police were obliged to interfere; and when she entered her gondola, she was pursued by a flock of other gondolas, which formed a sort of cortège. The city, at her departure, presented her with a diadem. She enjoyed these triumphs with a kind of girlish pleasure, unmixed with pride or exultation.

In March, 1835, the French tribunal granted the divorce from her husband which she had been long trying to obtain; and ten months after, when the time fixed by French law had elapsed, she married M. de Beriot, March 29, 1836, in the presence of their intimate friends. The day after her marriage she distributed 1000 francs among the poor. The Queen of the French presented her with a superb agraffe adorned with pearls. The couple went to live in Brussels, at the villa which the bride had purchased. Their son, Wilfrid de Beriot, was legalized by this marriage: they had had a daughter, which did not live.

During her sojourn at Milan she had heard of the premature death of Vincenzo Bellini, on the 23d of September, 1835, and she set on foot a subscription for a tribute to the memory of the young composer, placing her own name for 400 francs at the head of the list. On exactly the same day and month of the following year she herself breathed her last.

When she took her farewell of Milan, the Milanese, as if animated by a presentiment that the parting was forever, loaded her with marks of distinction. The people conducted her with lighted torches to the Palazzo Visconti, the gardens being brilliantly illuminated to receive her, and military music posted on the canal playing at her approach the most inspiring melodies.

During the season of 1835 Madame Malibran was engaged by Mr. Bunn to appear at Drury Lane and Covent Garden; and for twenty-six performances, at the rate of three a week, she received no less than £3463. She performed Isolina in Mr. Balfe's new opera, *The Maid of Artois*, and also appeared in

the *Sonnambula*, the *Devil's Bridge*, and in *Fidelio;* a part wherein she was by many considered to surpass even the tender and pathetic Schröder Devrient. "In her English performances," says Mr. Chorley, "her exuberance, not to say extravagance of style, served the purpose of concealing the mediocrity, and worse, of her play-fellows."

Her labors this season were frightful. She had always been remarkable for activity, but her professional efforts now excited wonder, and even alarm. She rose at five or six in the morning, and practiced in her dressing-room for several hours, at the same time inventing attitudes before the looking-glass. It was thus one day the attitude struck her which produced such an effect in *Gli Orazi*, when the news of the death of her lover is announced to the heroine. "While the rehearsals of the *Maid of Artois* were going on from day to day—and Madame Malibran's rehearsals were not so many hours of sauntering indifference — she would, immediately after they were finished, dart to one or two concerts, and perhaps conclude the day by singing at an evening party. She pursued the same course during her performance of that arduous character." She sang at concerts, at royal and noble houses, and at parties for her own amusement.

In April, 1836, just after her marriage, Madame de Beriot came to England again, and soon after her arrival went out one day with a riding-party, when, being thrown from her horse, she sustained a serious injury. From this she never recovered, having neglected to attend to herself while the hurt was fresh. Not only did she refuse to be bled, not only did she conceal the affair from her husband, whom she tenderly loved, but she actually sang the same night! She was now at the height of her marvelous talent, having never ceased to improve. Her voice, always wonderful from its extent, had acquired some additional tones in the upper register, and a prodigious facility in certain *tours de force.* She performed at Covent Garden with Templeton, Seguin, and Duruset, chiefly in *Fidelio.*

In September she came again to England. Her agonies from the effects of her fall were sometimes fearful, but she struggled with all the energy of her character, all the power of her mind, against sufferings which would have crushed another, never yielding till death seized her. She was engaged

at Manchester, where she was to sing at the Musical Festival. Immediately on arriving there, she went to the hotel where Lablache and the other vocalists were staying. She was then ill, but in a state of unnatural, feverish excitement. The kind-hearted Lablache, shocked at her wild gayety, spoke to her husband—in vain. At the rehearsals she was either crying or laughing hysterically; but she persisted in going through the rehearsals, lest the public should charge her with caprice, thus exhausting herself unnecessarily when she ought to have taken rest. The day before her first performance at the Collegiate Church, she sang no less than fourteen pieces in her room at the hotel, among her Italian friends. In vain she was cautioned—in vain did her good friend Lablache endeavor to check her insane flights.

The first morning, having been carried out in hysterics, the dying cantatrice insisted on returning and singing the air of Abraham, by Cimarosa. Her profound sadness, the penetrating accents of her voice, the dejection of her aspect, made a deep impression on the audience. In the evening she went to the theatre, and, despite her suffering, sang as usual. She attempted again to sing the next day, but fainted, and was carried home. By a powerful effort, she sang in the evening the duet of Andronico, by Mercadante, with Madame Caradori Allan.

Like the expiring flame, which is most brilliant at its last flicker, the voice of Maria Malibran was never more resplendent, never more pure or clear than in these her dying moments. The touching melancholy of her singing, her face, pale and expressive as that of a beautiful spectre, her accents inspired by a soul ready, as it were, to wing its way from earth, awakened an electric thrill of sympathy and admiration in the hearts of the audience. At the end of the duet, the assembly, entranced by such beauty, such genius, and forgetting the condition of the unfortunate vocalist, redemanded its repetition with enthusiasm. The echoes of applause struck to the heart of the dying singer. Her cheeks were flushed, she raised her head, her eyes shone with preternatural fire, and she recommenced the duet. Her voice was astounding: her soul appeared to be poured forth in each note, and a brilliant shake at the top of the voice concluded this final effort.

She was carried from the theatre to her death-bed. Faint-

ing-fits, hysterical attacks, and horrible convulsions terrified those about her. The greatest sympathy was excited in Manchester, indeed all over the country, and in Paris. Bulletins of her health were issued in all the Manchester journals, and people called constantly to make inquiries. The malady made the most rapid and irresistible progress. Her last thoughts were of De Beriot. Recovering from one of her fits of death-like stupor, she anxiously asked if he had performed well, and if the public had applauded him. She died on the 23d of September, 1836, of nervous fever, at the age of twenty-nine. She had always had a presentiment that she should die young.

The death of the gifted, beloved artiste produced a painful sensation throughout Europe. She was universally and deeply regretted, and her loss was felt almost as a public calamity. It was maliciously said at the time that she sank under the mistaken treatment of her own physician, Dr. Belluomini, who was also her intimate friend, and in whom she placed the most implicit confidence. But before he could be summoned she had been treated by some resident physicians, and had been bled. When she saw Dr. Belluomini, she exclaimed, "I am a slain woman, for they have bled me."

Magnificent obsequies were paid to her in Manchester. Her remains were at first interred in the church-yard of the cathedral there, but not long after were exhumed and transported to Brussels, her mother coming to England for that purpose. There was a dispute between De Beriot and the authorities of Manchester as to his right to remove her body.

A circular chapel was raised to her memory at Lacken by De Beriot. A statue of Madame Malibran, in the costume of Norma, sculptured in white marble by Geefs, stands in the centre, faintly illumined by a single ray of light admitted from a dome, and surrounded by masses of shadow. "It appears," says the Countess de Merlin, "like a fantastic thought—like the dream of a poet."

Her first husband, Malibran, died in Paris, November, 1836, of an attack of apoplexy.

In August, 1840, De Beriot married, at Lacken, a young German, Mdlle. Huber, daughter of a magistrate of Vienna, and who, left an orphan at an early age, had been adopted by the Prince Dietrischten Preskau.

A collection of Madame Malibran's compositions was published at Paris after her death by Troupenas.

MADAME GIULIA GRISI.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

GIULIA GRISI.

M. Gaetano Grisi, an officer of engineers in the service of Napoleon under the then existing kingdom of Italy, had two daughters, Giuditta, born in 1802, and Giulietta, born at Milan, July 2, 1812, on the fête of St. Giulia. Their aunt, the once celebrated Grassini, was the only member of the family who was a musician, and from the mother's side they must have inherited the gift of song.

Giuditta was a singer, and enjoyed a good reputation on the Italian stage. She had a mezzo-soprano voice, almost a contralto, of a hard quality, and not very flexible, which she had much difficulty in softening. Her talents developed themselves early. At sixteen she was favorably known as a concert-singer at Milan. Two years later, in 1823, she sang at Vienna, in Rossini's *Bianca e Faliero*, with the already renowned Henrietta Sontag. She afterward sang at the theatres of Milan, Parma, Florence, Genoa, and Venice. Her friends considered that the mantle of the great Grassini had fallen on her shoulders, and that, being trained in the same grand school, she would be able to tread closely in her aunt's footsteps.

The little Giulia's health was so delicate that her parents did not wish her to enter on the study of music, the least application being injurious to her; she was, therefore, placed for education, at the age of eight, in the convent of Mantellette, in the small town of Gorizia. But she was ambitious of following the career of her aunt, and the nuns, pleased with her childish beauty, took some pains to teach her music. She learned to play the piano very prettily, but did not make much advance in musical training.

After leaving the convent, when fourteen, her home was generally with her sister, either at Milan, or in the places where Giuditta's engagements called her. It was soon remarked that when the elder sister was practicing solfeggi or studying her part, the younger would listen attentively. Giulia had an ex-

cellent ear, a quick memory, and could repeat fluently and correctly the most difficult passages which she had once heard. She astonished her family by the accuracy with which she imitated the gestures, the carriage, and even the singing of artistes whom she had opportunities of hearing. Giuditta, who appreciated these evidences of vocal and mimetic talent, would listen with delight to the lively efforts of her young sister, and then, clasping her fondly in her arms, prophesy that she would be "the glory of her race." "Thou shalt be more than thy sister, my Giuliettina," she would exclaim. "Thou shalt be more than thy aunt! It is Giuditta tells thee so; believe it." The only defect in Giulia's voice—certainly a terrible one—was a chronic hoarseness, which seemed a bar to her advancement as a vocalist.

Her parents resolved that Giulia should have regular lessons in singing; and she entered the Conservatorio of her native town, where her sister had obtained for her musical training. The early talent she developed, under the direction of the composer Marliani, was remarkable. That she might continue her studies uninterruptedly, she was sent to Bologna, to her uncle, Colonel Ragani, husband of Grassini, by whom she was put under the care of the learned Giacomo Guglielmi, son of the celebrated composer, who during three years devoted himself entirely to her musical education. Gradually the lovely quality of her voice began to be manifest, and its original blemishes disappeared, her tones acquiring depth, power, and richness.

On leaving the Conservatorio she went to live at Bologna with her sister, who, being much occupied with her own duties, placed Giulia under the tuition of Filippo Celli. He taught her for three months only, as he was obliged to go to Rome to produce his opera of *Amalia e Palmer;* but his instructions, brief as they were, formed a solid basis for her after studies. She also received some lessons from Madame Boccabadati, a near relative of the singer of that name: from her, however, she learned but little.

By continued exertions on her own part, aided by her instructors, her musical education had advanced, and Giulia, encouraged by her friends, proposed to venture on her début on the stage. Giuditta made all the necessary arrangements with the manager of the Teatro Communale, Bologna; and the young

girl appeared, 1828, in the little part of Emma, in Rossini's *Zelmira*. She was just seventeen; her voice was then a low mezzo-soprano, and she was in all the freshness of her youthful beauty. Her triumph was complete.

Giuditta shed tears of joy over the brilliant success of her sister; and Rossini, who was then in Bologna, predicted a brilliant future for the young vocalist. The director of the theatre engaged her immediately for the season of the Carnival, and in 1829 she appeared as prima donna in many operas, such as *Il Barbiere*, *Torvaldo e Dorliska*, and in *La Sposa di Provincia*, which last was composed expressly for her by Milototti.

So dazzling a début drew all the managerial eyes of Italy toward Giulia Grisi, and one of those Italians who are always on the look-out to decoy unwary vocalists, Signor Lanari, impresario at Florence, flew to Bologna to secure the prize, and induced the young singer, as yet unconscious of her own value, to bind herself exclusively to his service for the term of six years, at a salary which he ought to have blushed to offer to a mediocre performer. Her father was at Milan, and could not be consulted, and the young débutante being inexperienced, the engagement was signed.

Mdlle. Grisi appeared in *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti*, which Bellini, then a young and struggling composer, had just written expressly for her sister at Venice. Few of Bellini's operas enjoyed so great a share of popularity in Italy as this, which, however, he had dashed off without premeditation in fifteen days, at the urgent request of the Venetian manager, to replace a piece which had been condemned. She also performed in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, and in the *Giulietta e Romeo* of Vaccai; and she was considered the most charming Juliet ever seen on the lyric stage.

Her triumph was even greater here than at Bologna. She created quite a furore. La bellissima Giulietta was hailed a Queen of Song, and became the topic of conversation among the dilettanti. In her second season she sang in an opera composed for her by the maestro Celli, who was charmed with the manner in which she interpreted his work *L'Ezia*, and who gave her some lessons.

In the Carnival of 1830 she appeared as Amenaïde, in the *Vestale* of Pacini, and in *Ricciardo e Zoraïde*, with the cele-

brated tenor Davide; also in *Tancredi*. This year she sang at Pisa, during the fête of La Luminara, a festival which recurs every five years, when the Pisans for three days illuminate their city most brilliantly. On this occasion the Pisans dedicate festal offerings to all the saints, interchange splendid repasts, and have operas performed twice a day. Giulia Grisi, therefore, sang in *Semiramide* in the morning, and *Otello* in the evening.

Lanari, having now made a little fortune by his lucky speculation, coolly transferred his young prima donna, for a handsome consideration, to Crivelli, then director of La Scala. The company included Madame Pisaroni, Giuditta Grisi, and Porto. Giulia first performed in a new opera by Pacini, *Il Corsare*, founded on Lord Byron's poem of the *Corsair*, in which she took the part of Medora.

It was at Milan that Mdlle. Grisi became acquainted with Pasta, whom she ardently admired, and who took a friendly interest in her. Pasta declared, "I can honestly return to you the compliments paid me by your aunt, and say that I believe you are worthy to succeed us." Here she enjoyed the advantage of studying the great lyric tragédienne, with whom she occasionally performed: not a look, a tone, a gesture of her great model escaped her. She was given the part of Jane Seymour in Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, which she looked and acted to perfection, Pasta personating the unfortunate Queen. Madame Pasta, struck with the genius displayed by her young rival, exclaimed, "Tu iras loin! tu prendras ma place! tu seras Pasta!" Bellini, who was then in Milan, engaged in the composition of his *Norma*, overwhelmed her with applause and congratulations, intermingled with allusions to the part he had in contemplation for her—that of Adalgisa.

In November, 1831, there was a strenuous rivalry between the two theatres of Milan, La Scala and the Carcano. The vocal company at the latter comprised Pasta, Lina Roser (now Madame Balfe), Elisa Orlandi, Eugénie Martinet, and other ladies; Rubini, Mariani, and Galli being the leading male singers. The composers were Bellini, Donizetti, and Majocchi. At the Scala, which was still under the direction of Crivelli, then a very old man, were Giulietta Grisi, Amalia Schutz, and Pisaroni, with Mari, Bonfigli, Pocchini, Anbaldi, etc. To this company Giuditta Grisi was added, and a new opera by Coc-

cia, entitled *Enrico di Montfort*, was brought out, supported by the talents of the sisters Grisi; but it proved a failure. In December Madame Pasta transferred her services to the Scala, and Donzelli arrived to resume his place as primo tenor. Donzelli was, if not absolutely the first, in the very front rank of tenor singers. His voice was clear, brilliant, and powerful, with a metallic tone of vibrating quality; his conception was vigorous, his manner was energetic or tender as the expression demanded, and his style at once forcible and florid.

Bellini's new opera of *Norma* was immediately put in rehearsal. To Pasta, of course, was assigned the character of the Druid priestess, and to Giulia Grisi was confided the graceful part of Adalgisa; Donzelli was Pollio. Bellini was quite confident of the success of his opera, and during the rehearsals, while seated at the piano-forte in the orchestra, would watch with delight the careful study the singers were making of their parts. Pasta, at the last rehearsal, took much notice of Giulietta, and complimented her both on her voice and on her conception of the character of Adalgisa, frequently turning to Bellini, and exclaiming, in her usual mixture of Italian and French, "Bonissima! bene—très bien—pas mal, la piccola!" On the 1st of January, 1832, *Norma* was produced. Great expectations were entertained by the public, for the music of Bellini was exceedingly popular, and it was said this would be his masterpiece. The Scala was crowded to the ceiling, and Bellini seated himself at the piano-forte in high spirits.

Norma was the favorite work of its gifted composer. One day, when he was in Paris, a lady asked him which of his operas he considered to most nearly approach perfection. The question was certainly rather *broad*. Poor Bellini, naturally modest and sensitive, blushed scarlet. He made some evasive reply, but the lady persisted. "If," said she, "you were at sea with all your *partitions*, and the ship were sinking—"

"Ah!" cried he, without allowing her to finish, "I would leave all to save *La Norma!*"

Strange to say, the first reception of this opera was by no means brilliant. The audience did not care about the chorus of priests; Donzelli exerted himself in vain to charm them with his cabaletta: the audience shrugged their shoulders and pronounced it to be "commonplace;" and even *Casta Diva* made no impression, though Pasta had never, perhaps, sung

so well. Bellini trembled with anxiety. Then Adalgisa appeared, and began "Sgombra è la sacra selva;" the clear resonant tones of Giulia Grisi's voice touched the hearts of the listeners, and they began to applaud. Nevertheless, as the curtain fell on the first act, Pasta regarded the piece as a fiasco, and her forebodings were shared by the other performers. The second act went coldly till the duet between Norma and Adalgisa, "Deh! con te!" which created a furore and was encored. Then Pasta turned to Giulia, and exclaimed in a low tone, "Ecco i conscitori!" The success of the opera, which had been despaired of, was now assured, and *Norma* was performed forty times during the Carnival.

Encouraged by Pasta, Giulia Grisi declared that she, too, would become a great tragedienne. "How I should love to play Norma!" she exclaimed to Bellini one night behind the scenes. "Wait twenty years and we shall see." "I will play Norma in spite of you, and in less than twenty years," she retorted. The young man smiled incredulously, and muttered, "A poco! a poco!" But Grisi kept her word.

Her genius was now fully appreciated, and she had obtained one of those triumphs which form the basis of a great renown. With astonishing ease she passed from Semiramide to Anna Bolena, then to Desdemona, to Donna Anna, to Elena in the *Donna del Lago*. In Semiramide she had that lofty and gracious manner which is peculiar to her.

The young artiste had now learned her true value, and was aware of the injury she was suffering from remaining in the service to which she had foolishly bound herself: she was now twenty-four, and time was passing away. Her father's repeated endeavors to obtain more reasonable terms for his daughter from Lanari proved fruitless. He urged that, his daughter having entered into the contract without his knowledge, and while she was a minor, it was illegal. "Then, if you knew absolutely nothing of the matter, and it was altogether without your cognizance," retorted Lanari, imperturbably, "how did it happen that her salary was always paid to you?"

Intolerant of injustice, and indignant at the advantage taken of her, Giulietta suddenly broke her engagement. Giuditta and her aunt, Madame Grassini Ragani, were in Paris, and to them she resolved to fly. The Carnival was crowded at Milan,

and the manager had engaged Pasta for twenty extra nights, relying on Grisi as second donna. Having gained her father's consent to her plan, Giulia went to Marliani, a warm and devoted friend, and begged his assistance. He promised to see her across the frontier, and to provide for her a quick transit through Switzerland to France.

The fugitives started late on a Friday, the Opera being closed on that night, and arrived safely at Bellinzona, when they suddenly discovered, to their horror, that they had forgotten their passports. It was decided that Giulia should make use of her maid's passport to cross the frontier, as she and the girl bore some resemblance in point of height, age, and complexion. Marliani had no resource but to return for the papers; and the fair cantatrice, once in safety, was to await him and the femme-de-chambre on the other side the frontier. But, urged by fear, she resumed her flight, and for eleven days and nights pursued her solitary journey, through bad roads and over mountain passes covered with snow. It was not until she threw herself into her aunt's arms, half dead with fatigue and terror, that she remembered, too late, her promise to wait for her dear old teacher.

Giuditta and Madame Grassini welcomed her with joy, and it only remained to obtain an engagement. Rossini, Robert, and Severini formed the triumvirate who governed the Opera. Rossini remembered that he had predicted a glowing future for Giulia Grisi some four years previously, and an arrangement was made without any difficulty for her to appear at the Favart, not as a débutante, but with a definite engagement to replace Madame Malibran. She appeared for the first time before a Parisian audience on the 13th of October, 1832, in *Semiramide*. She at once became a favorite, and during the season of six months she increased in power and rose higher in the opinion of the public.

In November, 1832, Giuditta Grisi (who had appeared in London during the summer at the King's Theatre) made her début in Bellini's *La Straniera*. Her sonorous, vibrating voice, so full of charm and beauty, the mingled grace and energy of her singing and acting, her beautiful face, grave and expressive, her gestures replete with truth and originality, her large and noble manner of phrasing the music, obtained for her a triumph. The sisters also sang together in Bellini's *I*

Montecchi ed i Capuletti, and Giuditta looked a gallant young cavalier.

Then followed *Don Giovanni*, in which Giulia, as Zerlina, was graceful and charming; but her figure was too commanding, her voice too regal for the village coquette. Rubini was Don Ottavio; Tamburini, Don Giovanni. Tamburini was a singer of great brilliancy and power; his voice was a fine baritone, well defined, round, rich, clear, and of wonderful flexibility. He was an accomplished actor, full of spirit and gayety; he was handsome, his figure was manly, and his air noble and prepossessing.

Immediately after *Don Giovanni*, Giulia Grisi appeared as Anna Bolena, with Madame Tadolini, Santini, and Rubini; when, despite the unavoidable comparison with Pasta, she won an ovation.

Giuditta retired at the end of the season, having amassed a competent fortune, and, marrying an Italian gentleman, retired to Italy. She died May 1, 1840, at her country seat at Cremona.

Giulia also retired; but she reappeared on the 1st of October, 1833, as Anna Bolena, with Tamburini and two new candidates for public favor, Mdlle. Schutz and the young Russian tenor Ivanoff. It was remarked that Mdlle. Grisi had improved singularly. She had passed the six months of leisure in the study of her art, and the result was that the once trembling débutante had become a Queen of Song. Her name was now mentioned in the same breath with that of Catalani, Pasta, Malibran. She was no longer Jane Seymour or Adalgisa, but Anna Bolena—Norma!

As a singer she was to be placed apart from all contemporary artistes. Her gifts, like her beauty, were rare and exceptional. She united the nobleness, the tragic inspiration of Pasta with the fire and energy of Malibran. Her voice, a pure soprano of the very finest quality, extended over two octaves, and she could sing without an effort to C in alt. Her low notes were occasionally weak, but the middle ones were full, mellow, and deliciously sweet. Her intonation was exquisitely just, and her execution neat and finished. Not a note escaped her that was not irreproachable. As an actress, she had all the qualities which go to make a great tragedian. She seldom represented the same situation twice in the same man-

ner, yet she was always lofty and noble—a magnificent woman, a superb tragedian, an exquisite singer.

In October, 1833, she appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, Tamburini performing Figaro, and Rubini Almaviva. She sang the variations of Rode, in the lesson scene, in a manner which produced an electric effect. This opera was followed by *La Gazza Ladra*, in which the young prima donna obtained a triumph as Ninetta. Tamburini performed the part of her father, and Ivanoff took for the first time the rôle of Gianetto, the betrothed of Ninetta. After this, Bellini's *I Montecchi ed i Capuletti* was performed; Caroline Ungher, who made her début that season, supporting the character of Romeo. Madame Ungher was decidedly clever, but her appearance was wofully against her, being that of "an undersized, colorless woman," with a plain countenance expressive of nothing in particular. In December *Don Giovanni* was produced. Giulia Grisi this time took the more appropriate part of Donna Anna. Madame Ungher was Zerlina; Madame Schutz, Elvira; Tamburini performed Don Giovanni; Santini, Leporello.

Bellini's last opera, *I Puritani*, was composed by him at Paris in 1834, and performed for the first time on January 24th, 1835, with Grisi, Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache—an unrivaled quartette—in the principal characters.

Its production created the utmost enthusiasm, and the duet, "Suona la tromba," especially, was echoed by thunders of applause. Rossini, writing of this morceau to a friend at Milan, said, "I need not describe the duo for the two basses. You must have heard it where you are:" a remark very just, but more sarcastic than complimentary. Bellini was made a member of the Legion of Honor, and received the most flattering marks of distinction from government. He arranged with the Académie to write a French opera, and was already meditating a new work for the San Carlo; but the perseverance with which he pursued his labors was the fatal cause of his death. Eight months after the production of *I Puritani* he expired, fancying in his last moments of delirium that he was present at a representation of this opera at the Salle Favart.

In 1834 Mdlle. Grisi came to London, and made her début at Her Majesty's Theatre, April 8, in *La Gazza Ladra*. Tumultuous applause greeted this bright musical star. Her

charming person, beautiful countenance, fascinating manner, and delightful voice, made her a favorite at once. On April 22 she appeared as Desdemona in *Otello*. Rubini was the Moor: his Otello was, with the exception of Garcia's, the best ever seen on the stage. Tamburini was Iago; Ivanoff, Rodrigo. Mdlle. Grisi also proved herself a worthy successor of Pasta in *Anna Bolena*.

"Though, naturally enough, in some respects inexperienced on her first appearance in England," observes Mr. Chorley, "Giulia Grisi was not incomplete. And what a soprano voice was hers! rich, sweet; equal throughout its compass of two octaves (from C to C) without a break, or a note which had to be managed. The voice subdued the audience on her first appearance, ere *Di piacer* was done."

Mdlle. Grisi was an indefatigable concert-singer, and on one occasion she sang at five different concerts, gratuitously, on the same morning. At a grand festival at York she sang fourteen pieces, of which four had Latin words and four English. Malibran having received forty guineas each evening at this festival the year before, Mdlle. Grisi refused to accept a lesser sum, and she obtained it; but, to show that it was merely a point of principle, she sent to the poor each day the forty guineas which she received. She was made an honorary governor of Westminster Hospital in acknowledgment of the services which her talents and charity had rendered to that institution.

In December Mdlle. Grisi appeared as Norma, and thenceforth Norma was her greatest character.

"In this character, Grisi," observes a writer in the *Musical World*, "is not to be approached, for all those attributes which have given her her best distinction are displayed therein in their fullest splendor. Her singing may be rivaled, but hardly her embodiment of ungovernable and vindictive emotion. There are certainly parts in the lyric drama of Italy this fine artiste has made her own: this is one of the most striking, and we have a faith in its unreachable superiority—in its completeness as a whole—that is not to be disturbed. Her delivery of 'Casta Diva' is a transcendent effort of vocalization. In the scene where she discovers the treachery of Pollio, and discharges upon his guilty head a torrent of withering and indignant reproof, she exhibits a power, bordering on the sublime,

which belongs exclusively to her, giving to the character of the insulted priestess a dramatic importance which would be remarkable even if entirely separated from the vocal pre-eminence with which it is allied. But in all its aspects the performance is as near perfection as rare and exalted genius can make it, and the singing of the actress and the acting of the singer are alike conspicuous for excellence and power. Whether in depicting the quiet repose of love, the agony of abused confidence, the infuriate resentment of jealousy, or the influence of feminine piety, there is always the best reason for admiration, accompanied in the more tragic moments with that sentiment of awe which greatness of conception and vigor of execution could alone suggest."

From 1834 Mdlle. Grisi continued to sing alternately in Paris and in London. "In 1834," to again quote Mr. Chorley, "she commanded an exactness of execution not always kept up by her during the after years of her reign. Her shake was clear and rapid; her scales were certain; every interval was taken without hesitation by her. Nor has any woman ever more thoroughly commanded every gradation of force than she—in those early days especially; not using the contrast of loud and soft too violently, but capable of any required violence, of any advisable delicacy. In the singing of certain slow movements pianissimo, such as the girl's prayer on the road to execution in *La Gazza*, or as the cantabile in the last scene of *Anna Bolena* (which we know as 'Home, sweet Home'), the clear, penetrating beauty of her reduced tones (different in quality from the whispering semi-ventriloquism which was one of Mademoiselle Lind's most favorite effects) was so unique as to reconcile the ear to a certain shallowness of expression in her rendering of the words and the situation.

"At that time the beauty of sound was more remarkable (in such passages as I have just spoken of) than the depth of feeling. When the passion of the actress was roused—as in *La Gazza*, during the scene with her deserter father—with the villainous magistrate, or in the prison with her lover, or on her trial before sentence was passed—her glorious notes, produced without difficulty or stint, rang through the house like a clarion, and were truer in their vehemence to the emotion of the scene than were those wonderfully subdued sounds, in the penetrating tenuity of which there might be more or less artifice.

From the first, the vigor always went more closely home to the heart than the tenderness in her singing; and her acting and her vocal delivery—though the beauty of face and voice, the mouth that never distorted itself, the sounds that never wavered, might well mislead the generality of her auditors—were to be resisted by none."

In February, 1836, during the performance of Donizetti's *Marino Faliero*, at the moment when Giulia Grisi was entering her box in the course of the third act, she perceived near the door, as if in ambuscade, an individual whose declarations of love had already annoyed her for some months. She uttered an exclamation, and M. Robert, who accompanied her, requested the intruder to retire. He bowed, murmuring some unintelligible excuses, when Colonel Ragani, Grisi's uncle, joined the party, and attempted to remonstrate on his unbecoming conduct. The intruder drew a sword from the cane which he carried, and menaced all who surrounded him; a scuffle ensued, and the *mêlée* was ended by the arrival of the commissary of police. The brawler, whose name was Dupuzet, was condemned to one month's imprisonment and a fine of sixteen francs. M. Dupuzet, who was some thirty-five years of age, was known as the author of the *Legende of Jehanne la Lucelle* and the *Démon de Socrate.*

On Sunday, April 24, 1836, Giulia Grisi was married to M. Auguste Gérard de Melcy, a French gentleman of independent fortune. On her marriage she went with her husband to reside at the fine chateau de Vaucresson, which she had purchased some time previously. The admired prima donna did not leave the stage, but continued to perform during the summer in London, and during the winter at Paris.

In 1837 she appeared in London in *Semiramide*, with Rubini and Tamburini. The most remarkable performance of the season, however, was *Don Giovanni.* The excitement to hear her as Donna Anna was intense. Long ere the doors were opened both entrances of the theatre were surrounded by crowds; and, owing to one of the doors not being properly opened, several persons were slightly hurt. Many ladies turned back frightened; some, bolder, reached the pit, or the entrance to the pit, with no greater misfortune than a very considerable derangement of their dress. After some laughing and some disputing, as many as possible of the unfortu-

nates who could not penetrate farther than the lobbies were accommodated on the stage: there were more than a hundred persons at the wings; and it was supposed that the audience altogether consisted of more than four thousand people.

Madame Grisi realized the highest expectations of the crowded assembly. Madame Albertazzi was the Zerlina; Tamburini, Don Giovanni; Lablache, Leporello; and Rubini, Ottavio.

At the last representation of *Otello* this season, Madame Pasta, who was then in England, proved the sincerity of her friendship, for she many times applauded her young rival, who, after the opera, went to the box of the Queen of Lyric Tragedy to thank her for such homage.

Don Giovanni was performed at the Théâtre Italien, January 14, 1838, with the strong cast of Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Albertazzi; with Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. About an hour after the doors were closed, the Opera House was discovered to be on fire, and was very shortly reduced to a heap of ruins—an accident supposed to have arisen from some of the fireworks used in the infernal gulf into which the commandant hurls the profligate. Severini leaped from a window near the top of the building, and was instantly killed. Robert only saved himself by means of a ladder-rope; and Rossini, who had an apartment in the theatre, escaped by simply being absent; but the whole of his musical library, said to be valued at upward of 200,000 francs, was destroyed, with many rare manuscripts.

In 1838, M. Duponchel, the director of the Opéra, was looking for another tenor to replace Duprez, as he had replaced Adolphe Nourrit by that admirable singer, and at last his eager eyes lighted upon a handsome young refugee officer of two-and-twenty, named Candia. M. Candia, who was the son of a Piedmontese general, and had been, besides, an officer in the Piedmontese guard, had for some time been the cynosure of attention in certain Parisian circles. As he moved in aristocratic society, his expenses were necessarily heavy, and he dared not ask his father for pecuniary assistance, the old gentleman being a severe disciplinarian, and very angry with his son.

M. Candia had been often told that he had a hundred thousand francs of income in his throat, and Duponchel volunteered

to give him fifteen hundred francs a month to begin with, if he would appear at the Opéra. He hesitated, on account of his aristocratic birth and his patrician father, and could not make up his mind to sign the name of Candia to a theatrical contract; but dining one day at the house of the Countess de Merlin with the Prince Belgioso, M. Duponchel, and many others, M. Candia was induced to accept the proposal of M. Duponchel, and he compromised with his family pride by signing his Christian name only—that of Mario.

On the 2d of December, 1838, after a severe course of study under the direction of Michelet, Ponchard, and Bordogni, Signor Mario appeared in the part of Robert le Diable. In spite of his agitation, he was triumphantly successful. "What a delicious voice!" was the cry. "Why, he will replace Rubini!" Higher praise could not have been bestowed.

The season of 1839 in London was chiefly remarkable for the production of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in which Madame Grisi presented a splendid contrast to her equally truthful conceptions of such parts as Elvira and Norma: it served also to introduce to the English public Signor Mario, who appeared as Gennaro. Such characters as Lucrezia Borgia seemed created for Grisi. The more elevated the character, the more suited to her. The most fleeting touches, the most massive shadows, were boldly portrayed with a powerful yet light hand. Love in all its phases she delineated as no other artiste had the skill to do. Dramatic, impassioned as Desdemona, she pictured love in all its ardor, its unsullied purity, its despair; as Anna Bolena, she softly shadowed forth "love in its melancholy and its regrets;" and as Norma, she painted love in tints of fire: love in its jealousy, its guilt, its scathing fury; as Lucrezia, she displayed love in all its maternal intensity, its vengeful cruelty.

In 1840 Madame Grisi won fresh laurels from her English admirers in *Roberto Devereux*, and also in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, with Mario. "The Five"—Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache — came to England as usual in 1841; but in 1842 Madame Grisi did not appear at her Majesty's Theatre.

In January, 1843, *Don Pasquale*, one of the sprightliest and pleasantest operas ever written, was placed in rehearsal by Donizetti at the Théâtre Italien. Its reception at rehearsal

was ominous: despite the beauty of the music, which was in his happiest vein, the orchestra kept a dead silence. Not a sound of satisfaction, not a token of approbation, was afforded by the musical jury. The two directors stood by trembling for its success; but Donizetti listened and shrugged his shoulders, and taking the arm of his friend M. Dormoy, the publisher, quietly left the theatre. "Let them alone," he coolly said; "they know nothing about it. I know what *Don Pasquale* wants. Come with me." On reaching home, Donizetti hurried up stairs to his bedroom, and in a drawer beneath an old battered piano-forte he pulled out from amid a quantity of music what appeared to be a song.

"Take this," said he to M. Dormoy; "this is what *Don Pasquale* requires. Carry it at once to Mario, that he may learn it without delay, and tell him that he must rehearse it this evening." This song was "Com' è gentil." The serenade was sung with the accompaniment of a tambourine, the accompanyist being Lablache himself, who was concealed from the eyes of the audience.

It is needless to say that *Don Pasquale* was a success. The same year it was produced in London. This season also Madame Grisi appeared as Ninetta before the audience of her Majesty's Theatre.

In 1847 the memorable operatic schism took place, which led to the formation of "the Royal Italian Opera" at Covent Garden Theatre. The principal members of the company of Her Majesty's Theatre who seceded from that house and joined the new establishment were Madame Grisi, Madame Persiani, Signor Mario, and Signor Tamburini; and the company was strengthened by the addition of several eminent performers previously unknown to England, of whom Mdlle. Alboni was the chief. The lessee of her Majesty's Theatre endeavored to make head against this defection by engaging the services of Jenny Lind, who became the great support of the old house, as Grisi was of the new. The Royal Italian Opera opened, in the beginning of the season of 1847, with *Semiramide*, Grisi appearing as the Assyrian Queen, and Alboni as Arsace. The vast theatre was crowded to the doors; the representation was splendid, and the excitement of the public was extreme. In all the subsequent vicissitudes of the Royal Italian Opera, Grisi steadily adhered to it, and it was on its boards that she took her final leave of the English public.

Madame Grisi, probably alarmed by the Revolution of February, abandoned the Opera of Paris in 1848. During the season of that year in London she added the part of Leonora in *La Favorita* to her repertoire.

In 1851 Madame Grisi repaired to St. Petersburg with Signor Mario. Her benefit, in February, 1852, was a perfect ovation: the opera was *Lucrezia Borgia*, during which she was recalled twenty times; and after the performance the Czar presented her with a Cashmere shawl worth 4000 rubles (about £800), a tiara of pearls and diamonds, and a ring of great value.

In 1854, after more than twenty years of uninterrupted triumph, Madame Grisi, with Signor Mario, gave what were announced as "farewell performances." The operas in which she appeared included *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Don Pasquale*, *Gli Ugonotti*, *La Favorita*. The first, given June 1, was *Norma*, Madame Grisi performing Norma; Mdlle. Maria, Adalgisa; Tamberlik, Pollio; and Lablache, Oroveso; the last performance, given August 7, consisted of the first act of *Norma*, and the three first acts of *Gli Ugonotti*, in which Mario sustained the principal tenor part.

"Rarely, in her best days," said one critic, "had Grisi been heard with greater effect, and never were her talents as an actress more conspicuously displayed." At the conclusion of the performance the departing singer received an ovation. Bouquets were flung in profusion, vociferous applause rang through the theatre, and when she reappeared the whole house rose: the emotion which was evinced by her admirers was evidently shared by herself.

Madame Grisi then left Liverpool with Signor Mario for New York. The terms of the engagement were £17,000 for six months. The two artistes made their début at Castle Garden, August 18, in *Lucrezia Borgia*. Their arrival created the greatest excitement; nothing else was talked of for the moment. They performed seventy times altogether in America. The manager, Mr. Hackett, declared at a farewell dinner given to the two celebrated singers, that he had gained nearly £12,000 by their engagement.

On returning from New York, Madame Grisi was prevailed on to postpone her resolve of retiring, and to reappear in London, May, 1855, as Leonora in *La Favorita*. *Don Pasquale*

was given in June, having the attraction of being performed by the four singers for whom it was originally written. Grisi next appeared at the Théâtre Italien in 1856 and 1857. She was coldly received by the Parisians in *Semiramide* and *Lucrezia Borgia*, but conquered the sympathies of the public in *Norma*, in which she supplied by dramatic energy the obvious failure of her voice.

During 1856 she was singing at Drury Lane Theatre with Madame Gassier, Madame Rudersdorff, and Herr Formes; in 1857 she was performing with a fine company in Dublin; in March, 1858, she was again in Paris, having been engaged by Calzado, director of the Théâtre Italien; from Paris she returned to London.

Madame Grisi performed at Madrid in 1859. The Theatre Royal opened Thursday, October 6, with great éclat, under the direction of Signor Mario. The house was crowded, and among the audience were many of the most distinguished persons of the court of Spain. Grisi appeared as Norma, and Mario as Pollio. During the first act, some of the audience, influenced by an unaccountable impulse, insulted Madame Grisi in a most disgraceful manner. She was obliged to make a written appeal to the Spanish public, which had the effect of propitiating the audience on her second appearance; but on this occasion Mario was ill, and the performance came to an abrupt termination.

The season of 1861 witnessed the final retirement of the great prima donna, who gave some farewell performances at the Royal Italian Opera in *Norma* and some other favorite operas.

"A quarter of a century," says Mr. Chorley, "is a fair length of reign for any queen—a brilliant one for an Opera queen of these modern times, when 'wear and tear' are so infinitely greater than they used to be. The supremacy of Madame Grisi has been prolonged by a combination of qualities rare at any period. In our day there has been no woman so beautiful, so liberally endowed with voice and with dramatic impulse as herself, Catalani excepted. In many respects Madame Grisi has been more satisfactory than her gorgeous predecessor—more valuable to her public, because less exacting. . . . . As an artiste, calculated to engage and retain the average public without trick or affectation, and to satisfy, by her balance of

charming attributes — by the assurance, moreover, that she was giving the best she knew how to give—she satisfied even those who had received much greater pleasure, and had been impressed with much deeper emotion in the performances of others. I have never tired of Madame Grisi during five-and-twenty years; but I have never been, in her case, under one of those spells of intense enjoyment and sensation which make an epoch in life, and which leave a print on memory never to be canceled by any later attraction—never to be forgotten so long as life and power to receive shall endure."

MADAME CLARA NOVELLO.

CHAPTER XXIX.

CLARA ANASTASIA NOVELLO.

With the name of Novello there are many art-associations. Vincent Novello was a distinguished composer of vocal music, chiefly for the service of the Papal Church. He was even more eminent as an editor, his arrangement of the masses of Haydn and Mozart being in use in every Roman Catholic chapel throughout the kingdom, while his name is distinguished by his noble edition of the sacred works of Purcell. He was one of the original members of the Philharmonic Society, and in the old days, before the "conductor" of musical performances became a separate branch of the profession, Vincent Novello used, alternately with his brother members, to preside at the piano-forte at the society's concerts: he subsequently became the responsible director.

All his family have shown themselves to possess talent and energy, and some have become distinguished for their abilities. His son Alfred, himself a musician, has earned the gratitude of the lovers of music by the publication of classical music arranged by his father in a cheap form; another son, Edward, who died young, evinced no ordinary talent as an artist, in which pursuit Miss Emma Novello also made some proficiency. Miss Sabilla Novello made a favorable impression as a vocalist, resigning the arduous career to devote herself to the production of theoretical works on the art. Mrs. Cowden Clarke, devoted to literature, is a writer of tales and essays, and has gained world-wide celebrity as the compiler of a *Concordance to Shakspeare;* and another sister, who was a singer at the English Opera House when it was under the direction of Mr. Arnold, retired from the stage on her marriage with Mr. Serle, a dramatic author and actor, and a political writer.

The brightest star in the cluster is Clara Novello, born June 10, 1818, in Oxford Street, London. Her gifts, which were developed early, came to her by inheritance. When almost an infant she commenced her preparatory studies under the care

of Miss Hill, of York, and then under the direction of Mr. John Robinson, also of that city. In 1824 she returned to London.

Her "clear childish treble" was admired by all her friends; she could sing, among other difficult songs, "The Soldier tired," that trying air in the *Beggar's Opera*, "Cease your funning," and many pieces of a similar kind requiring brilliant execution. "Her father's house," says one of her biographers, "was a gathering-place of many of the most eminent literary men of that notable period. Leigh Hunt, Hazlitt, Keats, Shelley, were more or less frequent guests of her paternal home, and others, not less renowned for wit and wisdom, were members of the brilliant circle; Charles Lamb, for one, as unmusical as he was humorous, enjoyed the meetings, though he had no sense for the occasional music, which was the chief attraction; and in his wonderful *Chapter on Ears* he describes these very reunions."

The year of her return home the little Clara went with her parents to France. There was a vacancy for a candidate in the Conservatoire de Musa Sacra, at Paris, and Fétis, who was charmed with the little English warbler, advised her father to apply. The instruction being gratuitous, there was, of course, great competition; Mr. Novello, however, went to M. Choron, who was at the head of the establishment, and laid before him the claims of his daughter Clara. It was necessary that the youthful candidate should undergo a trial and examination previously to admission, and the child, young as she was — only six years — sang courageously before M. Choron. The worthy musician was not a man to frighten any body, it is true: he was a little round personage, with fine delicate features, an animated, benevolent physiognomy, and a man of infinite wit and of varied acquirements. M. Choron did not understand or appreciate "The Soldier tired," and he required another specimen of her ability in a style with which he was more familiar. The child, nothing daunted, sang the "Agnus Dei" from Mozart's Mass in F, in the execution of which she displayed such genuine musical feeling, and so much promise, that she was unhesitatingly preferred over nineteen competitors.

The little girl's studies in the seminary were principally directed to sacred music, in which she made such rapid progress that she was soon capable of sustaining a part in the per-

formances of the pupils. At one of the public exhibitions, Clara had the honor of singing before the king, Charles X., and the royal family. Prince Polignac, who was present, paid her some kind and encouraging compliments. She was so young at the time that she had to be placed on a stool that she might be seen by the audience. It was in this academy that Clara acquired her solid and firm sostenuto, from singing, without instrumental accompaniment, the choral pieces of Palestrina, Leo, Handel, and other composers.

For six years she continued the course of instruction afforded by the Conservatoire. In the Revolution of July, however, the institution, being dependent on the government, was broken up, and Clara was of course immediately removed. As she was hurried through the turbulent streets, "meeting in her progress the wounded and dying, the horrors of the scene produced so strong an effect upon her nervous system, that upon her arrival at her friend's house she sank into a sleeping stupor, in which she remained thirty-six hours, and thus, in all probability, was saved from an attack of brain fever."

In 1833, when she was only fourteen years old, an age when most singers are only commencing their studies, Clara Novello made her début before an English audience at a benefit concert given by Mrs. Sewell, at Windsor, when she took part in the duet "Forsake me not," from Spohr's *Last Judgment*, and sang a little ballad, "Chagrin d'Amour." She sang at the Ancient Concerts, and at the Philharmonic Concerts, being the youngest vocalist that ever appeared at the performances of this society; also at many provincial musical festivals. And at the great musical festival held at Westminster Abbey in 1834 — from which may be dated the progress, if not the origin, of the Sacred Harmonic Society—Clara Novello was one of the principal singers.

In August, 1836, Mr. John Barnett's opera, the *Mountain Sylph*, being revived at the English Opera House, Clara Novello appeared as Jessie, Miss Shirreff taking the part of the Sylph. Clara acquitted herself extremely well, especially in the concerted music. At the great musical festival in Manchester in the next month, to which a melancholy interest is attached in consequence of the death of Madame Malibran, Clara Novello was one of the vocalists. She was even then thought highly of, though singing by the side of that gifted

performer. Her lovely voice, her refinement of style, were beginning to make a profound impression. The other singers were Madame Caradori Allan, Mrs. Shaw, Mrs. Bishop, Signori Ivanoff and Lablache, Braham, Phillips, etc.

"Tuesday evening preceding the Festival," says Mrs. Novello, "Malibran not only gave Clara Novello some excellent advice upon her appearance in public (doubly valuable from her acknowledged superior style of effective costume, both on the stage and in private), but actually took down and redressed my daughter's hair, and, with her accustomed freedom from envy, kept admiring the long silky tresses as they passed through her fingers, finishing the friendly operation by inserting a double-headed silver pin in the plait, of which she begged her acceptance, kindly adding, 'You will not like it the less because I have worn it in Amina.' The delight experienced by the young aspirant may be imagined, who doted upon her as a woman and an artist. 'It is a talisman,' she exclaimed, 'and I shall sing better from this night.'"

Clara had many pieces to sing, all of which she executed admirably, both airs and concerted music. In the beautiful duet by Marcello, "Qual anelante" (on Wednesday morning), she sang with the dying Malibran. The unrivaled prima donna "had set her mind upon its producing a great effect," says Mrs. Novello, "and when she arranged with Clara the cadence they were to introduce, she refused to write it down, saying in her kind tone of encouragement, 'You will follow me; I am quite sure of you, and of its being encored.' The effect was, indeed, as if both singers had been inspired. When requested to repeat it, Malibran exclaimed, 'I will sing it fifty times; and as to Clara, she is a good-natured little thing, and will do any thing you require of her.' Just before they began it a second time, her eye caught mine, and she whispered, 'Clara, how pleased mamma looks!'"

Malibran was inspired by a strong affection for her young friend. Mrs. Novello nursed her in her dying moments, and in the course of many confidences, poor Maria spoke of her husband, De Beriot, and of her old comrade, Lablache, with the warmest admiration and affection; and of Clara in the same manner. "I love very few persons," she energetically exclaimed; "but those I do love, I *love*," and her eyes beamed with intense devotion and fervency. "You need not be anx-

ious for your daughter. She is in the right way. She can not fail of obtaining the highest rank in the profession, with her voice and the education she has received."

Clara was strenuously advised by Malibran, it is said, to go at once to Italy and study for the stage. Certain existing engagements, at the Worcester Festival and elsewhere, however, detained her at home for some months. Her style was already formed to a great extent, and she wisely refrained from forcing her voice. As a favorite with the public her position was established, and for it she was indebted to nothing but her own merit. Never did vocalist owe less to favoritism or personal efforts to win applause.

"Her style is purely correct and rational," says a critic of the period. "She takes no unwarrantable liberty with her author, and what graces she introduces are never redundant or at variance with the character of her music. Her *sostenuto* is remarkable for firmness, equality, and steadiness. This valuable qualification in her singing is attributable to her early practice of the long suspensions that constantly occur in the choral music of Palestrina, and which formed part of her almost daily lessons while in Paris. The chief characteristic of her singing is sweetness and equability, without effort; indeed, whether executing a Tyrolean ballad, or that exceedingly arduous scene, *Tu m'abbandoni* of Spohr, her manner is equally composed."

Her voice was a high soprano, two octaves in compass, from D to D, pure, open, brilliant, clear, and liquid as a well-tuned silver bell, and extremely sympathetic, combining the fullness and richness of the contralto with the compass of the mezzo-soprano. In the upper register some of the tones were wonderfully touching. Not a trace of affectation or display was ever perceptible in her singing.

About this time the rising young vocalist received a pressing request from Mendelssohn to sing at Leipzig. The maestro, in his first visits to England, had constantly joined the social gatherings at the house of Mr. Vincent Novello, and had then learned to appreciate the young Clara. "It is said that in summer weather, parties were frequently formed, of which he was one and Malibran another, for excursions in the fields round London. On these occasions, as on all others, music was essential to the day's enjoyment; accordingly, the masterpieces of the great Italian and English composers would form

the necessary baggage of the caravan of pleasure; and with these spread out before them, seated on the grass beneath the shade of the hedgerows, and beyond the chance of interruption, the cheerful group would sing the madrigals or the motets, the part songs or anthems, which delighted their forefathers." Mendelssohn, having thus had every opportunity of discovering the rich musical gifts of Miss Novello, and fully estimating them, now invited her to sing at the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, which were under his direction.

In October, 1837, Clara Novello left London for Rotterdam on her way to Leipzig, accompanied by her father, mother, and sister, and made her first appearance at the Leipzig Concerts on the 2d of November. Her reception was most flattering. Her beautiful voice, good style, pure intonation, perfect expression, and admirable aplomb, especially at the termination of the phrases, won instant applause for her. The German critics were in ecstasies. Clara Novello's efforts at these concerts were pronounced by Mendelssohn to be a real service to the lovers of music, and the maestro described her in a letter to Mr. Alfred Novello, her brother, as a confirmed favorite of the Leipzig public. Replying to a request of our Philharmonic directors that he would recommend them some singer for their series of concerts, Mendelssohn wrote, "The greatest singers in Germany are Miss Clara Novello and Mrs. Alfred Shaw." The benefit concert of the young English artiste in February, 1838, was one of the most successful ever known in Leipzig.

From Leipzig Clara went to Berlin, when the Philharmonic Society of that city elected her an honorary member. From Berlin she proceeded with her family to Italy; but again her intention of preparing for the stage was diverted, she having so many engagements to sing at the various musical festivals then being celebrated in Milan in honor of the Emperor of Austria's coronation as King of Lombardy. The spring of 1838 was spent by Miss Novello in Vienna; and a series of engagements in the principal cities of Germany occupied her time and attention during the season of 1838–39. She was at Berlin in January, 1839, and the King of Prussia, Frederick, was so delighted with her rendering of "I know that my REDEEMER liveth," that he took a paternal interest in her, and wrote an autograph letter to his sister, the Empress of Russia,

for the young vocalist, who was going to St. Petersburg. Indeed, she was the *enfante chérie* of the Berlinese.

In no place is music more warmly appreciated, or its exponents more liberally rewarded, than in Russia, as Miss Clara Novello could have attested. After remaining a short time there she returned to Berlin, giving her first concert in the hall of the King's Theatre. Every place was taken, and the applause was loud and vehement. Her pure style and beautiful intonation were deservedly admired throughout the Continent. She also appeared at the Dusseldorf Festival with Mdlle. von Fassmann, who was a celebrity in Germany, and whose voice — at least when she had one, some years before 1839 — had been a powerful soprano, "the natural toughness of which," says Mr. Chorley, "had never been wrought out of it by practice. In all passages of the least volubility she was totally inaudible, or so languidly heavy as to destroy every idea of tone."

From 1839 no obstacles opposed the projected dramatic studies of Clara Novello; and remembering the kindness of Rossini when they had met on the occasion of the Coronation fêtes at Milan, she determined to visit him at Bologna with her father and brother. The great master, charmed with her talent, and enraptured with her voice, gave her friendly counsels. His advice was that she should relinquish public life for a year, and study for the stage, frequent the theatre regularly, and give her undivided attention to operatic music. She accordingly went to Milan, where she became the pupil of Micheroux, the master of the greatest Italian theatrical singers of the day, and under his direction she studied diligently for a whole year.

Having accepted an engagement to perform at several theatres in Italy for three years, Miss Novello made her début in opera at Padua, July 6, 1841, choosing the ambitious part of Semiramide for her first essay. She was then one-and-twenty Her success was complete; and as she increased in experience, she attained more command of the special requirements of the stage, and gained every day greater success. She subsequently appeared at Rome, Fermo, Milan, and other places, where her performances were a succession of triumphs. The critics were at a loss for language wherein to express their admiration and delight: the rich Italian tongue was ransacked by

poets, even, for epithets to embody their ideas of the exquisite talent of the fair Inglesina. From November, 1841, to the following March, Clara Novello was singing at Bologna, under the immediate auspices of Rossini. The Bolognese were enchanted with "la bella Inglese."

In the summer Clara Novello was singing at Modena. At her departure on the 28th of July, after a triumphant season, the crowd surrounded her carriage, and accompanied her home with shouts and choruses, filling the coach with bouquets and wreaths of the choicest flowers. She then returned to Bologna for the autumn. Her next engagement was at Rome.

In Italy all theatrical engagements are effected by means of correspondents — agents who devote their talents to negotiating arrangements between managers and the composers and singers, and it was through one of these agents that Miss Novello entered into an engagement for the Carnival season of 1842 at Rome. But when she prepared to start for the imperial city, she found, to her surprise, that she was eagerly and confidently expected by the director of the theatre of Genoa. This was an unexpected and awkward dilemma; each impresario demanded the fulfillment of the agreement, and it was impossible to comply with the requisitions of both.

It so happened that when Miss Novello made the unpleasant discovery of her awkward situation, she was singing at Fermo, which is within the Papal territory, and consequently under the jurisdiction of the Roman authorities. "She could not quit the place without a passport," says one of her biographers, "which document the manager of the Opera House at Rome had the power to prevent her obtaining. He thus held the lady in such firm possession as would effectually bind her from appearing at the other theatre, though it did not compel her to sing at his own. The Minister of Police at Fermo, Count Gigliucci, communicated to the lady the restraint imposed upon her by the Roman manager, whereof he, the count, was the unhappy instrument; adding also that he was under the sad necessity of placing the lady under arrest till she should have made arrangements satisfactory to the impresario, whose interest he protected." Being quite unwilling to become a heroine at such a price, Miss Novello wrote to the Earl of Aberdeen, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who promptly informed the Roman government that "such proceedings could not

be sanctioned toward a British subject." The matter was then settled by arbitration. The Carnival season of 1842 was to extend over twelve weeks, and for six weeks the songstress was to perform at Rome, while for the other moiety of the time she was to be at the service of the impresario at Genoa.

The courtly Count Gigliucci, in making a captive of the charming English vocalist, found himself bound in fetters stronger than ever were forged by the hand of man, and from which he had no wish to be free; in short, he refused to let the lady depart until she had blushingly confessed that he was not disagreeable to her. It was eventually arranged that when her professional engagements had been fulfilled, she should become the Countess Gigliucci.

Miss Novello was almost worshiped as a tenth Muse at Rome; the theatre was crowded whenever she appeared, and on the 19th of January, 1843, when she took her benefit, she received an ovation such as had not been equaled for years. A shower of verses and bouquets, waving of handkerchiefs, and a storm of applause, greeted her appearance as Norma; and when she sang "Casta Diva" the furore was at its height: bouquets and coronals (the camellias of which latter alone, it was confidently asserted, were estimated at 100 scudi—twenty-five guineas English!) were flung at her feet, and the audience recalled her twenty-nine times! At the conclusion of *Norma*, she went into a box to hear Moriani in an act of *Lucia*. The audience, catching sight of her, rose, and, regardless of Moriani, sprang upon the benches and applauded for nearly ten minutes. When she stepped into her carriage, she found herself surrounded by the *élite* of Rome, bearing upward of a hundred wax torches, while all the way home flowers were showered upon her, and vivas rent the air. Arrived at home, her house was beset with carriages, from which ladies of the first rank and quality waved their handkerchiefs, while the military band played her most popular airs, and the shouts continued of "Viva la Novello, evviva!" The hall and staircases were filled with her admirers, who, as she ascended, kept up exclamations of "Come back to us, Novello; don't forget the Romans!" etc., etc. By degrees the streets were cleared, but a serenade came to disturb the slumbers earned by fatigue. The Philharmonic Society of Rome voted her a free diploma, constituting the talented English prima donna an honorary member.

Her reception at Genoa offered a painful contrast to this triumph, for when she appeared in *I Puritani*, with Ivanoff, she was violently hissed. At the first indication of disapprobation Miss Novello quitted the stage, and it was only by the most earnest entreaties that she could be persuaded to return. She reappeared before her old admirers, pale as a statue, and absolutely speechless from emotion; but her appearance and manner soon reduced the audience to silence, and she had an opportunity of explaining to the dissatisfied audience the cause of the failure of her powers. "Signori," she said, calmly, "to make me sing at present is an outrage! The Genoese received me with so much kindness last year that I exhausted my strength in my journey to be with them at the earliest moment. It would be an insult to them, for whom I feel so much gratitude, were I to continue to sing any longer. I have done all I could to content them." Miss Novello appeared in February in a new opera, written expressly for her, on the story of Virginius. She arrived in London in March, 1843.

Mr. Macready, the eminent tragedian, had undertaken the management of Drury Lane Theatre, with the view of raising the English drama from the depressed state into which it had fallen; and a part of his plan was to bring forward first-class musical pieces, to be performed by English artistes. His operatic company consisted of Miss Clara Novello; Mrs. Alfred Shaw, one of the most popular of English soprani; Mrs. Serle, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. Allen, etc. The choice of the opera which was to open the campaign was rather unfortunate. Pacini's *Sappho*, a "grand," weak, pretty, somewhat insipid work, was selected, this being the first time of its production in this country. To Miss Novello was assigned the passionate character of Sappho, Mrs. Alfred Shaw appeared as Climene, and Mrs. Serle as Dirce; Messrs. Phillips, Allen, Stretton, and Reeves, took the parts of Alcander, Phaon, Lysimachus, and Hippias. The public evinced a great desire to hear their favorite on her return from Italy, and to ascertain how far she had improved; consequently, the theatre was crowded on the 1st of April. The opera was elegantly mounted; the opening scene, in particular, the entrance of the stadium at Olympia in Elis, where the Olympic games are being celebrated, and Sappho wins the lyric crown, was beautiful and classic. Clara Novello's acting was energetic, though by some thought to

be wanting in delicate light and shade; but the impassioned character of the Greek songstress needed chiefly vehement feeling. Her voice, it was noticed, had wonderfully improved, and in that large and bold style of ornament which was the fashion of the newest Italian school, she was an adept. The duet between Sappho and Climene was admirably sung. Mrs. A. Shaw was a charming singer, and remarkable for distinctness and expression. *Sappho* was only successful on account of its pretty melodies and the graceful performance of Clara Novello and Mrs. Shaw.

It was followed by Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, the production of which forms an epoch in modern theatrical annals. The scenery of Stanfield, and the instrumentation of Mr. T. Cooke, assisted in creating a splendid effect. The character of Galatea was, of course, undertaken by Miss Novello, and Mr. Allen was the Acis, a part which had been rendered popular by Miss P. Horton.

The character of Polyphemus was sustained by Herr Staudigl, the celebrated baritone, who, by the force of his genius, made a magnificent impersonation of a most arduous part. His representation of the gigantic monster was only too kindly; he sang so genially, so heartily, that the idea of his "hideous love" was lost: he was no longer the brutal ogre, but a large-hearted, ill-fated lover, who had the misfortune to be horribly ugly; at the same time, he enlisted the sympathies of the audience, and humanized the repulsive aspect and ferocious character. Staudigl was a noble-minded and kind-hearted man, as well as a great artiste. Young Emery this season applied to him to know his terms for singing at his benefit. "You are the son of a great actor," replied the German basso, almost reproachfully; "my terms are nothing: you may announce me to sing, or act, or whatever you please. I shall feel it a duty as well as a pleasure to appear."

Clara Novello sang the lovely melodies of Handel infinitely better than the graceful inanities of Pacini. Her clear pure tones were heard in this serenata to the utmost advantage, especially in the last air. *Sappho* was performed again, Staudigl replacing Henry Phillips as Alcander, the High-Priest; a most distasteful character, to which was attached the weakest music in the opera. Staudigl "electrified" the audience, and gave his part character and color, delivering the words clearly

and distinctly, without any defect of foreign utterance; but no genius could infuse life and vigor into such insipid music. The season terminated somewhat abruptly, Mr. Macready's efforts to redeem the drama having met with unbounded applause, but no more solid proofs of the public approval.

Miss Novello sang at the leading provincial musical meetings, gathering fresh laurels at every step. At the Birmingham musical festival, where she sang with Miss Rainforth, Mrs. Knyvett, Mrs. Alfred Shaw, Henry Phillips, Fornasari, and Signor Mario, she was greatly admired. When she appeared in *Norma*, her acting and singing created a multitude of conflicting opinions.

Having completed her engagements, Clara Novello was married on October 22, 1843, to the Count Gigliucci, and, without any formal leave-taking, quitted public life. Immediately after the ceremony the happy couple left London, going first to Paris, then to Naples. Madame Clara Novello was the fourth English vocalist who gained a title and marriage in modern days, the others being Miss Stephens (Countess of Essex), Miss Foote (Countess of Harrington), and Miss Bolton (Lady Thurlow). To this list must now be added the name of Victoire Balfe (Lady Crampton). The political hurricane which swept over Europe in 1848 destroyed the fortunes of many a noble house; and the Countess Gigliucci, like her sister artiste, the amiable Countess Rossi, was rudely aroused from her tranquillity by the storm, and like her, too, again entered into the art-arena to retrieve her husband's losses.

In 1850 Madame Novello reappeared in the musical world as unostentatiously as she had left it. She presented herself first at Rome; in December she appeared at Lisbon, where she obtained a triumph in *Beatrice di Tenda*. She appeared at our musical festivals in 1852, and thenceforth, in England, she restricted herself to singing at concerts and festivals. She is, therefore, best known here as the interpreter of the works of the great masters of sacred song. Her voice had gained in power, brilliancy, and refinement during her retirement, and her style was noble, and, above all, thoroughly English. While capable, as she had from girlhood proved herself, of singing the masterpieces of foreign music, she sang British ballads as no one else could sing them; she could render the grand oratorio music of Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, and with equal

beauty sing the simple strains of "John Anderson" and "Auld Robin Gray." But the beauty and purity of her voice, the exquisite delicacy of her style, and the refinement of her manner, were eminently adapted to sacred music, and the exaltation of her feeling was most apparent in devotional music.

Her voice, "so available, it would seem for all purposes, so capable, so beautiful, and so telling, is toned down and sobered," says an able writer, "to a religious feeling that lends it its peculiar characteristic, and makes it almost sombre in expression and coloring. From this peculiarity, this sombreness of tone, Madame Novello derives her special power in sacred music. Of the demonstrative quality, so indispensable to the dramatic singer, she exhibits but little, and is seldom outwardly energetic or forcible. Intensity without display, and earnestness arising from a manner full of repose and always absorbed, constitute the specialties which distinguish Madame Novello from all other singers of sacred music. So rapt, indeed, is she at most times in her performance, that, even when singing, could our ears deceive us so, she might stand as an exemplification of Wordsworth's Nun, 'breathless with adoration.' Whether this be pure instinct or the most consummate art, we can not say. In either case the result is the same, and the wonderful influence of the vocalist is made manifest."

At a concert given by Signor Puzzi at Drury Lane Theatre, July 5, 1853, Madame Novello appeared in *I Puritani*, with Signori Gardoni, Marchesi, and Burdini, creating a deep sensation by the "fervor of her acting and the excellence of her singing." This was her last dramatic display in England.

Madame Novello concluded an engagement for three years with La Scala, Milan, and commenced January, 1854, with Verdi's *Rigoletto*. As Gilda, the favorite character of Madame Bosio, our charming English vocalist created a furore, and throughout she sustained her reputation in Italy as a dramatic singer. The Carnival of that year opened somewhat inauspiciously, and she had some difficulties to contend with; a new opera by Puzzi, *Il Convito di Baldassare*, disappointed the Milanese, who expected something unusually excellent from the composer; it was produced with great splendor, but the singers vainly exerted themselves to bear up against the tame, hastily-written score.

Apart from her beautiful voice, Madame Novello was inval-

uable in an operatic company, from her steady and correct intonation, and thorough musical knowledge. Miss Sabilla Novello, in her work on *The Voice and Vocal Art*, mentions a most interesting example of her sister's unfailing surety of intonation. At the rehearsal of a new opera at La Scala, Madame Novello, in the finale, consisting of a double quartette and chorus, performed without orchestral accompaniments, kept the pitch, notwithstanding the chorus sank and dragged the other solo voices down with them. The first violin, fancying the prima donna might be getting sharp, sounded her note on his instrument, and found her perfectly in tune, although the chorus and other solo voices had sunk half a note! After repeated rehearsals, this finale had to be changed into a quintette, from the impossibility of keeping the chorus up to the pitch.

At the Norwich festival in 1854, Madame Novello sang with Madame Bosio, Lablache, Gardoni, and Mr. Sims Reeves. For four days' performances she received three hundred guineas. The following year, her admirers at Birmingham were greatly disappointed and angered by the non-appearance of their favorite. The committee objected to her demand of three hundred guineas, and offered only the terms she had received in her girlish days, which they must have known she would not accept. This was the only occasion on which any of the festivals suffered from her absence.

But it was in June, 1859, that Madame Novello achieved her grandest triumph, on the occasion of the Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace, where she sang with Miss Dolby, Madame Sherrington, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Weiss, and Signor Belletti, and an accompanying host of nearly three thousand vocal and instrumental performers, in the presence of twenty-seven thousand auditors. The clear, pure tones of her voice, full, rich, brilliant, and perfectly distinct, penetrated to every corner of the enormous structure—a place any thing but favorable to the transmission of sound. That magnificent display of beautiful and impressive singing is indelibly stamped on the memory of all who heard it.

Unlike her great predecessor, Mara, Madame Novello resolved to withdraw from the arena of public life in the fullness of her powers. Never had she gained such triumphs as in the

year which she fixed for her final retirement, for time had added to the purity, delicacy, and refinement of her style.

The Queen of English Soprani took her leave at the Crystal Palace in the *Messiah;* but she also gave, November 24, 1860, a farewell concert at St. James's Hall. Her farewell, it was justly remarked, was in admirable harmony with her pure and spotless career. "It was a manifestation of pure, unadulterated art from beginning to end," observed a leading musical journal; "and at the termination of the concert the vast assembly dispersed with the most intimate conviction that music had lost one of its most gifted and justly distinguished representatives"—one who for ten years, with Mr. Sims Reeves, had maintained the English school at a lofty standard of excellence. Madame Novello's voice, though she was evidently suffering from indisposition, was as clear, bright, penetrating, flexible, and vigorous, as unerringly modulated as ever. It was only just that Clara Novello's adieu should be sung to Mendelssohn's music, therefore she selected that master's unfinished *Loreley* as the principal feature of the concert; the second part of the programme consisting of Benedict's *Undine*, in which the departing prima donna was assisted by Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilbye Cooper, and Mr. Weiss. Her final display was a solo verse of "God save the Queen," that piece in which she had so often electrified thousands at the Crystal Palace.

The Countess Gigliucci is now residing in Italy with her family.

CHAPTER XXX.

PAULINE VIARDOT GARCIA.

Pauline, the second daughter of the famous singer and musician Garcia, was born in Paris on the 18th of July, 1821. Her elder sister, Maria, then thirteen, was painfully studying under the direction of her father, standing pale and timid behind his chair, and learning the way to sing steadily while the tears were streaming down her cheeks. Her brother, Manuel, then a lad, was also studying, to assist his father as a teacher. On the 29th of August the child was presented for baptism in the parish church of St. Roch, having for sponsors the celebrated Ferdinando Paer and the Princess Pauline Prascovie of Galitzin (Countess of Schonvalsh), and was named Michelle Ferdinande Pauline. At the age of three Pauline left Paris with her family, her father being engaged at the Opera House in London, and Maria having been pronounced by him a finished singer, fully qualified to take an engagement. The next year, Garcia being struck with the happy notion of establishing an Opera in America, the whole family started for New York.

The company had been performing for some time, when Garcia lost his prima donna, Maria, who unfortunately accepted the hand of M. Malibran. When the crash came which made Maria worse than widowed, Garcia abruptly quitted New York, going with his wife and youngest child to Mexico, where he commenced a series of operatic performances. Little Pauline here received some lessons on the piano-forte from Marcos Vega, organist of the Cathedral. She was singularly clever, and at the age of six could speak with equal facility four languages — French, Spanish, Italian, and English. To these she subsequently added German, in which she became a proficient; and she learned, before she was eight-and-twenty, to read Latin and Greek. Her lessons were suddenly interrupted, however. Civil war broke out in Mexico immediately after the declaration of independence, and the scenes of conflict were dreadful to witness. Garcia, fearing that he should

MADAME VIARDOT GARCIA.

lose all his earnings, resolved to return to Europe. Maria was in New York, and Manuel had left the preceding year (1826) to visit France. Turning his money into ingots of gold and silver, Garcia started at once.

The little party, perfectly aware of the dangers of the way, were traveling rapidly on their road over the mountains leading from Mexico to Vera Cruz, when a band of brigands waylaid and robbed them. There was some dry humor about these wretches, for, though they stripped the famous tenor, intending to leave him bound, with a guard to prevent his raising an alarm, on discovering that he was a singer, they were determined to have some fun. Untying him, they roughly placed him, naked as he was, on a rock, and ordered him to sing for their amusement. Manuel Garcia was not exactly the kind of man to submit quietly to this treatment, even at the muzzle of a gun, and he refused to obey their command. They persisted, and began to threaten; so, thinking that perhaps they might be as good (or as bad) as their word, Garcia commenced; but fatigue and agitation combined to choke his voice, and he sang so vilely that his strange audience hissed violently. Astounded and enraged at such an indignity — an outrage to which he had never before been subjected — the great tenor raised his head with a haughty gesture, and, gathering strength and courage, burst into one of his most magnificent flights of song. "This so charmed his hearers that they drowned his voice with cries of 'bravo!' and a loud slapping of their hands, took him down from his elevation, restored to him his clothes and a portion of his money, and gave him an escort to the coast."

By this catastrophe, which Pauline, child as she was, never forgot, her father lost upward of 600,000 francs (about £21,000), the product of his labors and travels. He managed, however, to embark safely, and found consolation for his disaster in teaching Pauline during the long and dreary voyage. It was on their passage that he gave her her first vocal instructions, composing little pieces expressly for her, with words from all languages. "We have seen these curious polyglot vocabularies," says a writer in the *Musical World*, "which must have been of excellent effect in training the infant ear and voice in the art of part singing, and furnishing it with a diversity of idiom." Her father was very fond of this mild darling,

whom he preferred to the brilliant, willful Maria. "Pauline," he would say, "can be guided by a thread of silk; Maria needs a hand of iron."

At seven Pauline could play the piano-forte sufficiently well to accompany her father's pupils, and Garcia, seeing the taste she evinced for this instrument, confided her to the excellent master Meysenberg, under whose care she made rapid progress. Conscious herself of a decided talent for the piano-forte, she devoted three years to finger exercise alone. She was then placed under the direction of the eminent Franz Liszt, one of whose most distinguished pupils she became. It was probably under the care of this master that she gained that accuracy and brilliancy of musical conception which afterward shone forth in her admirable vocal performances. Liszt, with whom she executed the most difficult and complicated works of Bach, wished very much that she should, like himself, aim at celebrity as a pianist. Her health, however, was not equal to the fatigue caused by so sedentary a study, and she could give only so much attention as would enable her to accompany herself; but she was so far finished that when she was fourteen or fifteen she was able to perform at the concerts of her sister Maria. Garcia thought her voice and talents far transcended those of Maria, and when a buzz of ecstatic admiration about the voice of Madame Malibran met his ear, he would rejoin, "There is a younger sister who is a greater genius than she."

Pauline lost her father when she was only eleven, and shortly after the death of her husband Madame Garcia visited Paris. The good lady took up her residence with Adolphe Nourrit, one of Manuel's most eminent pupils; and Nourrit, a man of kind disposition, took the keenest interest in the young Pauline. He strove to cheer and advise the widow of his old master, and, with mistaken zeal, was very anxious to persuade Rossini to become the teacher of Pauline. The maestro consented, and Nourrit brought the news to Madame Garcia with a face beaming with delight. What was his amazement when she quietly declined the offer. He could hardly believe that she was in earnest to reject such a teacher as the master-spirit of the age! and he was still more astounded when she added that her son Manuel should be Pauline's instructor, and that, should her son not be able to come from Italy for the purpose,

she would take Pauline in hand herself. Nourrit was not aware of the vast difference between the systems pursued by Rossini and the Garcias. Professional engagements detained Manuel in Italy; so, confident in her own resources, and that soundness of principle on which the school of Garcia was founded, the widowed lady applied herself to her labor of love.

It may be said, however, that in reality Pauline educated herself; certainly she gained nothing from her sister Maria, for the wandering life of the latter gave few opportunities for them to meet; and as her mother removed to Brussels, Pauline, even when her brother came to Paris, was unable to profit by his instructions. What she acquired was the result of her own spontaneous studies, guided by the taste and judicious counsels of her mother. Pauline was eager, quick, enthusiastic, and, above all, industrious. She had a fixed point to aim at, and now commenced her studies with earnestness. Previously she had learned in a desultory manner, though her intelligence enabled her to appreciate fine music; and she was so smitten with the beautiful melodies of Schubert, that she copied them all with her own hand. "A remarkable instance," says some one, "of solitary and spontaneous enthusiasm." She entered upon a course of laborious vocal training; and having exhausted the solfeggi which her father had written for her sister Maria, the happy idea crossed her mind that she might compose some for herself. She was thus obliged to bring into actual exercise the principles of harmony and counterpoint which she had learned from Reicha. She also acquired other accomplishments besides music. Without any master, she learned, like her sister, to draw and to paint in water-colors; she sketched portraits, caricatures, and costumes. Living in retirement at Brussels, entirely devoted to her studies, and assisted by the advice of her mother, Pauline rapidly neared the goal which she was determined to reach. She was just sixteen when, flushed with conscious genius, she exclaimed, "Ed io anchè son cantatrice."

Her voice, originally somewhat harsh and unmanageable, had been tutored into perfect pliancy and beauty. Like the organ of her sister in quality, it combined the two registers of soprano and contralto, from low F to C above the lines; but the upper part was formed chiefly by art. Like that exquisite voice, too, it had the soul-stirring tone, the sympathetic and

touching character which penetrates to the heart. It was pure and mellow, though not of the most powerful order. Her singing was expressive, "descriptive, thrilling, full, equal and just, brilliant and vibrating, especially in the medium and in the lower chords. Capable of every style of art, it was adapted to all the feelings of nature, but particularly to outbursts of grief, joy, or despair. "The dramatic coloring which her voice imparts to the slightest shades of feeling and passion is a real phenomenon of vocalization which can not be analyzed," says Escudier. "No singer we ever heard, with the exception of Malibran," says another critic, "could produce the same effect by means of a few simple notes. It is neither by the peculiar power, the peculiar depth, nor the peculiar sweetness of these tones that the sensation is created, but by something indescribable in the quality which moves you to tears in the very hearing."

Her first public appearance was worthy the future of Pauline Garcia. It was at Brussels, on the 15th of December, 1837, that she sang at a concert for the benefit of the poor; and on this occasion De Beriot made his first appearance after the death of his wife. The king and queen, the Prince de Ligne, the corps diplomatique, and many persons of celebrity, were present. This concert opened nobly the career of the young artiste. The Philharmonic Society caused two medals to be struck for De Beriot and Mdlle. Garcia, the mould of which was immediately broken.

After some other performances equally brilliant, Pauline quitted Belgium for Germany, with her mother and De Beriot. Her name, her talent, gained for the young débutante a warm welcome every where. The Queen of Prussia sent her a splendid suite of emeralds. At Frankfort she sang a duo with Mdlle. Sontag, who was on the eve of departing for St. Petersburg. Probably Henrietta recalled the days of her glorious rivalry with the dead sister of Pauline, when they had walked on flowers to receive the ovations offered by Paris and London. In the summer of 1838 Pauline and her mother left Germany, and after a short stay in Brussels finally arrived in Paris.

The 15th of December, the anniversary of the Brussels concert, Pauline appeared in public with De Beriot at the Théâtre de la Renaissance, and a crowded audience greeted her with loud applause. She sang an air by Costa, difficult both from

its compass and from the recollection evoked of her sister; an air by De Beriot, and the "Cadence du Diable," imitated from "Tartini's Dream," which she accompanied on the piano with infinite grace and skill. Her second appearance was at a concert given by "La France Musicale," in the saloon of M. Herz, when she was supported by Rubini, Lablache, and Ivanoff. Her admirable performance on this occasion confirmed her rising fame, by revealing the precision, firmness, boldness, and brilliancy of her style.

England, however, was the country selected by Pauline Garcia for her theatrical début. She was eighteen years of age when, on Thursday, May 9, 1839, she made her first appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the same opera in which her sister Maria had made her début before an English audience — *Otello*. Undismayed by traditionary impressions, by the recollections of Malibran, of Pasta, and of Sontag, Pauline gave to the part a new reading. The public were intensely anxious to hear this gifted sister of their lost favorite, and listened eagerly to any account of her genius. At the rehearsal, her voice, style, execution, expression, manner — in short, every thing but external appearance—bore so strong a resemblance to Maria, that the performers were affected, and tears were seen to steal down the cheeks of the most veteran artiste. Nothing, save a little more physical power, was needed to complete the singular likeness.

Every one noticed the singular resemblance existing between her voice and that of her sister Maria. One day a young lady was taking a lesson from Lablache, who lodged in the same house with Mdlle. Garcia. The great basso was explaining to her the manner in which Malibran gave the air from *Norma*, which she was about to try; when, at the moment the pupil seated herself at the piano, a voice was heard in the adjoining room singing this cavatina: it was Mdlle. Pauline; but the young girl, struck with superstitious terror, imagined that a phantom had come to give her a lesson, and she fainted.

In person there was but a slight resemblance between the sisters. Pauline's figure was tall and elegant, occasionally commanding, her physiognomy noble, expressive, and full of character; but her features were far from being handsome, the outline of her face being somewhat harsh and irregular; her fore-

head was broad and intellectual; her hair was of a rich black, her complexion pale, contrasting charmingly with large black eyes, ardent, and full of fire. Her walk was grave and dignified, and her carriage majestic and easy. "She looked older than her years," Mr. Chorley says (in his *Reminiscences*); "her frame (then a mere reed) quivered this way and that; her character dress seemed to puzzle her, and the motion of her hands as much. Her voice was hardly settled, even within its after-conditions; and yet—paradoxical as it may seem—she was at ease on the stage, because she had brought thither instinct for acting, experience of music, knowledge how to sing, and consummate intelligence. There could be no doubt with any one who saw Desdemona on that night that another great career was begun."

Her singing created a marked sensation. The high and low notes seemed to be produced without effort, yet were sufficiently powerful to fill the house with a flood of clear, sweet, rich melody. Her powers were, however, still immature; though her acting, like her singing, was full of promise, and her conception surprising. "By the firmness of her step and the general confidence of her deportment," observes a contemporary critic, "we were at first induced to believe that she was not nervous; but the improvement of every succeeding song, and the warmth with which she gave the latter part of the opera, convinced us that her powers must have been confined by something like apprehension." Rubini was the Otello; Tamburini, Iago; and Lablache, Elmiro. June 15, Mdlle. Garcia appeared in *La Cenerentola* with the same great singers. As Angelina she was even more admired than as Desdemona. Her pure taste, her unexaggerated truth, her perfect facility of execution combined to render her performance nearly faultless, despite her youth and inexperience of the stage. "She has," says one writer, "more feeling than Madame Cinti Damoreau in the part in which the greater portion of Europe has assigned to her the pre-eminence, and execution, even now, in very nearly equal perfection." Every note was clear and distinct as a clarionet, and she was rewarded by "thunders of applause."

M. Viardot, an eminent literary man, was then director of the Italian Opera of Paris, and being in London, he offered Mdlle. Garcia the position of prima donna for the approaching

season. She had already received similar offers from the theatre, but, young and inexperienced, she shrank from undertaking a responsibility which she felt was too much for a girl of eighteen; she, however, consented to appear for a few nights. Great was the impatience of the Parisian public to hear the young cantatrice in opera, and every box was taken at the Italiens for the performances. Her début took place on the 8th of October, and was long remembered as the brightest triumph on the French lyric stage, since Malibran made her début. She appeared as Desdemona, with Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, and realized the most sanguine expectations. The audience were struck with the wonderful extent of her voice, her admirable musical knowledge, and the perfect correctness of her costume. The only drawbacks were her youth and inexperience; but the critics assured her, almost apologetically, that this slight disadvantage would disappear but too soon. Her second character was Angelina, in *La Cenerentola;* her third part was Rosina, in *Il Barbiere.* An accidental failure of memory, although disguised by brilliant improvisations, was injurious to the effect of the first representation of *Il Barbiere.* Rosina, notwithstanding her dazzling vocalization, perhaps even owing to it, proved not the Rosina that the audience had anticipated. She achieved a triumph, but it was rather a tribute to her great musical skill, which enabled her to conceal beneath the splendor of extempore melody the failure of her memory. On her second appearance she made a glorious atonement, and the part of Rosina has ever been played and sung by her with an exquisite perfection. For her benefit she appeared, with Madame Persiani, Rubini, and Tamburini, in *Tancredi;* and for the benefit of Fanny Elssler, February, 1840, she performed in the last act of *Otello*, with Duprez.

Mdlle. Garcia and M. Viardot were married April 18, 1840, when they left for Italy; M. Viardot resigning his post at the Opéra, being charged with an important mission by the Minister of the Interior relative to the fine arts. The following year Madame Viardot reappeared in England. Her Majesty's Theatre opened March 16, with *Gli Orazi ed i Curiazi.* Madame Viardot performed Orazia, and confirmed the favorable impression she had made the preceding season. In several parts of the opera her singing and acting were superb, and many concurred in awarding the crown of Pasta and Malibran

to the young vocalist. Mario was the Orazio, and a Miss Alicia Nunn made her début as Curiazio.

The health of Madame Viardot was not strong, and her physical energies were quite unequal to the strain upon her ardent nature; she was, therefore, obliged to decline the offers both of the London and Paris managers, preferring to travel and visit Spain, the native land of her mother. In June, 1841, she was singing at Madrid, and on her second appearance, as Desdemona, the audience so eagerly testified their ecstasy that the amiable songstress, flattered probably by such unrestrained expressions of delight, voluntarily sang the rondo finale from *La Cenerentola*. Spell-bound, the audience found it impossible to tear themselves away, and called the charming songstress again and again to receive their repeated applause. The curtain fell and the band disappeared, but the crowd would not go; so, at a sign from Madame Viardot, the piano-forte was wheeled on the stage, when she sang with electrical effect a French romance and two Spanish airs, accompanying herself. When she was at length permitted to leave the theatre, a crowd of amateurs attended her carriage to the gates of her hotel, amid a hurricane of vivas. On her way to Paris through Grenada, at the close of her tour, Madame Viardot performed twice in *Il Barbiere* in a style of artistic perfection, both musical and dramatic, quite unprecedented in that part of the world. She also performed *Norma* twice, a character in which she was fully equal to her sister.

In October, 1842, Madame Viardot made her reappearance at the Théâtre Italien as Arsace, with Madame Grisi and Tamburini. Pauline Viardot, Giulia Grisi, and Fanny Persiani formed a trio of singers such as had not often been heard at the same theatre, each possessing voice and talent of the highest order, yet perfectly distinct. In 1843 Madame Viardot published five songs and romances in an album, entitled *L'Oiseau d'Or*. She declined the offers made from London that year, and at the close of the Paris season, about Easter, went to Vienna, where her powers were highly appreciated. In August she was at Berlin, and Meyerbeer, who was then writing his *Prophète*, arranged a concert in order that the king might have an opportunity of hearing her. Madame Viardot had a brilliant success in Berlin, and aroused quite an Italian furore among the staid citizens. In 1844 she was singing at Vienna

with Ronconi, and she formed one of the crowd of distinguished visitors who attended the Beethoven fête at Bonn in 1845.

After singing at Paris with Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, the next engagement of Madame Viardot was at Berlin, where she sang at the end of 1846 and the beginning of 1847. In March she took the Berlin critics by storm in a German version of *La Juive*. She was called before the curtain at the termination of every act, and at midnight the members of the orchestra executed a serenade under her windows; indeed, the enthusiasm with which she was greeted proved that the mantle of her illustrious sister had fallen on her.

She showed herself, also, to be as amiable as she was gifted. One evening she had been announced as Alice in *Robert le Diable;* when, unfortunately, Mdlle. Tuczek, the Isabella of the evening, was taken ill. The manager was in despair: there was no singer to substitute for her, and the opera must be set aside. The part of Alice taxed the powers of the most vigorous singer; but Madame Viardot smilingly declared that, rather than disappoint the audience, she would play *both characters!* And she actually did so, changing her costume with every change of scene, and representing in one opera the two opposite rôles of the princess and the peasant! The enthusiasm of the audience was such that she was vociferously called for at the end of every act, and when the curtain dropped, the house rose *en masse*, and greeted her with a storm of applause.

From Berlin she went to Dresden, where Robert Schumann heard her as Rosina, and pronounced Rosina to be "her finest rôle." When Mdlle. Lind quitted the German Opera at Berlin, Madame Viardot took her place, and created an unparalleled enthusiasm in Hamburg, Dresden, Frankfort, Leipzig, etc. Her repertoire then consisted of Desdemona, Cenerentola, Rosina, Camilla (in *Gli Orazi*), Arsace, Norma, Ninetta, Amina, Romeo, Lucia, Maria di Rohan, Leonora (in *La Favorita*), Zerlina, and Donna Anna, the Iphigenia of Glück and the Rachel of Halévy, the Alice and Valentine of Meyerbeer.

As Alice, Madame Viardot completely identified herself with the creation of the poet; and in the character of Valentine she was irreproachable. This part was for her what Medea was to Pasta, Fidelio to Malibran, or Norma to Giulia Grisi. In the severe and classic school of singing Madame

Viardot has no superior, perhaps no equal; and in the music of Glück, of Handel, of Beethoven, she shone pre-eminently. "The florid graces and embellishments of the modern Italian school," says one writer, "though mastered by her with ease, do not appear consonant to her genius. So great an artiste must necessarily be a perfect mistress of all styles of singing, but her intellect evidently inclines her to the severer and loftier school."

In 1848 Madame Viardot was engaged at our Royal Italian Opera by Mr. Delafield. By that time the great genius of Madame Viardot had matured, and a volume might be filled with the criticisms written on her voice, her acting, her original conception. Even those judges ordinarily most stern seemed to have scarcely any thing but praise to offer to Madame Viardot. She was admitted to be, as one able critic acknowledges, "a woman of genius peculiar, inasmuch as it is universal." Never was prima donna more fortunate in satisfying even the most exacting.

The announcement of her first appearance (May 9) "created an immense sensation in all musical circles." She had to contend against a combination of the most unfortunate circumstances that ever surrounded any singer. The house was crowded by those anxious to witness her appearance as Amina, the Dowager Countess of Essex, Madame Grisi and Mdlle. Alboni being among the most eager expectants. Despite her nervousness—"her trembling was apparent to all parts of the house," as one journal recorded—her success was undoubted from the commencement of the Opera. "She proved herself equal to Malibran," says a writer in the *Musical World*, speaking of this performance; "there was the same passionate fervor, the same absorbing depth of feeling; we heard the same tones whose naturalness and pathos stole into our very heart of hearts; we saw the same abstraction, the same abandonment, the same rapturous awakening to joy, to love, and to devotion. Such novel and extraordinary passages, such daring flights into the region of fioriture, together with chromatic runs ascending and descending, embracing the three registers of the soprano, mezzo-soprano, and contralto, we have not heard since the days of Malibran."

On her second appearance, being no longer trammeled by the circumstances which had previously harassed her, Madame

Viardot's triumph was complete. "Madame Viardot's voice grows unconsciously upon you," observes one critic, "until at last you are blind to its imperfections. The voice penetrates to the heart by its sympathetic tones, and you forget every thing in it but its touching and affecting quality. You care little or nothing for the mechanism, or rather for the weakness of the organ; you are no longer a critic, but spell-bound under the hand of genius, moved by the sway of the enthusiasm that comes from the soul—abashed in the presence of intellect."

From that time Madame Viardot appeared almost every season in London in all the great parts in which she had distinguished herself on the Continent. Her most memorable achievement was her performance in 1849 of the character of Fides in *Le Prophète*. This opera was then a novelty, having been recently produced at Paris. Meyerbeer had kept it long in his portfolio, determined not to bring it out till Fides could be represented by the performer for whom it had been expressly written. Madame Viardot's appearance in it on the Parisian boards had created an immense sensation, and equally great was the impression made by her reappearance in it at Covent Garden. It has since been sustained by other performers of the greatest eminence, but it has been unanimously admitted that none have attained the standard given by Viardot.

Her last season in England was that of 1858. There was an Italian Opera at Drury Lane, for which she was engaged, and where she appeared in several of her principal parts. In this, as in previous years, she sang at the leading concerts in the metropolis, and at the great provincial festivals. Her last appearances in England were at the Birmingham festival of the above year.

From England she went to Poland. In December, Prince Gortschakoff entertained in his palace all the rank and fashion of Warsaw with a concert, at which she was the chief attraction. She sang the grand air from *L'Italiana*, two pieces from *Le Prophète*, and some Russian airs. The performance of *Le Prophète* being prohibited at Warsaw, Madame Viardot made her début two days after in *Norma;* she next appeared in *Il Barbiere*, when her reception was, if possible, even more brilliant. After the performance, Prince Cantacuzene was sent by Prince Gortschakoff to invite Madame Viardot to tea in the governor general's house, where she was met by an assem-

bly of the *élite* of the court and the nobility. The January and February of the following year found Madame Viardot at Berlin. Her success, it is unnecessary to add, was immense: the theatre was always crowded at double prices. In March, 1861, this incomparable artiste created a great sensation by singing in a selection from Glück's *Alceste*, at the Paris Conservatoire, where she had not sung for many years. She appeared again in Paris in 1862.

Madame Viardot, in private life, is loved and esteemed for her pure and cultivated mind, her amiable temper, the suavity of her manner, and her high principles, as she has been admired by the public for her genius, her voice, and her dramatic power, and respected for her punctuality and willingness to oblige. She had never ceased to be a favorite, but always retained her supremacy, spite of the most attractive novelty or the most brilliant rivalry.

CHAPTER XXXI.

FANNY PERSIANI.

Nicholas Tacchinardi, who was the great star of the Odéon under the Empire, was one of the most admired tenors of his day. He was not by nature formed for a stage hero, being short, with a large head sunk in his shoulders, and a repulsive face; but he had an exquisite voice and irreproachable taste, and was as capricious as he was ugly. Nor did his demeanor on the stage lessen the unfavorable impression of his person; for he would march down to the orchestra with his hat in one hand, and his cane in the other, and then, without the least gesture or action, sing his song, and walk off again. Being perfectly conscious that his personal defects operated against him in the estimation of those who were not familiar with his beautiful voice, he would beg those who wrote for him to give him parts which permitted him to sing at the side-scenes before entering on the stage, that thus he might be heard before being seen. This expedient was not always easy to manage, however, so he invented another stratagem for concealing from the spectators some portion of his unfortunate figure; he would come on the stage standing in a triumphal car, looking even then a victor whose aspect terribly belied his supposed deeds. At his first appearance on the boards of the Odéon, he was saluted with the most insulting outburst of laughter and smothered ejaculations of "Why, he's a hunchback!" Being accustomed to this kind of greeting, Tacchinardi tranquilly walked to the foot-lights and bowed. "Gentlemen," he said, addressing the pit, "I am not here to exhibit my person, but to sing. Have the goodness to hear me." They did hear him, and when he ceased, the theatre rang with plaudits: there was no more laughter. His personal disadvantages were redeemed by one of the finest and purest tenor voices ever given by Nature and refined by Art, by his extraordinary intelligence, by an admirable method of singing, an exquisite taste in fioriture, and a marvelous facility of execution.

After the events of 1815 Tacchinardi left France and returned to his native Italy; and when at Rome he had a second daughter, Fanny, born October 4, 1818. She was passionately fond of music; and while yet a child, her father gave her lessons. At nine she could play on the piano, and sing with grace, though in a thin, uncertain voice, her father's ariettas and duettini, with her elder sister, Elisa, who was an excellent pianist, and a good musician and composer. At eleven Fanny performed, as a childish amateur, the part of prima donna at a little theatre which her father had fitted up in his country house near Florence (his native city) for the use of his pupils. Despite her decided talent and predilection for the stage, however, her father was averse to her adopting it as a profession.

But she sang in public when fourteen, with much success, at the concerts of amateurs and of artists, and at some theatrical representations for the benefit of her father; and in 1828 and 1829 she sang many times in the concerts which were given during Lent at the court of the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, where Tacchinardi had been *chanteur du chambre* since 1822. Nature had given to Fanny a voice of great extent, but wanting, in some parts, flexibility, sweetness, and power; defects which subsequent hard study and untiring efforts only to a certain degree remedied.

In 1830 Fanny Tacchinardi married Joseph Persiani, a composer of several operas of more or less merit, and resided with him in her father's house, far from the musical world. But she was, like Mara and our own Billington, like Malibran, Pauline Viardot, and many others, a *musicienne de race*, and, as such, her gifts could not be kept in obscurity.

A French amateur, a M. Fournier, a rich merchant established at Leghorn, had composed an opera entitled *Francesca di Rimini*, the subject being taken from the tragedy of Pellico. The Frenchman was one of those musical enthusiasts who are ready to do any thing if only their pieces are publicly represented, and he was prepared to pay for every thing — the scenery, the singers, the musicians. The first vocalists were accordingly engaged, Madame Pisaroni and Rosalbina Caradori being the contralto and soprano. On the day of rehearsal, June, 1832, all the singers responded to the call with the exception of Madame Caradori, who was detained at Florence by

the public. M. Fournier was in despair, and the manager in a fidget. What was to be done? Suddenly some one recollected the distinguished dilettante, Madame Persiani, who resided some leagues from Leghorn, and might perhaps be induced to undertake the part of the heroine on this occasion. Accordingly, a deputation of the friends of M. Fournier, among whom were some friends of Tacchinardi, came to represent the case of the poor composer in want of a soprano singer, and implored her aid. After some hesitation, and having obtained the consent of her husband and father, Madame Persiani signed with a trembling hand the engagement which was offered her, and made her début in the *Francesca di Rimini* of the merchant-musician.

It must be confessed that her début was *not* brilliant: it did not even presage future successes. Having commenced her career, however, she was too valorous to relinquish it. Passing to the theatre of Milan, she there laid the foundation of her renown, which rose rapidly at Florence, where she sang with Duprez and Porto. Donizetti, who was then in that city, wrote for these three artistes his *Rosmonda d'Inghilterra.*

Madame Persiani was next engaged at Vienna, where the impression which she made was all the more honorable to her, as the great theatre of that capital is the rendezvous of the élite of Viennese society. She was afterward engaged at Padua, and at Venice, where, in 1833, she played chiefly in *Romeo e Giulietta*, *Il Pirata*, *La Gazza Ladra*, and *L'Elisir d'Amore.* Madame Pasta was singing here, and Madame Persiani, who performed with her in *Tancredi* and *L'Elisir d'Amore*, did not hesitate to enter into competition with this illustrious rival. The Venetians were charmed with the blonde Persiani, and unanimously designated her "la petite Pasta," though in her talent she did not resemble the great tragedian in the remotest degree. At Milan, where the echo of her Venetian successes had preceded her, she appeared in *Beatrice di Tenda* and *La Sonnambula.* In the autumn of the same year (1833) she left for Rome, and during her stay in that city, two operas, *Misantropia e Pentimento* and *I Promessi Sposi*, were written for her. She also performed with Ronconi in *Il Pirata.* At Pisa, in *Otello*, she met with equal admiration, and she sang at the Teatro Carlo Felice, at Genoa, during the Carnival.

The next year she was at the San Carlo, at Naples, with Duprez, Coselli, and Lablache. Donizetti, who was charmed with her voice, resolved to write another opera for her; and as with him there was not much delay between conceiving an idea and carrying it into execution, being furnished with an interesting libretto, the last act of which he wrote himself, he set to work, and in the space of six weeks produced one of the most beautiful operas he had ever written—*Lucia di Lammermoor*. Duprez, then in the zenith of his power, was a singer of the first order, and it is thought that the large and severe style of this vocalist exerted a favorable influence on the inspiration of the composer, who wrote for him the character of Edgardo. As the gentle Lucy, Madame Persiani was soft, pathetic, sentimental, and impassioned. She performed with ease, intelligence, and expression. This part always remained her favorite.

In appearance Madame Persiani was small and thin, with a face somewhat long and colorless, and though interesting and pleasing, on the stage she looked older than she really was. Her eyes were soft and dreamy, her smile piquant, her hair exquisitely fair and unusually long. Her manner was lady-like and unassuming, and her actions were graceful. "Never was there woman less vulgar, in physiognomy or in manner, than she," says Mr. Chorley, describing Madame Persiani; "but never was there one whose appearance on the stage was less distinguished. She was not precisely insignificant to see, so much as pale, plain, and anxious. She gave the impression of one who had left sorrow or sickness at home, and who therefore (unlike those wonderful deluders, the French actresses, who, because they will not be ugly, rarely *look* so) had resigned every question of personal attraction as a hopeless one. She was singularly tasteless in her dress. Her one good point was her hair, which was splendidly profuse, and of an agreeable color."

As a vocalist, it was agreed that her singing had the volubility, ease, and musical sweetness of a bird: her execution was remarkable for velocity. Her voice was rather thin, but its tones were clear as a silver bell, brilliant and sparkling as a diamond: it embraced a range of two octaves and a half (or about eighteen notes, from B to F in alt), the highest and lowest notes of which she touched with equal ease and sweetness.

She had thus an organ of the most extensive compass known in the register of the true soprano. Her facility was extraordinary; her voice was implicitly under her command, and capable not only of executing the greatest difficulties, but also of obeying the most daring caprices—scales, shakes, trills, divisions, fioriture the most dazzling and inconceivable. She only acquired this command by indefatigable labor. Study had enabled her to execute with fluency and correctness the chromatic scales ascending and descending, and it was by sheer hard practice that she learned to swell and diminish her accents; to emit tones full, large, and free from nasal or guttural sounds, to manage her respiration skillfully, and to seize the delicate shades of vocalization. In fioriture and vocal effects her taste was faultless; and she had an agreeable manner of uniting her tones by the happiest transitions, and diminishing with insensible gradations. She excelled in the effects of vocal embroidery, and her passion for ornamentation tempted her to disregard the dramatic situation in order to give way to a torrent of splendid fioriture, which dazzled the audience without always satisfying them.

She excelled in Lucia, Amina, Ninetta, and Zerlina: characters which require placidity, feminine grace, softness, and appeal to the sympathies of the spectators, were best adapted to her style and talent. That she was not incapable of tragic emotion, however, her mad scene in *Lucia di Lammermoor* attested. "It is not only the nature of her voice which limits her," remarks Escudier, "it is also the expression of her acting—we had almost said the ensemble of her physical organization. She knows her own powers perfectly. She is not ambitious, she knows exactly what will suit her, and is aware precisely of the nature of her talent." Her style was all her own—graceful and gentle. As Zerlina, she was the bewitching Spanish girl, in all her native beauty and picturesqueness; her innovations were rare; every touch was in the finest taste; and since the days of Fodor, no one invested the character of Zerlina with so much truth and grace as Madame Persiani. Yet she shone less in Mozart's music than in the compositions of other masters; her light and brilliant voice, her airy style, fitting her more for the modern Italian than the severe German school. As an actress, Madame Persiani, although not very animated, was natural, often touching. She possessed

much versatility, and in comedy was easy and elegant, her best parts being Rosina and Adina. She belonged to the same school as Sontag.

On the occasion of her second visit to Naples in 1835, an incident occurred which afforded Madame Persiani deep gratification. During the representation of *Lucia*, she was one evening changing her costume between the acts, when a lady entered her dressing-room, and after a few general compliments on her singing, took in her hands the long fair tresses which floated in wild profusion over the shoulders of the cantatrice, asking if they were really her own. Madame Persiani laughingly invited her to satisfy herself on this point, when the visitor said, with a smile, "Allow me, signora, since I have no wreath of flowers to offer you, to twine you one with your own beautiful tresses;" and she did so. Madame Persiani's heart beat with pride and joy, for it was Malibran who spoke.

From Naples she went to Genoa. Here Severini heard her and offered her an engagement for the Théâtre Italien. She accepted it provisionally, being unable to go immediately to France in consequence of her numerous engagements.

In the same year, coming from Naples to Leghorn to fulfill an engagement at Florence, she fell seriously ill during the voyage, in consequence of a dreadful storm which broke over the vessel. On her arrival in the Tuscan capital, she presented herself weak and exhausted before the impresario, who nevertheless insisted on enforcing the terms of her engagement, and on compelling her to appear in *I Puritani*. She remonstrated in vain, and went on in a nearly dying condition, hoping for the indulgence of the audience. Scarcely had the first few notes escaped her quivering lips when she was borne down by a storm of angry hisses. But, so far from crushing Madame Persiani, this unexpected salutation gave her an impetus, and seeing the audience thus pitiless, she continued her part with the most imperturbable coolness, careless whether they were pleased or not. A few weeks later, when she had recovered her strength and voice, the popular admiration became boundless; but she was as insensible to praises as she had been to reproaches: she replied to the enthusiasm by a disdainful, icy smile, and at the expiration of her engagement left Florence never to return.

At Vienna she was named chamber-singer to the emperor.

At Venice, in 1837, the ever-industrious Donizetti, who wrote more operas than he had lived years, composed for her and Ronconi his *Pia Tolomei*, which was performed at the Apollo Theatre.

Madame Persiani was at length free to undertake her Parisian engagement. As she approached the French capital, her fears grew almost insupportable; and when at last the day was fixed irrevocably for her début, an involuntary shivering seized her, and her limbs bent under her as she stepped on the stage, November 7, 1837. The opera was *La Sonnambula*, and Rubini, Tamburini, and Mdlle. Assandri were the performers with the débutante. The aristocratic audience of the theatre was not tardy in sanctioning with its high approval the great renown which had preceded the candidate for their favor; but her début was not so brilliant as might have been expected. Timidity, perhaps, was the cause that obscured the beauty of her talent, and until she appeared in *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, she was not rightly appreciated. "Since the retirement of Madame Fodor," said one critic, "the part of Carolina has never been comprehended, sung, and rendered with the same mixture of sweetness and power." Rubini, Tamburini, Mdlle. Assandri, and Madame Albertazzi took the other characters. In December she appeared as Lucia, and from this time she was the idol of the Parisian public, who placed her above even Grisi herself, for the same reason that they placed Duprez above all tenors, even above Nourrit.

In 1838 Madame Persiani appeared in London at Her Majesty's Theatre in *La Sonnambula*. "It is no small risk to any vocalist to follow Malibran and Grisi in a part which they both played so well," observed one critic, "and it is no small compliment to Persiani to say that she succeeded in it." She next appeared as Lucia with Rubini, Tamburini, etc. By the close of the season she had established herself as an undoubted favorite, and she continued, with little intermission, to sing alternately in London and Paris for many years. In 1839 she performed at Her Majesty's Theatre with Grisi, Lablache, Tamburini, and Mario.

In 1841, after the close of the London season, she sang for twelve nights at Brussels, with Rubini; and it was said that the two artistes received each £100 nightly. In October they were at Wiesbaden, and during the tour they had undertaken,

they were every where received with the warmest acclamations; but at Wiesbaden the "enthusiasm" was greatest. Princes, ministers, and diplomats crowded round M. Metternich, who had come from his chateau of Johannisberg, to be present at the concert given by the two eminent vocalists; and at the conclusion of the performance, the prince took Rubini by the arm, and walked up and down the salon with him for some time. They had become acquainted at Vienna. "My dear Rubini," said Metternich, "it is impossible that you can come so near Johannisberg without paying me a visit there. I hope you and your friends will come and dine with me to-morrow." The following day, therefore, Rubini, Madame Persiani, etc., went to the chateau, so celebrated for the produce of its vineyards, where M. Metternich and his princess did the honors with the utmost affability and cordiality. After dinner, Rubini, unasked, sang two of his most admired airs; and the prince, to testify his gratification, offered him a basket of Johannisberg, "to drink my health," he laughingly said, "when you reach your chateau of Bergamo." Rubini accepted the friendly offering, and begged permission to bring Madame Rubini, before quitting the north of Europe, to visit the fine chateau. Metternich immediately summoned his major-domo, and said to him, "Remember that if ever M. Rubini visits Johannisberg during my absence, he is to be received as if he were its master. You will place the whole of the chateau at his disposal so long as he may please to remain." "And the cellar also?" asked Rubini. "The cellar also," added the prince, smiling: "the cellar at discretion."

In 1842 Madame Persiani was again in London. In Paris she was more admired every day. This year, being in Vienna, Donizetti wrote for her his pathetic opera of *Linda di Chamouni*. As the unfortunate Linda, she almost equaled her performance of Lucia, and displayed great taste and feeling. She did not come to England in 1845, but in 1846 she was warmly welcomed. It was observed that her voice was brilliant and clear as ever, and that she had, if possible, improved in the mechanical resources of her art.

In 1847, Covent Garden Theatre, converted into a superb, spacious opera-house, was opened under the title of the Royal Italian Opera; and it was understood that several of the principal performers had invested large funds in the undertaking,

which was directed by Signor Persiani. It was, according to the announcement of the proprietors, "established for the purpose of rendering a more perfect performance of lyric drama than hitherto in this country." The principal members of the company, who had quitted Her Majesty's Theatre, were Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and a young singer named Mdlle. Alboni, who had gained a reputation in Italy; Signori Mario and Tamburini, Salvi and Ronconi, Rovere and Marini. The orchestra, which was under the superintendence of Signor Costa (formerly chef d'orchestre of Her Majesty's Theatre), was of extraordinary strength and excellence. The chorus was numerous and efficient, while the costumes, scenery and decorations were magnificent.

In October Madame Persiani reappeared at the Italiens with Tagliafico and Gardoni; but she vanished from the stage at Paris, terrified, like many other songstresses, by the thunders of the Revolution, and accepted an engagement at a salary of £640 for the season of 1848, from Mr. Delafield, who was just embarking on his rash speculation as an operatic manager. In 1849 she sang again, receiving £500, when she performed Zerlina and other favorite characters. After this year Madame Persiani took leave of the London stage, although she continued to sing at concerts.

In March, 1850, Madame Persiani, with Tamburini and Gardoni, signed an engagement to appear at the Theatres Royal of Amsterdam and the Hague. She was subsequently engaged with Mario and Tamburini for the Imperial Theatre of St. Petersburg, where she appeared in *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, etc., and in *Il Fantasma*, an opera by her husband. She was greatly admired in this capital; and the Czar Nicholas, with the members of the imperial family, gave her the most gratifying proofs of approbation. Quitting St. Petersburg, she went to Moscow, where she gave several representations and concerts. She afterward visited Prussia, Germany, Saxony, Belgium, Holland, Spain, Ireland, Scotland, and the principal cities of France. In 1854 she was engaged to sing for fifteen nights at the Teatro Communale of Bologna; she also sang at concerts in London the same year, and in 1856 she was singing at Bordeaux. In 1858 she accepted, after some hesitation, an engagement from Mr. E. T. Smith to sing in opera at Drury Lane, and appeared in *I Puritani*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di*

Chamouni, and *Don Giovanni*. She was greeted with the old familiar plaudits. One of her pupils, Miss Laura Baxter, also appeared. In December, 1858, Madame Persiani fixed her residence at Paris, with the view of devoting herself entirely to musical tuition. There she has since remained.

In 1859, when Mario was about to take his benefit (March 14) at the Théâtre Italien, Calzado, director, entreated Madame Persiani to undertake the character of Zerlina. The part of Don Giovanni having been transposed for Mario, the part of Zerlina was also necessarily altered, especially the passages which she has to sing with the Don. Madame Persiani at first refused to enter on so daring a task as performing this version of Zerlina almost without a rehearsal; but Signor Mario pleaded his own cause so eloquently that she yielded. She was anxious, in fact, to pay her debt of gratitude to the Parisians, whose idol she had been, and she felt that she could not do so more gracefully than by appearing for the last time in her life in a part with which her name was so pleasantly associated. "My career," she said, "began almost in lisping the divine music of *Don Giovanni;* it will be appropriately closed by the interpretation of this chef-d'œuvre of the master of masters, the immortal Mozart." Her voice was found to be singularly fresh and clear, her talent had lost nothing of its piquancy, and she was applauded to the echo.

On leaving the theatre after this performance she learned the death of her father, the celebrated Tacchinardi.

CHAPTER XXXII.

CATHARINE HAYES.

The shades of a summer evening were beginning to gather over the city of Limerick, so famed for its gloves, its races, and its lasses; parties of pleasure were floating down the Shannon, passing, one after another, the picturesque gardens attached to the mansion of the Earl of Limerick and to the See house of the bishop, which stretched to the river's edge, when the silence of evening was broken by a delicious childish warbling, as if some little Loreley had emerged from the stream. Song after song was poured forth in quick succession, and more than one boat crept under the shadow of the trees, that its occupants might listen to the unseen songstress, who, hidden in a woodbine bower, unconscious of the audience she had attracted, continued singing till, at the conclusion of the *Lass of Gowrie*, she broke into a prolonged and thrilling shake. The listeners, carried away by their admiration, made the welkin ring with a rapturous shout of applause, startling the timid child, who fled, half blushing, half frightened.

The singer was little Catharine Hayes, then some ten years of age, a native of Limerick, born in 1828 at No. 4 Patrick Street. A gentle, reserved girl, delicate and quiet, shrinking from the rough sports of other children, her great enjoyment was to sit alone in the woodbine arbor at the end of the garden of the Earl of Limerick (an aged female relative being in the service of that nobleman), and here she would warble all the Irish ballads she caught up from time to time. Among the listeners on this particular evening was the Hon. and Right Rev. Edmond Knox, Bishop of Limerick, whose correct taste and refined judgment enabled him to immediately discern the budding talent of the little songstress. From that evening her open-air practice ceased, and little Kitty found herself a musical wonder. She was invited to the See house, and became the star of a series of musical réunions given by her new patron, and directed by the Messrs. Rogers, musicians

of much promise, one of whom afterward became organist of Limerick Cathedral.

Catharine was also noticed by a lady of the city, a highly accomplished amateur, who, pleased with the youthful talent of the child, invited her to her house, and voluntarily taught her to sing simple ballads, being amply repaid by the quick intelligence of her little pupil. One day the lady asked her to execute a shake; the blushing girl modestly shrank from the difficulty, although urged most pressingly; her ambition being awakened, however, she determined to try if she really could manage it, and, returning to the solitude of her woodbine bower, she began to imitate the shake played for her by her friend, and discovered, with a thrill of joy, that she could absolutely give it in perfection. Timid, and unable to quite credit that she was indeed gifted with this valuable grace, Catharine did not acknowledge that she had achieved the difficulty, but a few days after, placing herself at the piano beside her friend, she lost her timidity completely on the termination of a ballad, and broke into a shake so brilliant, so ringing, so finished, that her hearer was astonished, and uttered an exclamation of delight, which penetrated to the heart of Catharine: amid all the triumphs of her professional career, the "surprise, affection, and gladness" with which her shake on this occasion was greeted by her friend, was never effaced from her mind. It was from this lady that Miss Hayes gained the first elementary knowledge of music.

The bishop, pleased at the rapid progress of his protégée, and anxious to give her an opportunity of making her talents available for her support, consulted with some friends in Limerick, who concurred in advising him to place Catharine with some eminent musical professor; and her mother being unable to defray the expenses, a subscription was raised, and a large sum soon collected. Signor Antonio Sapio was selected as the master for Miss Hayes. The bishop accordingly wrote to him, and the little Catharine, bidding adieu to her mother and sister Henrietta, went to Dublin, and took up her residence with Signor Sapio, April 1, 1839.

Her voice was then a soprano, with a full, clear, silvery tone; her natural taste was pure and refined, but her knowledge of music was very limited. She was earnest, however, and eagerly applied to study with the view of perfecting her-

self as a concert singer, and she studied so assiduously that in a few weeks there was a visible improvement. On May 3d, 1839, scarcely a month from the time of her arrival in Dublin, she appeared with her master at his annual concert in the great room of the Rotunda, before a crowded and fashionable audience. She was welcomed with Irish cordiality, and, although timid, she sang with some confidence. Even the professional friends of her master were surprised at her rapid improvement. She sang with great sweetness, and was encored in the duet, "O'er shepherd pipe," with Signor Sapio. Her second appearance took place on the 8th of December, at a concert given by the Anacreontic Society. Her style, naturally pure, had been cultivated with the utmost care, and her execution of "Qui la voce," from *I Puritani*, and "Come per sereno," showed the excellence of her tuition.

The following month the young singer paid a visit to her native city, where her patrons were greatly astonished and gratified by her singular progress. The bishop gave a private concert expressly in her honor, and her performance richly rewarded those friends who had taken so kind an interest in her welfare. Before quitting Limerick she sang in public at a musical entertainment, for the joint benefit of herself and Signor Sapio.

On returning to Dublin and resuming her studies, her ardor required to be checked, lest her health should suffer from too constant application. She sang again in public, June 12, 1841, at a concert given by Mr. J. P. Knight, at which she was introduced to Liszt, who was so charmed with her voice and style that he wrote in terms of congratulation to Mrs. Knox, daughter-in-law of the Bishop of Limerick. During the remainder of this year Miss Hayes was one of the leading singers at the Anacreontic, Philharmonic, and other Dublin concerts. She was soon in a position to command terms, and increased her demand from five to ten guineas—a prosaic method of proving that she was becoming a favorite with the public. She visited Belfast (singing at the opening of the Anacreontic Hall), Limerick, Parsonstown, and other places, in the course of the summer and autumn.

On September 12th Catharine was introduced to Lablache, the mighty basso. She was rather alarmed at the idea of singing before this veteran judge, and it was with much dif-

ficulty that she could be persuaded to venture on "Qui la voce." Lablache heard her with attention; and when she had finished, instead of offering any opinion, he simply asked her to try another and more difficult solo. Then he proposed that they should sing a duet together, then another, till the trial terminated in a day's practice. At last Lablache smiled, and with some flattering words predicted a most glowing future for her. He advised that she should turn her attention to operatic singing, and, as a preliminary step, suggested that she should go to see Grisi and Mario perform in *Norma*. The height of Catharine's ambition had previously been to become a concert singer; but these remarks changed the direction of her ideas.

Lablache's opinion was conveyed in the following letter to Signor Sapio: "I have heard with infinite pleasure your pupil, Miss Hayes, and I find she possesses all the qualities to make a good singer. With your instruction she can but gain every day, and I am certain she will end by becoming a perfect vocalist in every sense of the word." Mr. Benedict was also present at this interview.

The next night Catharine went to hear Madame Grisi; and from that night her aim was to become an operatic singer. She remained under the tuition of Signor Sapio until August, 1842, when she returned home, one of her last performances in Dublin being at a private concert given by the Countess de Grey. Her great desire was now to go immediately to Paris, in order to take finishing lessons from Manuel Garcia, and she succeeded in obtaining the consent of her friends to her departure. It was suggested that she might wait until a family, about to go to France in October, should leave Ireland, when she could accompany them; but the thought of the delay fretted the impatient girl, and she became so feverish that her friends were fain to permit her to start alone. In October Catharine arrived in Paris with a letter of introduction to Mr. George Osborne, the pianist, by whose amiable wife she was warmly received.

Miss Hayes at once commenced her studies with Garcia, whom she declared to be "the dearest, the kindest, and the most generous of masters." At the end of eighteen months, Garcia said he could not add a single grace or charm to her beautiful voice, and advised her to proceed immediately to It-

aly, where alone she could obtain the requisite finish and practice for the lyric stage. In accordance with this counsel she went to Milan, and placed herself under the instruction of Signor Felice Ronconi (brother of the celebrated baritone), professor of singing to the Conservatorio. While studying with him, her clear, pure voice and already admirable style caused her to be invited to numerous musical réunions, at one of which she met Grassini, who sincerely congratulated her on the possession of an organ so beautiful, and on the bright future which awaited her. The signora also gave a more substantial proof of her disinterested admiration by writing to Signor Provini, impresario of the Opera at Marseilles, telling him of this young star, and advising him, in a friendly way, not to lose an opportunity of securing a valuable addition to his company. Signor Provini accordingly came to Milan, and, having heard Miss Hayes, offered her terms which seemed to her a fortune, and she joyfully accepted an engagement for two months.

The 10th of May, 1845, Catharine Hayes stood trembling at the wings in the Opera House of Marseilles as Elvira in *I Puritani*. The house was crowded, and she felt a kind of faintness, and a dreadful sinking of the heart; indeed, when she stepped on the stage, she thought her failure was almost certain, and she afterward said that the agony of that thought was nearly insupportable. The audience received her with some slight encouragement; but the trying scene between Elvira and Giorgio passed off in silence: not a sound of approval was heard until the eighth scene opened, when, in her bridal array, the agitated Elvira, her lips blanched with fear, again appeared. She was faint and frightened, and the failure which she had anticipated on her first entry now seemed certain. But on commencing the polacca "Son Vergin," she felt suddenly inspired, and, her very despair lending her courage, she sang this beautiful air with sweetness, tenderness, and expression. "The ice was at once thawed," says one of her biographers; "a general burst of approbation startled her from almost despair into a perfect rapture. A flattering encore then farther bewildered her with a new and exquisite joy, and at its termination, as the shouts of applause followed her from the stage, she wept with pleasure to know that the dream of her life's ambition had begun to be realized, and she

felt she had succeeded. The curtain fell amid the most enthusiastic plaudits, renewed again and again, till the agitated but delighted girl reappeared, when numbers of the passionate music-loving audience who had rushed *en masse* from the theatre, and returned loaded with artificial flowers, literally filled the stage with their graceful offerings, making a perfect garden around the embarrassed débutante."

She next appeared in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, when she confirmed the favorable impression which she had created; and afterward she performed Zora in *Mosè in Egitto*. During her three months' stay in Marseilles, her popularity increased so rapidly that Signor Provini actually offered her an engagement at the Opera in Paris. Fearing, however, to encounter such an ordeal while she had yet so much to learn, she wisely declined the brilliant offer and returned to Milan, where she resumed her studies under the direction of Signor Ronconi. The young singer next appeared at the annual concert of Ricordi, the music publisher, where she met the manager of La Scala, Signor Morelli, who offered her an engagement, which she accepted. She was then only seventeen, being the youngest artiste who ever filled the position of prima donna at that vast theatre.

Three months after she made her début at La Scala, in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, but without success. Her timidity, perhaps, was the reason. She then appeared as Desdemona, and "made a decided fiasco." But she courageously persevered, and at last created a great sensation in *La Sonnambula*. In *Otello* she also achieved a triumph, the character of Desdemona being well adapted to her delicate, girlish style of beauty, and her clear, pure soprano: she represented this gentle heroine so admirably that the Milanese unanimously gave her the flattering designation of "la Perla del Teatro." She remained at Milan during the autumn of 1845 and the Carnival of 1846, when Madame Bishop was engaged. In the spring of 1846 Miss Hayes went to Vienna, where, she laughingly wrote home, she was quite "spoilt." "She was afraid," she said, "that her head would be turned with the intoxication of such unexpected success."

On the first night of the Carnival of 1847 Miss Hayes made her appearance in Venice, in a new opera composed expressly for her by Malespino, a young Italian nobleman, entitled *Al-*

bergo di Romano. The music was indifferent, and the singers worse. The audience received the opera with chilling silence; and when Catarina entered in the middle of the first act, she found the house in a horribly bad humor. At sight of her fair young face, however, and on hearing the clear tones of her sweet soprano, the anger of the audience gradually dissipated; and although Catharine could not save the piece from condemnation, she rescued it for this one night. She then appeared as Lucia with great success. During the rondo of the third act, the audience was so silent that (said the *Figaro* of Venice) the buzzing of a fly might have been heard; and at the close of the opera Miss Hayes was called twice on the stage, and applauded for nearly ten minutes. In *Linda di Chamouni*, she was not only completely successful, but was the cause of a little theatrical uproar. At Venice, the law regulating theatres prohibits any artiste, at any theatre, from appearing before the curtain more than thrice, in compliance with a call from the audience; but when Miss Hayes had retired at the end of the opera on this occasion, the excited crowd shouted for her to come forward a fourth time. The young prima donna dared not venture to disobey the police regulations; and the excitement then became terrific, the audience asseverating that if she did not appear as many times as they chose to call for her, they would tear down the theatre: it was judged advisable to yield to their wishes, and, when she finally appeared, she was covered with flowers.

She also performed in a new opera, *Griselda*, by Frederico Ricci, and then visited Vienna, where Ricci wrote for her his *Estrella*. She then returned to Italy, appearing first at Milan, where she sang in Mercadante's *Giuramento*, and also in *Mortedo*, an opera composed expressly for her. Thence she went to Bergamo, where she met Rubini at a banquet given by the podesta. She had always greatly desired to hear this illustrious tenor, and, having intimated her wish, he very kindly sang for her his celebrated air from *Il Pirata*, asking her afterward to accompany him in the duet "Su la Tomba," from *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Anxious to give this great master a favorable idea of her powers, Miss Hayes exerted herself to the utmost, and surpassed herself. Rubini said the most flattering things to her, and assured her of undoubted success. For her bene-

fit at Bergamo she gave a miscellaneous concert, which was largely attended.

From Bergamo she went, in September, 1847, to Verona, where she sang during the Carnival in Verdi's *I Masnadieri*, and was received with a tempest of applause. Thence she went to Florence, where she met Madame Catalani, who always welcomed her as a visitor. One day, Catharine having sung in the salon before a large company, the ex-Queen of Song kissed her affectionately, and exclaimed, "What would I not give to be in London when you make your début! Your fortune is certain; and remember, my doors are always open to you." Mercadante, the composer, also expressed the highest admiration for Catarina's talents.

At the Carlo Felice, Genoa, she performed Maria di Rohan and other leading parts in Verdi's works with distinguished success. On the occasion of her farewell benefit, when the curtain fell, the aristocratic ladies left their boxes, and went behind the scenes to present the young donna with enormous bouquets, expressing at the same time the warmest wishes for her success in England.

Mr. Delafield, who had offered engagements to almost every prima donna in existence, had engaged Catharine Hayes at a salary of £1300. His company consisted of Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, and Brambilla, Signori Mario, Salvi, the two Lablaches, and Tamburini. On Tuesday, April 10, 1849, Catharine Hayes made her début at the Royal Italian Opera, in Donizetti's *Linda di Chamouni*, with Tagliafico, Salvi, Tamburini, and Mdlle. de Meric, a new contralto. Her voice had now become a clear and beautiful soprano, of the sweetest quality, fresh, mellow, and pure, and of good compass, ascending with ease to D in alt. The upper notes were limpid, and like a well-tuned silver bell up to A; thence up to D flat they were less liquid, and slightly veiled, betraying signs of having been strained by her exertions on the Italian stage. The middle register had not yet gained that fullness and sonorous sweetness which afterward constituted its greatest charm, but the lower tones were the most beautiful ever heard in a real soprano. Her style, unpretendingly pure, was artistic and graceful. She never forced her voice, although she had abundance of energy at command; nor ever exaggerated, though she had deep sensibility and strong dramatic feeling. Her intonation

was invariably correct, and she had great facility of execution, notwithstanding that her voice was not remarkable for flexibility. She had faults, it is true, but these were atoned for by many beauties.

Her conception of character was fine, energetic, and earnest, though she failed in the physical strength requisite for embodying her ideas; she never trifled on the stage, but, as far as her powers would admit, threw herself into the dramatic situation with spirit. She was a touching actress in parts such as Amina, Lucia, or Linda — innocent, plaintive, and charming; and in such characters the pathos of her singing was very touching. She was tall, with a fine figure, and delicately marked, perfectly feminine features; her manner was graceful and ladylike, and her movements unconstrained.

The audience received her with rapturous welcome, which took her by surprise, and at first rendered her so nervous that she could scarcely command her powers. Her acting in the last scene, when Linda gradually recovers her reason and recognizes her lover, her parents, and her friends, was beautiful —pathetic and forcible in the highest degree. Toward the close of the performance, those who observed her narrowly saw that she was affected by some overpowering emotion; and when the curtain fell, she was to be seen kneeling in a private box, sobbing at the feet of her first and dearest friend, the Bishop of Limerick. She had noticed him among the assembly, and at the first opportunity flew to pour out her joy and gratitude, ascribing to him every honor and reward she had gained. All the London papers pronounced eulogiums on her performance, and her success was undoubted.

Her second performance (May 4) was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, with Mario and Tamburini. She made a still more favorable impression in this opera, in which she was not only pathetic, but original. *Roberto il Diavolo* was represented for the first time at the Italian Opera May 12, with great splendor, when Catharine Hayes took the part of Alice for the first time. The cast, though including one or two favorites, was not sufficiently strong, and the opera, not proving beneficial to the treasury, was withdrawn after two representations. Madame Dorus Gras, in defiance of a severe cold, took the character of Alice at the second performance, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Miss Hayes.

The Irish prima donna had the honor of singing at Buckingham Palace toward the close of the season, when her majesty condescended to enter into conversation with her, complimenting her on what she was pleased to term her "deserved success," and anticipating for her future honors and rewards. Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge also paid her the most flattering compliments.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Hayes by the Dublin Philharmonic Society, after an absence of seven years, drew an unusually full audience to the concert-room, including the Earl and Countess of Clarendon. The welcome home of the "Irish Lind," as she was called, was truly Hibernian in its warmth and enthusiasm, and her singing created an extraordinary sensation. She made her second appearance at the Theatre Royal. The opera was *Lucia di Lammermoor*, the Edgardo of the evening being Signor Pagliere, an unknown performer. "His ludicrous inefficiency," says a writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, "elicited shouts of laughter, with a variety of ingenious mimicries from the wags among the audience, the manifestations of disapprobation for him being blended with loud applause for the frightened débutante. In the midst of this uproar and noise, a more glaring break-down than before on Edgar's part was followed by a hurricane of "catcalls." Miss Hayes, with wonderful self-possession, courtesied to that unfortunate gentleman and left the stage.

The curtain was then rung down, and an indescribable scene of tumultuous excitement followed, cheers, groans, laughter, and hisses forming a very Babel of discord. Mr. Sims Reeves, who, with Mr. Whitworth, Miss Lucombe, and an English opera company, had terminated an engagement the day of Miss Hayes's coming, occupied a private box, and sat, during all this turmoil, full in view of the audience. He was quickly recognized, and shouts of "Reeves! Reeves!" arose from nearly every part of the house. The lessee, Mr. Calcraft, on this, came forward, and intimated that "he had then no control over Mr. Reeves, whose engagement had terminated, and who, on being asked to sing on this emergency, had positively declined." Mr. Reeves instantly sprang to his feet, leaned out of the box, and on obtaining a partial silence, said, in no very temperate tones: "Ladies and gentlemen, I will sing to oblige you, but not to oblige Mr. Calcraft;" on which the lessee, in

the blandest tones, concluded the first act of unpleasantness in these words: "I am not angry, I assure you, that Mr. Reeves has declined to sing to oblige me; but I am gratified to find that he has consented to do so to please the audience, and doubly gratified because, under the untoward circumstances, he will support your gifted and distinguished young countrywoman."

"After the necessary delay of dressing, etc., the curtain again rose, and the opera proceeded, Mr. Reeves performing Edgar better than on any former occasion in this city, and Miss Hayes nerving herself so fully for her task that no trace of tremulousness, no shadow of the agitating scene through which she had passed, marred the beauty of her singing and acting. At the termination of each act they were both called before the curtain; and when the opera concluded, their presence was again and again demanded, amid the almost furious waving, not only of hats and handkerchiefs, but of canes and umbrellas. The curtain having finally descended, the lessee came forward, Mr. Reeves also appearing at the wing, and still in the costume of Edgardo: this occasioned a renewal of the uproar; but mutual explanations ensued, and the singer and manager shook hands upon the stage. This unfortunate disturbance had nearly proved fatal to the success of the first appearance of Catharine Hayes in the metropolitan theatre of her birthplace; that success being thus suddenly imperiled, and so nearly marred, it is not surprising that Miss Hayes should refer to this incident as the most painful throughout her entire career."

The following evening she appeared in *Norma;* and she concluded her brief engagement by performing in *La Sonnambula*, completing her visit by two concerts given in her native city. Her second appearance in Dublin took place in February, 1850. The 11th and 12th of March she was engaged to sing at Limerick in *Linda di Chamouni* and *Lucia di Lammermoor*, being accompanied by Miss Poole, Mr. Travers, Signor Polonini, and Herr Menghis. From Limerick she went to Cork and Waterford, and her reception was every where most gratifying.

Having accepted an engagement from Mr. Lumley, Catharine Hayes made her first appearance in Her Majesty's Theatre on the 2d of April, with Sims Reeves, and Signori Belletti and F. Lablache. Her début in *Lucia di Lammermoor* was

a great success. The London critics, without a single exception, spoke in ecstasies of her vocal and dramatic excellence, yet she was afforded very few opportunities of appearing. Ill health may perhaps have interfered with her performances, for in June Madame Frezzolini was obliged, at a few hours' notice, to undertake her part of Lucia.

During the winter of 1850–51 she went on a tour through Ireland, creating a furore scarcely inferior to the "Lind mania" of '47. She then went through the English counties, singing at Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, etc. At the Carnival in Rome in 1851, she was engaged at the Teatro d'Apollone, and performed in *Maria di Rohan*, which she sustained for twelve successive nights. Nothing could exceed the delight which her singing and acting created. She also performed in *I Puritani*, and was announced to appear in many other operas, which were abruptly forbidden by the police authorities. She was treated with the greatest respect and attention by the most exclusive circles in Rome, as much on account of her irreproachable personal character as through admiration for her talents. She was honored with the diploma of the "Accademia di Santa Cecilia," one of the oldest and most respected musical societies in Italy.

From Rome she returned to London, where, during the season of 1851, she was the star of the concert-room in London, and of the performances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, where she sang in the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, and Mendelssohn. May, 1851, she sang at the Philharmonic Concerts, Liverpool; and in June she was at Cork. She was more suited for the concert-room than for the stage, and her ballad-singing was incomparable; indeed, in the execution of the ballads of her native land she was not to be surpassed. She threw her whole soul into them with an ardor which seemed to English ears somewhat exaggerated; and through her magical interpretation of their national airs, she exercised an extraordinary spell over the feelings of her Irish audiences: since the days of Catharine Stephens, no vocalist had ever given ballads as Catharine Hayes gave them. In July and August Miss Hayes visited Trouville and Havre, then returned to England to sing at concerts in Manchester and Liverpool. Her final appearance in England for many years was at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool.

She then commenced one of the most singular journeys round the world ever undertaken by artiste. She left Liverpool in September, with Mr. Augustus Braham and Herr Menghis, for New York. Her commencement at New York was threatened with failure, in consequence of inefficient management; but, fortunately, Mr. W. Evory Bushnell, a famous electioneering agent, seeing what might be done, boldly proposed to rescue her, and volunteered to carry her triumphantly through the length and breadth of the Union. She accordingly, by his advice, forfeited £3000, and permitted him to undertake the management of her tour.

December, 1851, she was at Philadelphia; she arrived at San Francisco November, 1852, and was singing at California in 1853. Her success in this region was marvelous: fabulous sums were paid for the choice of seats, and one ticket sold for $1150. She then departed for South America, and, after visiting the principal cities, embarked for the Gold-fields of Australia. She gave concerts in the Sandwich Islands, and arrived in Sydney, January, 1854. From Sydney she went to Melbourne and Adelaide. At Melbourne she became such a favorite, that when she announced her departure, a petition, most numerously signed, was presented to her, begging her to continue her performances for some time. From Adelaide she went to India, giving concerts in Calcutta and Singapore. March, 1855, she gave, in aid of the Patriotic Fund, a concert which realized upward of £200. She then went to Batavia, and in the capital of Java she created an immense sensation. From thence she turned her steps to Port Philip, revisited Melbourne and Sydney, appeared at the Bendigo Gold-fields, and sang at Hobart Town and Launceston. She then re-embarked for England in the *Royal Charter*, arriving at Liverpool, August, 1856, after an absence of five years, and in October she was married to Mr. Bushnell (the manager of her tour), at St. George's, Hanover Square.

Catharine Hayes (for she retained her maiden name in public) continued to sing at concerts, her voice having gained in power and lost nothing in sweetness during her lengthened absence. After fulfilling an engagement with M. Jullien, Mrs. Bushnell went on provincial tours, and visited the south of France and Spain, whither her husband had been ordered by his physicians for his health. Mr. Bushnell was the victim of

an hereditary malady, and they fixed their residence at Biarritz, hoping that the mild climate would completely restore him: he died, however, July 3, and his widow returned to England, occupying herself professionally in singing at concerts in London and the provinces.

On Sunday, August 11, 1861, she died at Sydenham, in the zenith of her fame. In private life she had been a most amiable, kind-hearted Irishwoman, ever ready to assist the distressed; by her friends she was idolized; by the public she was respected for the purity of her life, and admired for her talents. She left property to the value of £16,000, and bequeathed legacies to her relatives and friends.

MADAME MARIETTA ALBONI.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MARIETTA ALBONI.

Marietta Alboni was born at Cesena, a little town of the Romagna, on the 10th of March, 1822. Her father, one of a most respectable Italian family, was a captain in the customs department of Cesena, and he bestowed on all his children a very good education. Marietta, evincing a taste for music, besides a faculty for acquiring languages, was placed with Signor Bagioli, a music-teacher of her native town, who took such care of her that at eleven she could read music at sight. Having studied solfeggio with Bagioli, Marietta was sent to Bologna to take lessons from Madame Bertolotti. She had the good fortune at the same time to receive instructions from Rossini, and the great maestro had a very clear idea of her future. Some one asked his opinion of her talents. "At present," he is reported to have answered, "her voice is like that of an itinerant ballad-singer, but the town will be at her feet before she is a year older."

Shortly afterward Morelli, director of many theatrical agencies in Italy and Germany, engaged her for the Teatro Communale of Bologna, and she appeared there as Maffeo Orsini, in *Lucrezia Borgia*, in 1842. She was then transferred to La Scala, where she performed in Donizetti's *Favorita*. Rossini himself signed her two first engagements. "I am," said he, "a subscribing witness to your union with renown. May success and happiness attend the union." Her success was attested by the fact that the manager of La Scala renewed her engagement for four successive seasons.

From Milan Marietta proceeded to Vienna, where she won fresh laurels, being the prima donna for three years. She then repaired to St. Petersburg, where she sang for two seasons; returning thence to Vienna, she traveled through Holland, giving concerts. She sang also in Berlin. When she arrived in that city, she was asked if she had waited on M——? "No," she replied. "Who is this M——?" "Oh," answered her

friend, "he is the most influential journalist in Prussia." "Well, how does this concern me?" "Why," rejoined the other, "if you do not contrive to insure his favorable report, you are ruined." The young Italian drew herself up disdainfully. "Indeed!" she said, coldly; "well, let it be as heaven directs; but I wish it to be understood that in *my* breast the woman is superior to the artist, and, though failure were the result, I would never degrade myself by purchasing success at so humiliating a price." The anecdote was repeated in the fashionable saloons of Berlin, and, so far from injuring her, the noble sentiment of the young débutante was appreciated. The king invited her to sing at his court, where she received the well-merited applause of an admiring audience; and afterward his majesty bestowed more tangible evidences of his approbation.

At the commencement of the summer of 1846 Marietta was singing at Dresden, in *Il Barbiere*, with Tsitatschek, and early in 1847 she sang at Rome.

Mr. Beale having heard her at Milan, and being charmed with her voice, consulted Signor Costa, and offered her an opportunity of being heard in England. She was engaged in 1847 at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. Unheralded by the trumpet of fame, and almost unknown, she appeared under most disadvantageous circumstances. It was the season when the "Lind mania" was at its height, and the blaze of the Swedish Nightingale's popularity threatened extinction to any star which might come too near her. Nevertheless, one night Alboni appeared on the stage, and in the morning found herself famous.

She appeared on Tuesday, April 6, as Arsace, in *Semiramide*, with Madame Grisi and Tamburini; and the success she achieved then she never lost. The audience were astounded at the wonderful sweetness and capacity of her organ. In place of a timid débutante, they found before them a highly-finished vocalist, unrivaled since the days of Pisaroni; and when she poured out her voice in a grand volume of rich melody, the crowded house was electrified. In the magnificent duet, "Giorno d'Orrore," her tones rose with a luscious power which was responded to by thunders of applause. To her we are indebted for that beautiful air, "In si barbara," hitherto suppressed for want of a contralto of sufficient compass to give it full effect.

Her voice was a superb contralto, yet embracing almost three octaves, from E flat to C sharp: its tones were rich, full, sonorous, mellow, liquid; in truth, the vocabulary of epithets might be exhausted in a vain endeavor to convey an idea of its beauty. Its quality throughout was equally pure, beautiful, flexible, and sympathetic. Her articulation was clear; her notes came, even in the most difficult and rapid passages, with the fluency and precision of a well-played instrument. The purity of her intonation was absolutely faultless; the rapidity and certainty of her execution no one can imagine who has not heard her. Her style and method were models of perfection, her taste was refined, her skill consummate. She displayed the utmost reverence for the ideas of the composer whose works she interpreted; and even in the music of Rossini she did not interpolate a note. But her singular ease was the greatest matter of wonder: she smiled as she ran over the most intricate scales; and her singing enchanted the connoisseur as much as the merest amateur. Yet it gave the hearer the idea of being purely spontaneous, not acquired by art or labor.

In person she was large, and "frankly inclined to embonpoint;" yet albeit portly, she was exceedingly feminine in aspect. Her figure was symmetrical, graceful, and commanding; her features, without pretensions to regular beauty, were highly agreeable, and full of vivacity and kindliness. Her physiognomy was genial; her eyes, when lighted by the passion of her part, flashed with extraordinary brilliancy; her smile was "bewitching;" and when she laughed, she not only revealed the whitest teeth, but her laugh was so infectious, it was impossible to resist echoing her gayety. She was not a tragedian, like Pasta or Grisi; on the contrary, she was always a little cold as an actress, and her manner indolent and apathetic, though her "stage deportment" was not without grace. Her resplendent voice, however, sufficed to redeem any personal imperfections; and although at first some critics were inclined to disparage the young débutante, they acknowledged that an artist of high order had appeared.

Mdlle. Alboni went from triumph to triumph. Her Malcolm, in *La Donna del Lago*, was pronounced unequaled since the time of Pisaroni; in Orsini she created a furore. As De Gondi (*Maria de Rohan*) she was admirable; and as Pippo,

inimitable. She undertook, at very brief notice, to play Persiani's part in *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, in consequence of the sudden illness of that popular vocalist; and at no time was Alboni seen to greater advantage. There was a vivacity and lively humor in her performance which won every heart.

M. Duponchel, who, with M. Roqueplan, had succeeded M. Pillet in the management of the Opéra in Paris, came to England to offer her an engagement. In October, therefore, the young singer, now a world-wide celebrity, appeared at four concerts in Paris, with Alizard and Barroilhet. The programme of these concerts was not much varied: the cavatina of Arsace, the duo of Arsace and Assur, the cavatina of Isabella in *L'Italiana in Algieri*, the duo from *Il Barbiere*, the Brindisi from *Lucrezia Borgia*—these composed the list of pieces.

As in London, Mdlle. Alboni's appearance in Paris was not announced with a flourish of trumpets. "Many persons, artists and amateurs," said Fiorentino, "absolutely asked on the morning of her début, Who is this Alboni? Whence does she come? What can she do?" And their interrogatories were answered by some fragments of those trifling and illusory biographies which always accompany young vocalists. There was, however, intense curiosity to hear and see this redoubtable singer who had held the citadel of the Royal Italian Opera against the attraction of Jenny Lind, and the theatre was crowded to suffocation by rank, fashion, beauty, and notabilities on the night of her first concert, October 9. When she stepped quietly on the stage, dressed in black velvet, a brooch of brilliants on her bosom, and her hair cut *à la Titus*, with a music-paper in her hand, there was just one thunder-clap of applause, followed by a silence of some seconds. She had not one acknowledged advocate in the house; but when Arsace's cavatina, "Ah! quel giorno," gushed from her lips in a rich stream of melodious sound, the entire audience was at her feet, and the critics could not command language sufficiently glowing to express their admiration.

"What exquisite quality of sound, what purity of intonation, what precision in the scales!" cried the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*. "What finesse in the manner of the breaks of the voice! What amplitude and mastery of voice she exhibits in the Brindisi; what incomparable clearness and accuracy in the air from *L'Italiana*, and the duo from *Il Barbiere!* There

is no instrument capable of rendering with more certain and more faultless intonation the groups of rapid notes which Rossini wrote, and which Alboni sings with the same facility and the same celerity. The only fault the critic has in his power to charge the wondrous artiste with is, that when she repeats a morçeau, we hear exactly the same traits, the same turns, the same fioriture, which was never the case with Malibran or Cinti Damoreau."

"This vocal scale," says Scudo, speaking of her voice, "is divided into three parts or registers, which follow in complete order. The first register commences at F in the base, and reaches F in the *medium*. This is the true body of the voice, whose admirable timbre characterizes and colors all the rest. The second extends from G in the *medium* to F on the fifth line; and the upper part, which forms the third register, is no more than an elegant superfluity of Nature. It is necessary next to understand with what incredible skill the artiste manages this instrument; it is the pearly, light, and florid vocalization of Persiani joined to the resonance, pomp, and amplitude of Pisaroni. No words can convey an idea of the exquisite purity of this voice, always mellow, always equable, which vibrates without effort, and each note of which expands itself like the bud of a rose—sheds a balm on the ear, as some exquisite fruit perfumes the palate. No scream, no affected dramatic contortion of sound attacks the sense of hearing, under the pretense of softening the feelings."

"But that which we admire above all in the artiste," observes Fiorentino, "is the pervading soul, the sentiment, the perfect taste, the inimitable method. Then what body in the voice! What largeness! What simplicity of style! What facility of vocalization! What genius in the contrasts! What color in the phrases! What charm! What expression! Mdlle. Alboni sings as she smiles—without effort, without fatigue, without audible and broken respiration. Here is art in its fidelity! here is the model and example which every one who would become an artiste should copy."

"It is such a pleasure to hear real singing!" says Hector Berlioz. "It is so rare; and voices at once beautiful, natural, expressive, flexible, and *in tune*, are so very uncommon! The voice of Mdlle. Alboni possesses these excellent qualities in the highest degree of perfection. It is a magnificent contralto of

immense range (two octaves and six notes—nearly three octaves—from low E to C in alt), the quality perfect throughout, even in the lowest notes of the lower register, which are generally so disastrous to the majority of singers who fancy they possess a contralto, and the emission of which resembles nearly always a rattle, hideous in such cases, and revolting to the ear. Mdlle. Alboni's vocalization is wonderfully easy; few sopranos exhibit equal facility. The registers of her voice are so perfectly united, that in her scales you do not feel sensible of the passage from one to the other; the tone is *unctuous*, caressing, velvety, melancholy, like that of all contraltos, though less sombre than that of Pisaroni, and incomparably more pure and limpid. As the notes are produced without effort, the voice yields itself to every shade of intensity, and thus Mdlle. Alboni can sing from the most mysterious piano to the most brilliant forte. And this alone is what I call singing *humanly;* that is to say, in a fashion that declares the presence of a human heart, of a human soul, of a human intelligence. Singers not possessed of these indispensable qualities should, in my opinion, be ranged under the category of mechanical instruments. Mdlle. Alboni is an artiste entirely devoted to her art, and has not, up to this moment, been tempted to make a trade of it; she has never hitherto given a thought to what her delicious notes—precious pearls, which she lavishes with such happy bounty—might bring her per annum. Different from the majority of her contemporary singers, money questions are the last with which she occupies herself: her demands have hitherto been extremely modest. Added to this, the sincerity and trustworthiness of her character, which amounts almost to singularity, are acknowledged by all who have any dealings with her."

The first night of Mdlle. Alboni's appearance some of the boxes were not filled; on the succeeding nights there was not a place to be had. "Two theatres as large as the Opéra might have been easily crammed." At the last, more than a thousand persons were refused admission. The excitement was extraordinary. Alboni surpassed herself, and was almost smothered with roses and camellias, and deafened with applause; the stage was literally transformed into a flower-garden with the profusion of bouquets.

The morning after her second appearance, she was seated

quietly in her hotel on the Boulevard des Italiens, reading the feuilletons of Berlioz and Fiorentino in the *Journal des Débats* and *Le Constitutionnel* with a kind of childish delight, entirely unconscious, apparently, that she was the sole theme of conversation in all Parisian circles. A friend came in, when she asked, "in the most unaffected tone of sincerity," whether she had sung "assez bien" on Monday night, and broke into a fit of merry laughter at the answer: "Très bien pour une petite fille." "Alboni," writes this friend, "is assuredly, for a great artiste, the most unpretending and simple creature in the world. She has not the slightest notion of her position in her art in the eyes of the public and the musical world."

It was said that M. Vatel, manager of the Italiens, was driven nearly frantic at her unprecedented success; for, by the advice of Lablache, he had declined to engage her, although he might have done so at no great sacrifice.

On the termination of the four concerts, Alboni went to Pesth, and then returned to Vienna. At Pesth she performed Orsini in *Lucrezia Borgia*, and De Gondi in *Maria de Rohan*, and gave a concert besides. At Vienna she gave a concert on the 20th of November, in the Theater an der Wien, and obtained "a prodigious success." From Vienna she returned to Paris. She made her début as Arsace, in *Semiramide*, Thursday, December 2, with Madame Grisi, Coletti, Cellini, and Tagliafico.

The theatre was crowded with fashionable, literary, and artistic celebrities, princes, ministers of state, dilettanti, and women of fashion and wit. A subdued murmur circled round the house; some prognosticated a triumphant success, others a partial one—if not a complete failure; and a universal buzz of whispers betrayed the lively interest felt by the audience.

The curtain rose. Grisi came on, and was received with a burst of applause. At length a sudden and unbroken silence fell on the assembly; the orchestra played the long symphony which preludes the contralto air, "Eccomi alfin in Babilonia," and, with a tranquil step, Alboni issued from the side-scenes, and slowly walked up to the foot-lights. "There was a sudden pause," says one who was present; "a feather might almost have been heard to move. The orchestra, the symphony finished, refrained from proceeding, as though to give time for the enthusiastic reception which was Alboni's right, and which

it was natural to suppose Alboni would receive. But you may imagine my surprise and the feelings of the renowned contralto when not a hand or a voice was raised to acknowledge her! I could see Alboni tremble, but it was only for an instant. What was the reason of this unanimous disdain or this unanimous doubt? call it what you will. She might perhaps guess, but she did not suffer it to perplex her for more than a few moments. Throwing aside the extreme diffidence that marked her entrée, and the perturbation that resulted from the frigidity of the spectators, she wound herself up to the condition of fearless independence for which she is constitutionally and morally remarkable, and with a look of superb indifference and conscious power she commenced the opening of her aria. In one minute the crowd, that but an instant before seemed to disdain her, was at her feet! The effect of those luscious tones had never yet failed to touch the heart and rouse the ardor of an audience, educated or uneducated." Alboni's triumph was instantaneous and complete; it was the greater from the moment of anxious uncertainty that preceded it, and made the certainty which succeeded more welcome and delightful. From this instant to the end of the opera Alboni's success grew into a triumph. During the first act she was twice recalled; during the second act, thrice; and she was encored in the air "In si barbara," which she delivered with pathos, and in the cabaletta of the second duet with Semiramide.

She next performed in *La Cenerentola* with the same success.

In 1848 Mdlle. Alboni again appeared before an English audience at Covent Garden, at a salary of £4000. She commenced with Tancredi, Madame Persiani being the Amenaïde. She was, if possible, more captivating than ever, and her voice seemed to have gathered power and volume. Her natural ease and freedom from mannerisms were enchanting; it was only to be regretted that she had not more dramatic energy. The chief event of the season was her performance in *La Cenerentola* in March. She also performed in *Anna Bolena* with Madame Grisi, Tamburini, Tagliafico, and Mario; and (in July) in *Gli Ugonotti* with Madame Viardot and the aforesaid signori; then in *La Gazza Ladra.* In the autumn she returned to Paris, when her success was as brilliant as before.

In 1849, on the retirement of Jenny Lind, Mdlle. Alboni be-

came the prima donna of Her Majesty's Theatre, performing with Calzolari, a young tenor of great excellence, Lablache, Colletti, Moriani, and Ronconi. She performed the parts of Rosina, Ninetta, Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, and Norina in *Don Pasquale*, astonishing the public by the facility with which she sang music so opposed to her own genre; but it was regretted that the superb contralto had quitted her proper realm.

In March she abruptly disappeared. Before leaving Paris she had promised to sing at the annual concert of poor old Filippo Galli, and her name was announced in the bills for Friday, the 23d of March. In the hurry of her departure, she had omitted to warn him that she would not be able to return before the very hour at which the concert was to begin; and the suspense and anxiety of the unfortunate Filippo were to be more easily imagined than described when, asked if Alboni would sing, he could not answer definitively—"Perhaps yes, perhaps no." He sold very few tickets, and the rooms (in the Salle Herz) were thinly occupied. She, however, had not forgotten her promise: at the very moment when the matinée was commencing she arrived, in time to redeem her word, and reward those who had attended, but too late to be of any service to the veteran. Galli was in despair, and was buried in reflections neither exhilarating nor profitable, when, some minutes after the concert, the comely face and portly figure of Alboni appeared at the door of his room. "How much are the expenses of your concert?" she kindly inquired. "Mia cara," dolorously responded the bénéficiaire, "cinque centi franci (500 francs)." "Well, then, to repair the loss that I may have caused you," said the generous cantatrice, "here is a bank-note for a thousand francs. Do me the favor to accept it." This was only one of the many kind actions she performed.

From Paris she went to Italy, where she was called by family affairs, and then she returned to England to resume her engagement. The autumn found her again at the Théâtre Italien, performing in *La Cenerentola*, etc., with Lablache, Bordas, and Ronconi, director of the establishment.

In April, 1850, after a tour of unprecedented brilliancy in the provinces of France, Mdlle. Alboni returned to Paris "with new laurels and rolls of bank-notes." The principal operas in which she performed during her trip were *La Favorita* and

La Reine de Chypre. Her success had been so great that the directors of the Grand Opéra (Théâtre de la Nation) immediately engaged her for sixteen representations of Madame Viardot's great character of Fides in *Le Prophète.* She commenced in May. To attempt this part was regarded as an act of singular daring; but, as Madame de Staël observes, "there is nothing so successful as success." Meyerbeer himself not only offered no objection, but, being present at the first performance, went behind the scenes, and warmly congratulated her on her triumph. From Paris Mdlle. Alboni went to Madrid, where she sang in *La Favorita* and *La Sonnambula* with Madame Frezzolini, Gardoni, Herr Formes, and Ronconi. In September she reappeared at the Théâtre Italien in *La Favorita*, and was received with overwhelming enthusiasm. She returned soon after to Madrid.

The following May she quitted Madrid and returned to Paris, when Auber's *Corbeille d' Oranges*, written for her, was produced. Although the character of Zerlina was a charming one, it did not suit her; and having sung this part for two months, she came to London, returning to Paris in September. December, 1851, she commenced a course of representations and concerts in the provinces in England.

In 1852 Mdlle. Alboni paid a visit to the United States, where she was enthusiastically received. If she did not raise the furore which Jenny Lind had created, she was none the less admired, and her departure on the conclusion of her tour was universally regretted. She gave her farewell concert in New York at the Metropolitan Hall on the 2d of May. The hall was crowded in every corner, and the applause was vehement, regret for her departure being loudly expressed. This concert was for the benefit of Signor Arditi, who had been the conductor of her performances during her sojourn in America.

In July, 1853, Marietta Alboni married the Comte de Pepoli at Paris, and it was rumored that she was about to withdraw from the stage; but she effectually disproved this by appearing, in 1854, in Paris, performing in *La Donna del Lago* and others of Rossini's operas. In the spring of 1855 she was performing in Barcelona, from whence she came direct to England. On her appearance before her London admirers, the reputation of her youth was revived, and her popularity was undiminished. In May she went with Ernst and other artistes

on a provincial tour, under the management of Mr. Beale, returning then to London.

In July, 1855, she was at the Grand Opéra in Paris, performing in *Le Prophète*, etc., with Roger, having contracted an engagement for three years. In 1856 she was at Her Majesty's Theatre with Piccolomini, and made her first appearance in the character of Azucena in *Il Trovatore*. Her performances were not confined to the Opera House; she sang at the Crystal Palace and in the Surrey Music Hall. In October she was again at the Italiens, commencing with *La Cenerentola*. She then, in conjunction with Mario, Graziani, and Madame Frezzolini, began performing in the works of Verdi. *Il Trovatore* was performed in January, 1857, and was followed by *Rigoletto*, which was produced in defiance of the protestations of Victor Hugo, from whose play, *Le Roi s'amuse*, the libretto had been taken. Victor Hugo declared that the representation of the opera was an infringement of his rights, as being simply a piracy of his drama, and he claimed that the Théâtre Italien should be restrained from performing it. The decision of the court was, however, against the irascible poet, and he had to pay the costs of the action.

The winter of 1857 was passed by Madame Alboni in Madrid. In the spring of 1858 she was singing at the Théâtre Italien of Paris. Among the operas in which she performed during the London season of 1858 was *Luisa Miller*. In order to render the ensemble as perfect as possible, she undertook, with real artistic feeling, a minor character—the Duchess. After a lapse of some years, too, she resumed her original part of Maffeo Orsini. She also appeared with Mdlle. Tietjens, the new prima donna, in *Il Trovatore*.

In 1859 Madame Alboni was again at the Italian Opera, Paris, performing Isabella in *L'Italiana in Algieri*, etc. No living singer is more thoroughly imbued with the traditions of the school to which she belongs. *Il Giuramento*, disinterred the preceding season for the gratification of the dilettanti, was reproduced, Alboni, Madame Penco, and Graziani being its chief support.

In 1860, after an absence of two years, Madame Alboni reappeared, May 19, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Maffeo Orsini.

In 1861, Verdi's *Ballo in Maschera* was brought out at the Théâtre Italien, Mesdames Alboni, Battu, and Penco, Signori

Mario and Graziani, forming the cast. In the summer Madame Alboni undertook a musical tour through England. In the present season, 1863, she is a member of the powerful company of Her Majesty's Theatre.

In private life Alboni is amiable, gay, generous—full of that charming insouciance which characterizes the Italian artiste. She is perfectly good-humored, with the simplicity of a child; and whenever her immense success caused the envy of her rivals, she was the first to laugh and disarm jealousy by some bon mot. She is distinguished, moreover, by many eccentricities, and for the independence of her disposition. She bought a very fine hotel at the Cours de la Reine, richly furnished, and installed therein her sisters and brothers. Her brothers were among the bravest soldiers of the band of Garibaldi.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ANGIOLINA BOSIO.

Angiolina Bosio belonged to a family of Italian artists who have cultivated with much credit music and the drama. She was born at Turin, August 22, 1830, and educated at Milan, her singing-master being the excellent teacher Cataneo. The impresario Barocchi, divining her budding talent, offered her a modest engagement, and at the age of sixteen she made her début, July, 1846, at the Teatro Rè, Milan, in *I Due Foscari*. After a brief engagement she went to Verona, where she confirmed the best hopes of her friends, and excited great interest among the frequenters of the opera. She then suddenly appeared in Copenhagen, where she was applauded and caressed: so popular did she become, indeed, that no effort was spared to retain her for six years; but the climate was not suited to her, and she was obliged to leave the country. Her farewell is described as something extraordinary. She was next engaged at the Circo Theatre, in Madrid, and created an immense enthusiasm among the Spaniards, the director of the theatre being compelled, by the universal voice, to engage her for the season following. In 1848, Angiolina appeared in Paris, at the Théâtre Italien, in *I Due Foscari*, etc., with Bordas and Morelli, but did not create even a passing remark. She went immediately to Havana as a member of Marti's troupe, going thence to New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. She was ardently admired by the Americans.

She returned to Europe in 1851, and shortly after married a Greek gentleman, named Xinda Velonis. She was engaged for the season of 1852 by Mr. Gye, for the Royal Italian Opera, and on Tuesday, June 15, 1852, Madame Bosio made her début in the opera of *L'Elisir d'Amore*. She did not create by any means a favorable impression; her voice appeared "worn," and her intonation sharp. She walked the stage with ease, but beyond this did not display any talent as an actress, and she was pronounced to be "a good second-rate singer, nothing

more;" but for the Dulcamara of Ronconi, the opera would have proved a failure. The public remembered how Madame Persiani, Mdlle. Lind, Madame Viardot, even Madame Castellan, had treated the light and brilliant character of the coquettish Adina. Her next appearance was in *Ernani*, when it was admitted that she was certainly a tolerable singer—a pretty good substitute in case of necessity.

Accident, however, revealed her genius. On the conclusion of the season, three extra performances were given at reduced prices. M. Jullien's *Pietro il Grande*, produced the same year, was announced, but the illness of Tamberlik compelled the manager to substitute *I Puritani*, and Madame Grisi having declined to sing, Bosio was requested to undertake the part of Elvira: feeling sure of success, she did not hesitate.

"Madame Bosio was extremely nervous in the first scene," says one who was present. "The duet with Giorgio was ineffective throughout; the polacca created no impression. The curtain fell on the first act with scarcely a hand of applause. Many left the house. The audience were listless and apathetic; still they were not unkind, and listened, when, under other circumstances, they would have expressed dissatisfaction. The curtain rose on the second act, and when Elvira came on in the mad scene, and commenced the favorite cavatina 'Qui la voce,' the audience were strangely inattentive. Perhaps their indifference inspired the singer with determination; perhaps from her very fear there grew a courage. Whatever the cause, Madame Bosio began to sing in reality, and the slow movement was followed by 'bravas' from all parts of the house. Now came the artiste's revenge. The cabaletta literally took the house by storm, and created an immense furore. A more sudden and enthusiastic sensation was never witnessed. Madame Bosio was encored with acclamations, and recalled several times; and, what was more to the purpose, her singing indicated no falling off in the third act. This performance was in reality the turning-point of Madame Bosio's fortune."

Her success was talked of with wonder in all fashionable and musical circles; and Mr. Gye immediately engaged her for three years.

Madame Bosio was the prima donna of that winter in Paris. She took the leading part when Verdi's *Luisa Miller* was produced at the Grand Opéra. She then appeared in *Il Barbiere*

di Seviglia—a very different work. She also sang six times successively in Rossini's fine but tiresome opera, *Mosè in Egitto*. She also appeared at the Théâtre Italien, in Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, an opera in which she was seen to great advantage.

In the programme of the Royal Italian Opera for 1853, Madame Bosio was announced to sustain the principal characters in three new operas—Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, Verdi's *Rigoletto*, and Spohr's *Jessonda*. She appeared first in *Il Barbiere*, then as Adina (*L'Elisir d'Amore*) with Ronconi and Luchesi, a new tenor.

Rigoletto was produced for the first time in England May 14. None of Verdi's works, with the exception of *Ernani*, had gained such a reputation, and, at the time of its production in England, it was being performed at twenty or thirty theatres on the Continent. It was regarded by Verdi himself as his chef-d'œuvre. It created great interest and curiosity among the patrons of the Royal Italian Opera; the story being dramatic and full of bustle, the characters striking and well colored, the scenic effects superb, the dresses and decorations costly and magnificent, it naturally, therefore, created a furore. Mesdames Bosio and Nantier Didiée, Signori Mario, Ronconi, Tagliafico, and Polonini, constituted the cast. Madame Bosio surpassed herself, and carried off the suffrages of even those who had previously refused to acknowledge her talent. Her impersonation of Gilda was so exquisite as to remove any doubt of her title to be considered a performer of the first class. She also appeared as Marguerite de Valois in *Gli Ugonotti*, the new prima donna, Madame Julienne, being indisposed.

Her voice, a high, silvery soprano, was of the finest timbre, limpid, flexible, vibrating, and of great extent. She had a perfect method, and irreproachable good taste; and she was one of the most finished vocalists of her time. She had dramatic feeling as profound as truthful; but her style, original, yet tempered by judgment, never reached the expression of passion. She could not divest herself completely of her individuality, nor abandon herself to the emotions of the character; but she possessed a subtle intellectual charm, indefinable, yet impossible to resist. She belonged to the school of singers who, while shining equally in the works of Mozart, Rossi-

ni, Bellini, Donizetti, even of Verdi and Mercadante; yet preserve the traditions of the fine school of Italian singing. She was, above all, supereminently graceful in her person, deportment, and acting. She was by no means handsome; her features were irregular and ill formed, yet on the stage she looked a most beautiful woman.

In May, 1854, Madame Bosio reappeared in *Il Barbiere*, with Mario, Tagliafico, Ronconi, and Lablache. The critics had now no words sufficiently glowing to express their admiration: she was charming—exquisitely delightful. She performed in *I Puritani* during this season; and with the exception, always, of Grisi, she was the best Elvira ever seen. There was a fluent ease in her performance of the most difficult and trying passages which was perfectly captivating. Rossini's *Matilda di Shabran*, promised the preceding year, was also produced. Madame Bosio was an admirable Matilda; and if she had not the exhaustless variety in ornament possessed by Madame Persiani, she was yet fully capable of executing fluently the most light and florid music. Her voice was invariably pure, true, and deliciously sweet; her style most finished, and she seemed to improve every day. She never appeared in a part which suited her more admirably than Matilda, and in it she sealed her reputation as a florid soprano singer of the highest class. The music of this opera, though composed in haste by Rossini (in ten days, it is said, for the Carnival at Rome in 1821), is brilliant and spirited, if careless and irregular; but the plot is very stupid. May 11th, Madame Bosio appeared with Sophie Cruvelli, Mdlle. Marai, Ronconi the inimitable, Lablache, Tamberlik, Tagliafico, etc., in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. She was a most captivating Zerlina—sweet, interesting, and elegant. She performed also in *L'Elisir d'Amore* with Ronconi. She sang in *Il Barbiere*, June 26th, when Mario, as the Count, made his first appearance for the season, and Lablache, as Bartolo, his first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, Ronconi being the Figaro. As Rosina, Madame Bosio was "charming," her acting being graceful and animated, and her singing, though deficient in power, exquisitely sweet and full of expression. In *Rigoletto*, Madame Bosio represented Gilda with increased reputation both as an actress and singer. In *Rigoletto*, Signor Ronconi had a part which brought out all his versatile talents and high artistic powers.

During the winter of 1854 Madame Bosio performed at the Italiens, in Paris, then under the management of Signor Ragani, uncle of Giulia Grisi. The following year she again made her appearance at the Royal Italian Opera in *Ernani*, with Tamberlik, Tagliafico, etc. The ringing quality of her voice was displayed to perfection in this opera. She performed shortly afterward in *Le Comte Ory*, with Mdlle. Nantier Didiée, Mdlle. Marai, Tagliafico, and Gardoni. As the Contessa she was seen to great advantage, for her best performances were those in which the singing was of more importance than the acting, and in which neither tragic power nor comic humor was needed. *Le Comte Ory* is full of lively, luxuriant melodies and skillfully constructed harmony, but the plot is absurd and trashy. Of all modern soprani, Madame Bosio most understood and appreciated the music of Rossini; and instead of regarding the melodies of the great maestro as simply themes for the purpose of displaying the richness of her own fancy, she sang them conscientiously and with due deference.

She sang at the Festival at Norwich with Clara Novello, Lablache, Gardoni, Sims Reeves, and others, receiving £300 for four days.

This year Madame Bosio accepted an engagement at St. Petersburg. The terms were 100,000 francs for four months, and a guaranteed benefit of 15,000 francs more, with permission to sing at private soirées and concerts. Her success in St. Petersburg was extraordinary. The Théâtre Italien of that city has been, for many years, one of the most brilliant in Europe. From the time of Catharine II. composers and Italian vocalists have been cordially welcomed at the court of Russia, and largely remunerated. Cimarosa, Paisiello, Sarti, Boïeldieu, and Adolphe Adam have written operas and ballets for the Théâtre Italien and the Théâtre Français of that capital; Rubini spent the last six years of his professional career in the empire of the Czar; and Lablache, and many other great artistes, found themselves richly repaid for daring the rigors of the climate.

After a delay of some months, caused by the illness of Madame Bosio, *L'Etoile du Nord* was produced, January 4, 1856, at the Italian Theatre, St. Petersburg. Signor de Bassini was Peter the Great; Calzolari, Danilowitz; Bettini, Ismailoff; Lablache, Gritzenko; Mdlle. Marai, Prascovie; Mesdames Rossi

and Tagliafico, the Vivandières, and Madame Bosio, Catarina. The action of the piece was altered: to suit the prejudices of his imperial majesty, the characters were changed, and the scene was transferred to Dalecarlia in Sweden, King Eric taking the place of the Czar. So great were the expectations of success, and such the demand for places, that the prices were raised; yet the house was crowded to suffocation, and the opera was the most indubitable triumph ever achieved at the Théâtre Italien. October 1st she appeared in *La Traviata*. From St. Petersburg she went to Moscow.

In 1856 Madame Bosio (with Signor Mario) rescued the Royal Italian Opera by the brilliancy of her performances at the Lyceum Theatre, whither the Italian company had been removed on the destruction by fire of the establishment in Covent Garden. Never did she sing or act more captivatingly than during this season. Her most remarkable performance was in *La Traviata*, which she then appeared in for the first time in England. Her personation of the unhappy Violetta, in almost every respect different from the reading of Mdlle. Piccolomini, was most touchingly beautiful.

Having rested at Florence after her labors in Paris, she returned to the Lyceum in 1857 with Signor Mario, and appeared again in *La Traviata* with Mario and Tagliafico. Her exquisitely refined, bewitching impersonation of the ill-fated Violetta created a singular excitement. Her Zerlina, in *Fra Diavolo*, was also much admired.

The performance of *La Traviata*, February, 1858, terminated the season of the Théâtre Italien of St. Petersburg, when Madame Bosio (who sang with Calzolari and Bartolini) was received with acclamations; and, at the end of the first act, a deputation waited upon her in her box to offer her a princely gift—a splendid bouquet formed of three stars surrounded by magnificent turquoises and diamonds. During the evening the public lavished tokens of their admiration on their favorite, and at the termination of the opera the greater part of the audience escorted her carriage to the door of her hotel. The emperor and empress also made her superb presents.

In the May following Madame Bosio made her first appearance for the season in *La Traviata*, with Signor Gardoni, at the new theatre, Covent Garden. She was more brilliant and more admirable than ever during this—alas! her last—season

in London, and surpassed all her former efforts. From London she returned to St. Petersburg, when the Czar nominated her première cantatrice, and Signor Tamberlik the premier chanteur to their imperial majesties—an entirely exceptional favor. Signor Tamberlik also received the gold medal, surrounded with diamonds, suspended to the cordon of St. Andrew, which had been accorded to three artistes only—Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache. Madame Bosio was the first who obtained the honor of being named première cantatrice to the imperial court.

Suddenly her admirers were startled by the news that Angiolina Bosio was DEAD. The melancholy intelligence reached England from Paris in April, 1859, and "filled all musical London with consternation and regret." She had died on the 12th of that month, at St. Petersburg. Always of a delicate and frail constitution, suffering, too, from an affection of the lungs, the rigorous climate of Russia had in all probability hastened her death. Her loss, a serious one to the lovers of music, was sincerely lamented by the public. So gifted a singer, so amiable a woman, so elegant an actress, in the prime of life—she was scarcely thirty—in the flush of her powers and reputation, could not but be regretted by all who had heard her. Her remains were transported to the vaults of the cathedral church, April 15, through an immense crowd; the Nevskoï Perspective being so thronged with a dense mass of spectators, from the house of mourning to the church, that it was with difficulty the coffin, carried by bearers, could reach its destination. Persons of all classes pressed round with garlands, flowers, crowns. It was a troublesome task to clear the stairs and corridors of the house where she had lived, which was invaded by the crowd for an hour before the ceremony.

The obsequies took place the following day. The cathedral church of Saint Catharine was filled long before the time, though they had been obliged, in consequence of the crowd which besieged it, to admit only those who had tickets. Members of the corps diplomatique, the highest grades of the administration and of the army, ladies of rank and fortune, pressed to pay a last mark of respect to the gifted being whom they had so admired and applauded in her lifetime. The arts, the sciences, and letters delegated their most noble representatives; the pupils of the University and of the schools mixed

in the crowd of officers of all ranks and of all regiments, and *employés* of divers departments. The coffin, covered with crowns and flowers, had, the previous evening, been placed before the choir on an elevated estrade. At eleven o'clock the mass commenced, the requiem of Mozart being sung by the artistes of the German Opera and of the chapel of the cathedral. The comrades of poor Bosio had already left two weeks before she died, or they would have taken part in the ceremony. About half past twelve the funeral cortège began to move, and, leaving the church, proceeded toward the cemetery of Sainte Marie. The crowd was enormous, and it did not diminish till it reached the gates of the cemetery, where the cortège was met by many ladies, weeping and praying. The choristers of the Italian Opera sang a funeral chant; and after the prayer of the clergy, the coffin was lowered into the grave, where wreaths and bouquets were flung, and one of the persons present then pronounced a funeral oration. "All eyes were full of tears," says the *Journal de St. Petersbourg*. Never, indeed, was songstress more sincerely regretted.

MADAME LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.

CHAPTER XXXV.

JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT.

THERE lived in the city of Stockholm a quiet, almost humble couple, named Lind; the husband taught languages, and the wife kept a school for children. They were Protestants, members of the Lutheran Church. They had two children, a pale, delicate, sickly girl, named Jenny, and a boy named John. Frau Lind had had another girl by her first marriage, but lost her by an early death.

Jenny, born October 6, 1821, was a lonely child: her chief consolation was her voice, which she was perpetually exercising when at work or at her solitary play. At three years old singing was her ruling passion: every song that she heard she could repeat with fluency and perfect accuracy, and during her frequent illnesses she would solace herself with some favorite melody. Thus she attained her ninth year—a shy, timid, sickly child.

She then happened to attract the notice of Frau Lundberg, an actress, who heard her sing; and, struck with her pure, silvery tones and correct enunciation, told Jenny's parents of the treasure they possessed, urging them to devote their child to the stage. Jenny's mother, entertaining the common prejudice against theatres, was at first horrified by the idea; but Frau Lundberg succeeded in conquering her dislike, and the good mother at last consented to leave the decision of the matter to her child. The little girl at once declared herself determined to devote herself to all the studies requisite to prepare herself for the stage; and she was conveyed by the kind actress to Croelius, a music-master well known in Stockholm.

This old man became enthusiastic about the abilities of his new pupil, whom he introduced to Count Pücke, manager of the Court Theatre, requesting the count to hear her and to patronize her. Rough in speech and morbid in temper, the count was not remarkable for a gentlemanly reserve: he always said exactly what he thought, and his thoughts were not

invariably of the kindest or most charitable nature. When Jenny was brought before him, he regarded her slight figure with astonishment. "You ask a foolish thing," said he, looking disdainfully at the gentle, pale little child, in her simple gown of black bombazine. "What shall we do with that ugly creature? See what feet she has! and then her face! She will never be presentable. No, we can not take her. Certainly not." Nothing daunted, Croelius insisted, almost indignantly, and at last exclaimed, "Well, if you will not take her, I, poor as I am, will take her myself, and have her educated for the stage." The count relented, and condescended to hear the child sing. Already her voice possessed that heart-searching quality by which it afterward exercised so irresistible a spell. The result was that the plain little child was admitted into the school, and placed under the care of an able master, Herr Albert Berg, director of the singing-school of the Opera, who was assisted by the composer Lindblad.

Two years later, when Jenny was eleven, at a comedy performed by the pupils of the theatre, several of the audience were struck by the spirit and animation with which a very young pupil performed the part of a beggar-girl in the play. This young pupil was Jenny Lind, who then began to appear in children's characters, exciting a sensation similar to that with which Leontine Fay, in her early career, moved all Paris. Vaudevilles were written expressly for her: the truth of her conception, the originality of her style, gained for her the reputation of being a prodigy, while the modesty and amiability of her demeanor secured for her love and regard.

When she was twelve, the sunny aspect of her future was suddenly clouded, and her ambitious hopes crushed, for her voice began to lose somewhat of its silvery tone, and the upper notes vanished. In vain she tried to recover them. The hope of training her as a singer for the grand opera was therefore abandoned. She had outgrown her childish parts without becoming qualified for more advanced ones, and was soon forgotten by the public which had once admired her. Forbidden to exercise her voice, the only consolation to the unhappy girl was continuing her instrumental and theoretical musical studies, to which she devoted herself for the space of four years.

It happened toward the close of this painful period that a

grand concert was given at the theatre, and the fourth act of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* formed the chief feature of the programme. The part of Alice in that act, consisting of one solo only, was very unpopular among the singers, and Herr Berg, remembering the unlucky Jenny, offered to her the objectionable *rôle*. She meekly consented to appear, though with a nervous agitation which threatened to destroy what powers she yet possessed; and with a heart palpitating with mingled hope and foreboding, she began to study her part. On the evening of the concert, she presented herself almost unnoticed. She was in a state of nervous excitement and trepidation, though nobody noticed the obscure singer who took the despised character of Alice. But when she sang the air allotted to her, it seemed as if a miracle had been wrought in her favor, for every note of her register had recovered its beauty and sweetness. A burst of applause saluted her: every eye was directed toward her, and the young vocalist became the heroine of the evening. No one was more astonished than Berg, who the next day informed Jenny that she was considered qualified to undertake the *rôle* of Agatha, in Weber's *Der Freischütz*.

Toward this character the secret ambition of Jenny Lind had long yearned, for it was the one which first awakened her artistic sympathies. To study it deeply had been with her a labor of love, and she looked forward with joy to be able to represent it worthily one day. Her discouragements and disappointments were now all forgotten, and the dream of her hopes seemed to be at length realized. At the rehearsal preceding the representation of the evening, she sang in such a manner that the members of the orchestra laid down their instruments and clapped their hands with rapturous applause. "I saw her at the evening representation," says Frederika Bremer. "She was then in the spring of life, fresh, bright, and serene as a morning in May; perfect in form; her hands and her arms peculiarly graceful, and lovely in her whole appearance. She seemed to move, speak, and sing without effort or art. All was nature and harmony. Her singing was distinguished especially by its purity, and the power of soul which seemed to swell in her tones. Her 'mezzo voice' was delightful. In the night-scene where Agatha, seeing her lover coming, breathes out her joy in rapturous song, our young singer,

on turning from the window at the back of the stage to the spectators again, was pale for joy; and in that pale joyousness she sang with a burst of outflowing love and life, that called forth, not the mirth, but the tears of the auditors."

Jenny Lind has always regarded the character of Agatha as the keystone of her fame. From the night of this performance she was the declared favorite of the Swedish public, and continued for a year and a half the star of the Opera of Stockholm, performing in *Euryanthe*, *Robert le Diable*, *La Vestale* of Spontini, and other operas. She labored meanwhile with indefatigable industry to remedy certain natural deficiencies in her voice. Always pure and melodious in tone, it was originally wanting in elasticity. She could neither hold her notes to any considerable extent, nor increase nor diminish their volume with sufficient effect; and she could scarcely utter the slightest cadence. But, undaunted by difficulties, she persevered, and ultimately achieved that brilliant and facile execution which, it is difficult to believe, was partially denied her by nature.

Gradually, however, to the surprise and alarm of the young girl, her voice, overstrained and exhausted, lost somewhat of its freshness. The public, who no longer sought to hear her for the sake of novelty, came no more to the theatre even when she sang delightfully as Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*), or as Anna Bolena; in short, the Opera was almost deserted. Jenny Lind's voice had need of farther training, and she felt the necessity of higher teaching than she could obtain in her native city. She desired, also, to be enabled to behold those great artistes whom she had heard praised so much; and her anxious wish was to become the pupil of Garcia, who had formed so many eminent singers. A formidable money difficulty presented itself—that stumbling-block which impedes so many artists in pursuit of ideal perfection: the difficulty of defraying the expenses of her journey, and of her residence in France, seemed an insuperable bar to the realization of her wishes. She resolved to trust to her own resources alone; accordingly, during the recess when the Opera was closed, accompanied by her father, she visited the principal towns of Sweden and Norway, giving concerts, and thus amassed a fund adequate to her probable necessities. Having obtained leave of absence from the manager of the Opera in Stockholm,

and bade farewell to her parents, whose avocations did not permit them to accompany her, she started alone for Paris, full of enthusiasm for her art, and eagerly anticipating a successful course of study.

Arrived in Paris, her first visit was to Garcia, to whom she presented her letters of introduction. Garcia gave her a kind reception, and listened, without a word or gesture, to her singing. When, fluttered with feverish anxiety, she awaited his dictum, he said, calmly, "My good girl, you have no voice; or, I should rather say, that you had a voice, but are now on the point of losing it. Your organ is strained and worn out; and the only advice I can offer you is to recommend you not to sing a note for three months. At the end of that time come to me again, and I will do my best for you." Poor Jenny departed in the deepest dejection, and passed the three wearisome months in the strictest retirement. "I lived on my tears and on the recollection of my home," she herself said, pathetically. At the expiration of three months of solitude and silence, she paid her second visit to Garcia, who pronounced her voice greatly improved, and susceptible of continued culture. Although she profited immensely by the teaching of this great master, and composed cadences and ornaments which he himself considered worthy of copying, yet he never anticipated for his young Swedish pupil any particular distinction in the musical world. Jenny Lind has frequently remarked that, next to herself, Garcia was the person who, of all others, would have been most surprised at her triumphs had he lived to witness them.

At this period Garcia was teaching a countrywoman of Jenny's, a Mdlle. Nissen, who possessed a very powerful, full-toned voice, but lacked mental abilities. Jenny Lind confessed that it often brought her to despair to hear Garcia hold up this lady to her as an example, while she felt that she understood more, and was pursuing loftier aims, than would ever be attained by her sister student. Garcia was wont to say, "If Jenny Lind had the voice of Nissen, or the latter Lind's intelligence, one of them would become the greatest singer in Europe. If Lind had more voice at her disposal, nothing would prevent her from becoming the greatest of modern singers; but as it is," he would add, "she must be content with singing second to many who will not have half her genius."

The following year, a Swedish composer was sent to Paris in order to summon the young singer home to resume her station at the Opera in Stockholm. By this gentleman she was introduced to Meyerbeer, and the well-practiced judgment of the composer of *Robert le Diable* soon recognized the pearl of great price. His only doubt was whether the flutelike purity of her delicate organ would be sufficiently telling in a large space. To test this, he arranged a rehearsal with a full orchestra, in the salon of the Grand Opéra, when Jenny Lind sang the three great scenes from *Robert le Diable*, *Norma*, and *Der Freischütz*. Her success was triumphant; but, through the jealousy of a powerful prima donna, M. Léon Pillet was dissuaded from engaging the young Swede.

Shortly after, in the spring of 1843, Jenny Lind reappeared in her native city in *Robert le Diable*, where she reaped the rich reward of her persevering efforts. Her voice had acquired astonishing flexibility and strength; she could warble like a nightingale; her tones were fresh, beautiful, and clear; she had become a perfect mistress of her art, and was an excellent actress. The good people of Stockholm received her with a rapturous welcome.

At this time Jenny Lind was perfectly unknown out of her native country. Many entreaties had been addressed to her to appear at Copenhagen; but the idea of making a début in that city frightened her: she expressed the greatest dread of accepting the offers of the Danish manager. "I have never made my appearance out of Sweden," she observed; "every body in my native land is so affectionate and kind to me, and if I made my appearance in Copenhagen, and should be hissed! I dare not venture on it!" However, the temptations held out to her, and the entreaties of Burnonville, the ballet-master of Copenhagen, who had married a Swedish friend of Jenny Lind's, at last prevailed over the nervous apprehensions of the young singer, and Jenny made her first appearance in Copenhagen as Alice, in *Robert le Diable*. "It was like a new revelation in the realms of art," says Andersen (*Story of my Life*); "the youthful fresh voice forced itself into every heart: here reigned truth and nature; and every thing was full of meaning and intelligence. At one concert she sang her Swedish songs. There was something so peculiar in this, so bewitching, people thought nothing about the concert-room; the pop-

ular melodies uttered by a being so purely feminine, and bearing the universal stamp of genius, exercised the omnipotent sway—the whole of Copenhagen was in a rapture." Jenny Lind was the first singer to whom the Danish students gave a serenade; torches blazed around the hospitable villa where the serenade was given, and she expressed her thanks by again singing some Swedish airs impromptu. "I saw her hasten into a dark corner and weep for emotion," says Andersen. "'Yes, yes,' said she, 'I will exert myself; I will endeavor; I will be better qualified than I now am when I again come to Copenhagen.'"

"On the stage," adds Andersen, "she was the great artist who rose above all those around her; at home, in her own chamber, a sensitive young girl with all the humility and piety of a child. Her appearance in Copenhagen made an epoch in the history of our opera; it showed me art in its sanctity: I had beheld one of its vestals."

Jenny Lind was one of the few who regard Art as a sacred vocation. "Speak to her of her art," says Frederika Bremer, "and you will wonder at the expansion of her mind, and will see her countenance beaming with inspiration. Converse then with her of God, and of the holiness of religion, and you will see tears in those innocent eyes: she is great as an artist, but she is still greater in her pure human existence!"

"She loves Art with her whole soul," observes Andersen, "and feels her vocation in it. A noble, pious disposition like hers can not be spoiled by homage. On one occasion only did I hear her express her joy in her talent and her self-consciousness. It was during her last residence in Copenhagen. Almost every evening she appeared either in the opera or at concerts; every hour was in requisition. She heard of a society, the object of which was to assist unfortunate children, and to take them out of the hands of their parents, by whom they were misused and compelled either to beg or steal, and to place them in other and better circumstances. Benevolent people subscribed annually a small sum each for their support; nevertheless, the means for this excellent purpose were very limited. 'But have I not still a disengaged evening?' said she; 'let me give a night's performance for the benefit of those poor children: but we will have double prices!' Such a performance was given, and returned large proceeds. When

she was informed of this, and that, by this means, a number of poor children would be benefited for several years, her countenance beamed, and the tears filled her eyes. 'It is, however, beautiful,' said she, 'that I can sing so.'"

From Copenhagen Jenny Lind returned to Stockholm, where she was received most flatteringly by her countrymen, although it was the wish of her admirers and friends that she should remain in Sweden. But Jenny was desirous of extending her reputation, and she wrote to Meyerbeer, asking him to obtain for her an engagement at Berlin. The kind-hearted composer, who had admired her so much at Paris, and who was pleased to be able to show his interest, answered her letter in less than a week, offering her the position of second soprano at the Theatre Royal. Jenny accepted it, bade her parents farewell once more, and departed for Berlin in 1843. Her departure was a scene of triumph, and the streets were crowded with thousands of persons to bid her adieu.

At Berlin Jenny made no sensation at first. She appeared in secondary characters, Mdlle. Nissen being the prima donna. Adalgisa, in *Norma*, was the best of those with which she was favored. She was noticed very slightly by the critics; some said she was a tolerable actress, others that she had a cultivated voice, but no power. She, however, became a favorite with the manager and with her comrades, from her industry, her modesty, her amiability, and good temper. One evening, when she had been at the theatre some four months, there was a large concert given in behalf of some charity. The fourth act of *Robert le Diable* was announced, and again, by a strange coincidence, the solo of Alice was assigned to Jenny. Again a spell was wrought: she electrified the audience by the manner in which she sang the few bars of this despised air. As her notes rang full and clear through the theatre, the wings filled with listeners, and when she ceased, the entranced audience broke into a long and continued tempest of applause.

The genius of Jenny Lind was now revealed to the Berlinese, and for four months she was their idol. At the end of 1843, M. Belinaye went to Berlin, and, through the medium of Lord Westmoreland, was presented to the young singer, and offered her terms from Mr. Lumley; but no engagement was entered into.

In August, 1844, she went to Dresden. Meyerbeer was then

writing his *Camp of Silesia*, and he offered Jenny Lind the first part, Vielka. She knew nothing then of the German language; but two months of application enabled her to speak it with purity. The characters which she sustained during her stay in Dresden were, in addition to Vielka, Norma, Amina, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento.*

At the request of the manager of Stockholm, however, she returned to her native city, to assist at the coronation of the King of Sweden. With each performance her fame extended more widely: throughout all the districts of Germany, and far beyond its bounds, her reputation spread, and the managers of London and Paris vied in striving to win the Northern songstress. From Stockholm she made a tour through Vienna, Berlin, Copenhagen, and other cities; in Hamburg a silver laurel-wreath was presented to her on her departure, and her entire journey was a constant succession of triumphs. During the following summer she was invited to the fêtes on the Rhine, given by the King of Prussia in honor of our queen; she also visited Frankfort and Cologne. The Countess of Rossi (Henrietta Sontag) pronounced her to be the first singer of her time.

From November, 1845, till the end of March, 1846, she fulfilled her engagement for five months at the Theatre Royal, Berlin. She then proceeded to Vienna, where she made her début as Norma, April 22, in the Theater an der Wien. The reports which had preceded her, the exaggeration of the so-called Lind-enthusiasts, and the unprecedentedly high prices of admission, had raised to such a degree the anticipations of the public, that Jenny Lind expressed her doubt of succeeding, and declared that, but for having given her word, she would not consent to perform at all. With visible nervousness, with the elevation and dignity of a priestess, but yet with a feeling of humbleness, she ascended the Druid altar, and, amid a silence of hushed expectation, commenced to sing. Scarcely had her tones resounded than the whole house burst into one simultaneous cheer, decisive of her success in Vienna.

Soon after this she returned to her native city, and then reappeared in Berlin. She received a liberal offer of an engagement with Mr. Bunn, manager of Drury Lane Theatre, and an agreement was signed in presence of Lord Westmoreland (British minister at Berlin) and M. Meyerbeer. M. Belinaye

just then renewed Mr. Lumley's offers; and Jenny Lind, being now better acquainted with the management of the London theatres, found that she had made a great mistake in consenting to make her début in London at Drury Lane. She therefore wished to break off her engagement with Mr. Bunn, and volunteered to pay him £2000 on receiving the paper signed by her. Mr. Bunn at first refused; but the dispute was finally settled February 22, 1848, by his being awarded £2500 damages in a court of justice.

So enthusiastic were the people of Berlin, that on the close of her engagement the manager was obliged to re-engage her, at the rate (it is said) of £4000 per annum, with two months of congé. The "enthusiasm" was almost beyond conception. The difficulty of gaining admission into the theatre, even when she had appeared upward of a hundred nights, was so great, that it was found necessary, in order to prevent the practice of jobbing in tickets, which was becoming very prevalent, to issue them according to the following directions, which were put forth by the manager: "Tickets must be applied for on the day preceding that for which they are required, by letter, signed with the applicant's proper and Christian name, profession, and place of abode, and sealed with wax, bearing the writer's initials with his arms. No more than one ticket can be granted to the same person; and no person is entitled to apply for two consecutive nights of the enchantress's performance."

In June, 1846, Mdlle. Lind was principal vocalist of the Niederheinische Musicfest, held at Aix-la-Chapelle, Mendelssohn being the conductor. He was delighted with her, and thus expressed his opinion of her: "There will not in a whole century be born another being so largely gifted as Jenny Lind."

At this period Jenny Lind received a profusion of offers of engagements. It is said that his majesty the Czar offered her as much as 56,000 francs per month, for five months, making in all about £11,200 sterling—a sum unparalleled in musical history.

She appeared the following September at Frankfort, where triumphant success awaited her. The enthusiasm and excitement were unprecedented. "Dine where you would," said a correspondent of the *Athenæum*, "you heard of Jenny Lind—when she was coming—what she would sing—how much be

paid—who had got places—and the like; so that, what with the exigeant English dilettanti flying at puzzled German landlords with all manner of Babylonish protestations of disappointment and uncertainty, and native High Ponderosities ready to trot in the train of the enchantress where she might please to lead, with here and there a dark-browed Italian prima donna lowering, Medea-like, in the background, and looking daggers whenever the name 'Questa Linda!' was uttered—nothing, I repeat, can be compared to the universal excitement, save certain passages ('green spots' in the memory of many a dowager Berliner) when enthusiasts rushed to drink Champagne out of Sontag's shoe..... In *La Figlia del Reggimento*, compared with the exhibitions of her sister songstresses now on the German stage, Mdlle. Lind's personation was like a piece of porcelain beside tawdry daubings on crockery."

Mdlle. Lind then reappeared in Vienna, where she was received with the same enthusiastic delight. She was treated with marked attention by the empress and the Archduchess Maria. The sensation caused previous to her departure for England was extraordinary; and during her last performances at the great theatres, the stalls, ordinarily sold at two florins, rose to fifty; yet three thousand persons were unable to procure admission. The last night, not content with calling her forward innumerable times, with plaudits, cheers, and deafening shouts, the audience joined the crowd which attended her home. Thirty times she was summoned to her window, and the crowd cried urgently, "Jenny Lind, say you will come back again!" At length Jenny Lind, bathed in tears, took asunder the heaped bouquets lying on her table, and scattered from the balcony the separated flowers, which were snatched up by the eager crowd.

Her departure from Stockholm for London was signalized by a demonstration most unusual for so cold a people as the Swedes. Between fifteen and twenty thousand persons were assembled on the quay to take leave of their beloved countrywoman; military bands were stationed at intervals, and she embarked amid cheers, music, good wishes, and sobbing adieux. The rigging of the vessels in the harbor was manned, and the hurrahs and waving of handkerchiefs continued as long as the steamer which bore her away was in sight. Her last performance in her native city was in aid of the funds of a charitable

institution she had founded, and the tickets of admission on this occasion were sold at immense prices by auction.

Mdlle. Lind arrived in London April 17, 1847. Her first days were passed with her friend Mrs. Grote, wife of the historian and member of Parliment; but she subsequently took a furnished house at Brompton, where she lived in strict seclusion from society during her engagement.

One of the first who heard the Nightingale was Lablache. The mighty basso was in raptures with her voice; every note, he said, "was like a pearl." This comparison quite took the fancy of Jenny, and one morning, during rehearsal at Her Majesty's Theatre, she tripped up to the great Italian, and politely asked him to lend her his hat. He readily complied, though surprised at the oddity of such a request. She took the hat with a graceful courtesy, and retired to a distant part of the stage, where she commenced singing a French air with her lips to the edge of the broad-brimmed chapeau. Having concluded her performance, she returned to Lablache, and ordered him to fall on bended knee, as she had a valuable present for him, returning him his hat, with the declaration that she had made him exceedingly rich, according to his own showing, insomuch as she was giving him a hatful of "pearls." Her simplicity and innocent gayety delighted all, and as for Lablache, he could scarcely have been more gratified if she had filled his hat with diamonds.

Jenny Lind's début took place on the 4th of May. The opera was *Robert le Diable*, thus cast: Robert, Fraschini; Raimbaud, Gardoni; Bertram, Staudigl; Isabelle, Madame Castellan; Alice, Mdlle. Jenny Lind. The house was crowded to suffocation. The queen, Prince Albert, and numbers of eminent personages were present. The accounts of the débutante's brilliant triumphs in Germany, and the extraordinary enthusiasm which she had every where created, had rendered the musical world most anxious to see and hear her. She had been the subject of conversation in all circles; her name was in every body's mouth ere she set foot on the English shore. Always, at the commencement of an opera, Mdlle. Lind suffered from a nervousness which she only mastered in the course of performance. Before the opera began a shudder would seize her; she stepped falteringly on the stage, and sang her first notes timidly, only conquering her agitation by

degrees. How, then, must she have felt on this all-important evening?

"The curtain went up, the opera began, the cheers resounded, deep silence followed," says a writer in the *Musical World*, "and the cause of all the excitement was before us. It opened its lips, and emitted sounds. The sounds it emitted were right pleasing, honey-sweet, and silver-toned. With all this there was, besides, a quietude that we had not marked before, and a something that hovered about the object, as an unseen grace that was attired in a veil of innocence, transparent as the thin surface of a bubble, disclosing all, and making its own presence rather felt than seen."

The appearance of Jenny Lind in her pilgrim's garb was the signal for an enthusiastic outburst of applause. The delicious sustained notes which commenced her first cavatina, *Va, ditelle*, full, clear, and bell-like, then dying off into the faintest whisper, were exquisite: they were followed by thunders of applause, above which rose the stentorian brava of Lablache, who was sitting in his box enraptured. Each verse of the charming little romance, *Quand je quittai la Normandie*, was encored. "At the conclusion of the last she gave the roulade, *à pleine voix*, limpid and deliciously sweet, and finished with a shake so delicate, so softly executed, that each one held his breath to listen, and the torrent of applause at the end baffled description." At the conclusion of the opera, Jenny Lind was called before the curtain three distinct times, shouts, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, every sign of rapturous delight being displayed by the audience.

Her performance, both dramatic and vocal, transcended the most highly-wrought expectations. Combining the rustic simplicity of the lowborn maiden with the lofty purity of her holy mission, Jenny Lind's Alice was a sublime as well as a captivating creation, while she showed every quality of vocal art — a voice whose tone penetrated to every heart, style and execution the most exquisitely finished, and those powers of expression which render music the most eloquent language of sentiment and passion. Her voice, a high soprano, neither powerful nor of great compass, possessed much suavity and delicious lightness, and was singularly brilliant, clear, and silvery in the upper register, though a little throaty in the middle.

"It is wanting in that roundness and mellowness which belongs to organs of the South," observes a very able musical critic. "When forced, it has by no means an agreeable sound, and falls hard and grating on the ears. It is evident that, in the greater part of its range, acquired by much perseverance and study, Nature has not been bountiful to the Swedish nightingale in an extraordinary degree. But art and energy have supplied the defects of nature. Perhaps no artiste, if we except Pasta, ever deserved more praise than Jenny Lind for what she has worked out of bad materials. From an organ neither naturally sweet nor powerful, she has elaborated a voice capable of producing the most vivid sensations. In her mezzo-voce singing scarcely any vocalist we ever heard can be compared to her. The most delicate notes, given with the most perfect intonation, captivate the hearers, and throw them into ecstasies of delight. This is undoubtedly the great charm of Jenny Lind's singing, and in this respect we subscribe ourselves among her most enthusiastic admirers. . . . She sustains a C or D in alt with unerring intonation and surprising power. These are attained without an effort, and constitute another charm of the Nightingale's singing.

"In pathetic music Jenny Lind's voice is heard to much advantage. Indeed, her vocal powers seem best adapted to demonstrate the more gentle and touching emotions. For this reason her solo singing is almost that alone in which she makes any extraordinary impression. In ensemble singing, excepting in the *piano*, her voice, being forced beyond its natural powers, loses all its beauty and peculiar charm, and becomes, in short, often disagreeable. . . . Her voice, with all its charm, is of a special quality, and in its best essays is restricted to a particular class of lyrical compositions. . . . As a vocalist, Jenny Lind is entitled to very high, if not the highest commendation. Her perseverance and indomitable energy, joined to her musical ability, have tended to render her voice as capable and flexible as a violin. Although she never indulges in the brilliant flights of fancy of Persiani, nor soars into the loftiest regions of fioriture with that most wonderful of all singers, her powers of execution are very great, and the delicate taste with which the most florid passages are given, the perfect intonation of the voice, and its general charm, have already produced a most decided impression on the public mind. By the

musician, Persiani will be always more admired, but Jenny Lind will strike the general hearer more."

Another critic thus speaks of Jenny Lind's voice. "Her voice is a pure soprano—of the fullest compass belonging to voices of this class, and of such evenness of tone that the nicest ear can discover no difference of quality from the bottom to the summit of the scale. In the great extent between A below the lines and D in alt, she executes every description of passage, whether consisting of notes 'in linked sweetness long drawn out,' or of the most rapid flights and fioriture, with equal facility and perfection. Her lowest notes come out as clear and ringing as the highest, and her highest are as soft and sweet as the lowest. Her tones are never muffled or indistinct, nor do they ever offend the ear by the slightest tinge of shrillness: mellow roundness distinguishes every sound she utters. As she never strains her voice, it never seems to be loud; and hence some one who busied themselves in anticipatory depreciation said that it would be found to fail in power, a mistake of which every body was convinced who observed how it filled the ear, and how distinctly every inflection was heard through the fullest harmony of the orchestra. The same clearness was observable in her pianissimo. When, in her beautiful closes, she prolonged a tone, attenuated it by degrees, and falling gently upon the final note, the sound, though as ethereal as the sighing of a breeze, reached (like Mrs. Siddons's whisper in Lady Macbeth) every part of the immense theatre. Much of the effect of this unrivaled voice is derived from the physical beauty of its sound, but still more from the exquisite skill and taste with which it is used, and the intelligence and sensibility of which it is the organ. Mdlle. Lind's execution is that of a complete musician. Every passage is as highly finished, as perfect in tone, tune, and articulation, as if it proceeded from the violin of a Paganini or a Sivori, with the additional charm which lies in the human *voice* divine. Her embellishments show the richest fancy and boundless facility, but they show still more remarkably a well-regulated judgment and taste."

As an actress she was easy, natural, and perfectly original. "Following her own bland conceptions," remarks one writer, "she rises to regions whence, like Schiller's maid, she descends to refresh the heart and soul of her audience with gifts beau-

tiful and wondrous. Her individuality entirely disappears in her dramatic assumptions; her whole soul is melted into and vitalizes the creations of the poet, while the high art stamps perfection on her impersonation." Her by-play was exquisite: she never spared herself in seeking to please her audience. The truth of her acting was once exemplified strangely in Germany, when a singer who performed Elvino to her Amina declared that he could not act with her, as he was unable to approach her with the wrath the part required, much less spurn her from him, her pathetic delineation of anguish and innocence piercing his heart.

She was not handsome, but of very pleasing aspect. Her face was peculiarly placid, her features well-marked and expressive, her complexion pale, her cheek-bones high, her eyes light gray or blue, "dove-like" in their sweetness; her hair was a pale flaxen, very abundant and wavy. In figure she was slightly above the middle size, and very slender, but her movements were full of grace. She had an air of simplicity and goodness; she looked cold, reserved, modest, and timid.

Robert le Diable was repeated the following Thursday, when her majesty was again present. The struggle for admission was even greater than on her first appearance, and the theatre was crowded to the roof. Mdlle. Lind was recalled three times, and overwhelmed with tumultuous plaudits and showers of bouquets. The enthusiasm of the public increased daily, and was beyond description. Enormous sums were paid for boxes, and multitudes traveled from the most distant parts of the country to obtain a single hearing of the Swedish Nightingale. Three gentlemen came from Liverpool for the purpose of hearing her; but, after staying a week in London, they were not fortunate enough to obtain admission, and returned home disappointed. Any number of hours were spent by her devoted admirers before the doors of the Opera House on the chance of obtaining a seat in the pit. From twenty to twenty-five pounds were paid for a single box on her night of performance, while four or five guineas were commonly paid for one stall. Articles of furniture were called by her name; portraits and memoirs innumerable of the famous artiste were published.

During the season Mdlle. Lind performed Amina in *La Sonnambula*, Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, etc. She also

performed in Verdi's new opera, *I Masnadieri*, which work was by no means a success. Her chef-d'œuvre was Amina, in which she was simple, graceful, and touching. At the conclusion of her first performance of *La Sonnambula* there was an unprecedented scene of excitement. The pit rose *en masse*, hats and handkerchiefs were waved on all sides, even the ladies in the boxes joining in the demonstration. Jenny Lind was vehemently called for, and when she came tripping on, the scene baffled description.

At the desire of the queen, the Swedish songstress undertook to perform *Norma*. Though she did not equal Grisi, she gained fresh laurels and heaps of bouquets, to which her majesty condescended to add one. During the season Mdlle. Lind sang, in conjunction with Mdlle. Alboni, Madame Grisi, Herr Staudigl, and other leading artistes, at the queen's private concerts.

At the close of the season a handsome "testimonial" was presented to her by Mr. Lumley—of pure silver, nearly three feet in height, representing a pillar wreathed with laurel, at the feet of which were seated three draped figures, Tragedy, Comedy, and Music.

The Swedish Nightingale went into the provinces under an engagement with Mr. Lumley, and every where created an electrical sensation. The excitement of London was repeated. She then visited Scotland and Dublin. At Edinburgh, fifteen guineas were actually paid for the privilege of hearing her. In this city two concerts were given by Mr. Howard Glover and his brother, who gave Mdlle. Lind £1000 for her services, Lablache £200, Gardoni £150, yet they realized above £1200 by the speculation. In Dublin Mdlle. Lind was received with an uproar of delight.

She then returned, by way of Berlin, to Stockholm, where she passed the winter. Such was the eagerness to witness her performance at Stockholm that the places at the theatre were put up at auction, and brought immense prices. With her share of the proceeds Mdlle. Lind established an asylum for the support of decayed artists, and a school for young girls who were studying for the musical profession. One girl so quickly profited by this opportunity that she was considered by her benefactress sufficiently promising to be sent to Paris to complete her studies, with a provision of 6000 francs for

her expenses. When Mdlle. Lind left Stockholm to return to London, the quays were crowded by the people of the city; all the ships in the harbor were manned; and amid the playing of bands of music, she was conducted to the steamer, in which she embarked in presence of the Queen of Sweden and her court.

The "Lind mania" raged in 1848 without diminution. The public were dazzled, enchanted. They heard with delight, too, of her munificent deeds of charity, and the many traits of her amiability, her piety, and her goodness. To her repertoire she added this season Lucia, Susanna, and Elvira (*I Puritani*). In June she appeared for the first time as Adina, in *L'Elisir d'Amore*, with Lablache, Belletti, and Gardoni. She continued in England after the termination of the season, probably on account of the unsettled state of the Continent; and during the autumn and winter she undertook extensive provincial tours, sometimes appearing in her dramatic characters, but more frequently singing at concerts and in oratorios. She went on a trip to Dublin, where she received a tumultuous ovation. At Birmingham, Manchester, Norwich, there was one fever of delight. At Manchester she gave two concerts in aid of the Infirmary of the city, and, as an acknowledgment of her kindness, the people of Manchester presented her with a superb dressing-case and a necklace of pearls. In the city of Norwich she formed the acquaintance of the excellent bishop, who remained one of her most cordial and attached friends. On leaving Norwich she was presented by the bishop with a Bible, while the mayor, on behalf of the city, offered her a splendidly-illustrated edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost.*

The following April Jenny Lind reappeared at Her Majesty's Theatre for a limited number of nights, having resolved finally to take leave of the stage. Her last operatic performance in opera was given May 10, in her original character of Alice. Even in the first flush of the public excitement, never was there a more striking scene than the Opera House presented on the night of her farewell. The crowd was dense; boxes, stalls, pit—every nook was filled. Her majesty, Prince Albert, the Duchess of Kent, and all the rank and fashion of London, assembled to pay a last tribute of admiration. At the fall of the curtain the vast assembly rose with a burst of cheers, and the shouts of delight were deafening. In a few

moments Jenny Lind came forward, led by Gardoni, and bowed respectfully to the audience. She was visibly affected, yet shrank from all open expression of her feelings. Scarcely had she retired when another storm arose, and again Jenny Lind came forward, led by Belletti. Bouquets were showered on the stage, and the applause was louder, if possible, than ever. A third time she was called; when she came on alone, trembling with suppressed emotion, bowing lowly, and looking an eloquent farewell. This time the enthusiasm was so irrepressible, so prolonged, so spontaneous, so overwhelming, that she was no longer able to control her feelings, and tears of gratitude flowed over her pale cheeks.

The close of 1849 found her in Germany. At Lubeck she concluded a treaty with Barnum, the exhibitor of General Tom Thumb, which resulted in her visiting America under his auspices. The terms were $80,000, £200 for each of the 150 concerts at which Mdlle. Lind was to sing, the entire personal expenses of her party being paid. She was accompanied by Signor Belletti and Jules Benedict, the former of whom received $12,500, the latter $1000.

The time between signing her American engagement and her departure was employed by Jenny Lind in giving concerts on the Continent, mostly for charitable purposes. She sang at Berlin, Bremen, and Göttingen, with her unvarying success. At the two latter places, the students formed a procession by torch-light in her honor, gave her a serenade, and formed an escort for her to Nordheim.

Her last songs on this side the Atlantic were given at Liverpool, in the splendid new hall of the Philharmonic Society. There were, including the orchestra, upward of 3000 persons present. The appearance of the Swedish Nightingale was the signal for a demonstration that can not be described. The audience stood up to welcome her, and such a volley of cheers as rent the air was, perhaps, never before heard within the walls of a theatre or concert-room; three times was the salvo repeated, and it was almost with difficulty that Mdlle. Lind, who seemed quite overpowered by her reception, was enabled to obtain silence. She sang some English airs. Her pronunciation was exceedingly pure and articulate, "with just so much of accent as gave it a special and fascinating quaintness." In the ballad style she excelled quite as much as in the florid and

bravura school: there was a simplicity, an earnestness of declamation, a peculiar charm, which thrilled the hearer.

Her arrival at New York, in September, being expected, the dock and landing were crowded with persons curious to obtain the first glimpse of the great songstress. Amid cheers and acclamations from the hundreds gathered around the carriage in waiting for her, Mdlle. Lind disembarked, and was driven to the Irving House Hotel. At midnight 30,000 persons assembled, and at one in the morning 130 musicians came up to serenade her, led by 700 firemen. The excitement was extraordinary: it became a distinction even to have a probability of hearing her sing. The papers actually published the names of those who bought tickets, and printed a fac-simile of the card which was to admit the public to hear her: they were not ashamed to fill their columns with stories of the most ridiculous nature. The anxiety to see Mdlle. Lind whenever she happened to take a drive was almost frantic. Public "reception days" were arranged for her, and throngs of ladies attended her drawing-rooms. Presents of all kinds poured in upon her, the donors thereof anticipating that she would give them rings, pins, bracelets, brooches, etc., etc., in token of gratitude. The first three days innumerable bouquets and other testimonies of esteem were sent, which she declined to receive. On the day of the first concert, spite of torrents of rain, there were 5000 persons in the office buying tickets; and the first ticket for the first concert was sold for $600 (£45). On the morning of Mdlle. Lind's first appearance, September 11, at Castle Garden, there was nothing else talked of from one end of New York to the other. The building was crowded to excess in the evening, though there were very few ladies. Shouts from 7000 throats saluted the Swedish songstress as, pale and agitated, she stepped timidly forth, dressed simply in white, the applause surpassing every thing that had previously been offered her. She sang "Casta Diva," a duet, with Belletti, from Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia*, the Trio Concertante with two flutes from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*, accompanied by herself—a most exquisite performance, her voice perfectly echoing the notes of the flutes. She sang also two national airs of Sweden.

The first concert realized $26,000. Mdlle. Lind gave her share, $10,000, to the benevolent institutions of New York,

and on learning that some of the members of the New York orchestra were in indigent circumstances, she generously made them a substantial gift. Her beneficent actions during her entire stay in America are too numerous to detail. She helped numbers, and gave largely of the enormous sums which she received. Frequently would she flit away from her house, quietly, as if about to pay a visit, and then she might be seen disappearing down back lanes or into the cottages of the poor. She was warned to avoid so much liberality, as many unworthy persons took unfair advantage of her bounty; but she invariably replied, "Never mind; if I relieve ten, and one is worthy, I am satisfied." She had distributed 30,000 florins in Germany; she gave away in England nearly £60,000; and in America she scattered in charity no less than $50,000. Making a certain provision for her own future support, as well as that of her beloved parents, who resided in Sweden, her desire was to devote the proceeds of her visit to America to promoting education among the poor of her native land.

Her second début in the States was in Boston, October 1, at the Tremont Temple, where she had the same stupendous success. October 7, she sang in Providence. The next concert which she gave in Boston was appropriated to charitable purposes. She then went to Philadelphia, back to New York, again to Philadelphia, then to Baltimore, Washington, Richmond, Charleston, Havana, and other places. At Baltimore, while standing at a balcony, bowing to the loud and enthusiastic applause of the multitude at the close of a serenade, she had the misfortune to drop her shawl; in less than a minute it was torn into fragments, which were distributed to all who were in the immediate vicinity, as mementoes of the songstress.

In June, 1851, Mdlle. Lind availed herself, after the 95th concert, of an article in the agreement with Mr. Barnum, which enabled her to prematurely conclude her engagement, and by a sacrifice of some $30,000, to break the partnership. She then continued the series herself.

Some time after this she married Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, a pianist, son of a wealthy merchant of Hamburg. He was twenty-four, small, but good-looking. His graceful and finished style of playing had obtained for him much applause in London at the concerts of the Musical Union in 1849.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt returned to Europe in 1852.

After a brief tour through England en route to Germany, declining every proposition for a public appearance, she settled in Dresden, employing in good works, and in piously founding schools, etc., a part of her immense fortune. Excepting on the occasion of concerts given at Vienna, Hamburg, and a few other German cities, she confined herself strictly to the retirement of private life up to December, 1856, when she reappeared in London, at Exeter Hall, and by her admirable rendering of the finest sacred music revived her former popularity. For her first appearance the *Creation* was chosen, the music of this oratorio being especially suited to the marvelous fullness and purity of her voice. "The wonder is," said one critic, "that the notes should issue forth with such sustained ease from a frame so comparatively gentle." The beautiful airs, "With verdure clad," and "On mighty pens," were warbled with a charming clearness of intonation; and all the other pieces were delivered with an extraordinary beauty and finish. Her second appearance was in *Elijah*, in which she sang with splendid effect. Her intensity of feeling, her faultless skill, her exquisite taste, were irreproachable.

From that to the present time, Mr. and Mme. Goldschmidt have lived almost entirely in England, having apparently determined to make this country their permanent home. She has occasionally appeared in public, generally for benevolent purposes; and, whenever she appears, she is received with as much enthusiasm as ever. In private society she meets with the esteem and regard due to her virtues and talents.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

SOPHIE CRUVELLI.

Sophie Cruvelli, the daughter of a Protestant clergyman named Cruwell, was born, 1830, at Bielefeld in Prussia. Her family, though by no means rich, possessed some little property, and intended to endow Sophie with a moderate fortune when she should marry. Her parents resolved to educate her with care, and, finding that she had a decided taste for music, her mother took her to Paris when she was fourteen, that she might obtain finishing lessons.

Permarini and Bordogni were the masters from whom she received instruction. The latter, at once perceiving the intuitive genius of the girl, spared no trouble, and would not allow her to spare herself labor. He made her practice solfeggio four hours a day, setting her the most difficult exercises he could invent; and during two years of severe application and tedious labor, he would not permit her to sing any thing but vocal scales. At the end of that time her mother came to take away Sophie, thinking that she must by this time have acquired a sufficient mastery of French and music, and might very well return home; but Bordogni protested against robbing the musical world of such a treasure as the Fräulein Cruwell would prove, after two or three years more of study: it was foolish, it was wrong, he declared, to prevent her from following what was obviously her destiny. Madame Cruwell saw the justice of Bordogni's representations. "If my daughter devotes herself to the stage," she said, "and freely embraces the career of an artiste, we may endeavor to submit to farther sacrifices; but if merely destined to bring up a family, she has learned quite enough of solfeggio: her little fortune will be all consumed by her singing lessons." Sophie was consulted, and declared that she must become a prima donna; so it was settled that she should complete her studies in Italy, and the family left for Milan. Before quitting Paris, however,

she appeared at a concert given by the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, September 12, 1847.

At Milan she was preparing to commence operations with spirit, when a dreadful discovery was made. She could not sing at all! When she opened her lips, not a sound came forth; her voice was absolutely gone! The despair of the family, the anguish of Sophie, are not to be depicted. Nothing remained to be done but to return to Bielefeld. While making their preparations for departure in mournful sadness, Signor Lamberti, an experienced professor, to whom they had been recommended, was announced. They described to him their misfortune, at which Lamberti was very much surprised; however, he began talking to Sophie, and soon ascertained what he had suspected to be the truth, that her voice had simply been exhausted by the fatigue of her journey. He therefore advised the family to defer their departure for a few days. They did so, and when he called again, Sophie's voice had returned clearer and more beautiful than ever: the high notes had gained additional purity and strength, and the lower were more rich and mellow than they had ever been before. Lamberti assisted the young German with advice and instruction, and at last, at the end of 1847, Sophie made her début at La Fenice, under the Italianized name of Cruvelli, in the part of Doña Sol (*Ernani*). She next performed Norma, and was most favorably received.

Deserted by his original company, Mr. Lumley was roving all over Europe in quest of another, and having heard Mdlle. Cruvelli at Venice, he immediately engaged her for the ensuing season. The company at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1848 consisted of Mesdames Persiani and Viardot, Mesdemoiselles Alboni and Cruvelli, Signori Cuzzani, Belletti, Gardoni, and Polonini.

Mdlle. Cruvelli was then only eighteen, and her voice and style were still unfinished; yet, although she was unaided by any extraneous interest, and the "Lind mania" was raging, Mdlle. Cruvelli made a decided sensation. She appeared on Saturday, February 19, in *Ernani*, with Cuzzani, Gardoni, and Belletti. She possessed much enthusiasm, spirit, and animation, though as yet deficient in physical power, and often led into mistaking violence for energy. Her voice, in compass from F to F, was a clear, silvery soprano, the low notes of

which had something of the contralto quality; her tones were vigorous, fresh, and bell-like. In appearance she was youthful and engaging. Her figure, of the middle height, was fine and well-moulded, her face of the Teutonic type. Her manner was particularly dramatic, and her style energetic. The audience were prepossessed in her favor, and gave her the kindest reception; in fact, she was entirely successful.

Mdlle. Cruvelli made a farther advance as Odabella in *Attila*, and as Lucrezia in *I Due Foscari:* her performances were acknowledged to be of high order, both vocally and dramatically. She also gained much credit by her personation of Lucrezia Borgia, acting with great intelligence, earnestness, and energy. She appeared in *Ernani* five times; as Abigaile, in *Nino*, twice; as Lucrezia Borgia thrice; as Rosina in *Il Barbiere*, and the Countess in *Nozze di Figaro*, to Jenny Lind's Susanna, several times. Her Rosina was a pretty, piquant performance, modest and unpretending, and not deficient in dramatic truth.

Unfortunately, Sophie was driven away by the Lind fever, and she retreated to Germany, where she commenced a musical tour. She was at Berlin when the Revolution broke out, and was obliged to quit the city. She left Berlin for Trieste, where, during the Carnival, she performed in *Attila*, *Norma*, *Don Pasquale*, *Macbeth*—in short, any thing and every thing, old and new, serious and comic, classical and sensational. Early in 1850 she was at Milan, where the patrons of La Scala offered her the most extravagant ovations. She then went to Genoa, where she had an unlucky difference with the young habitués of the parterre, in consequence of a misunderstanding. She sang in *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Norma*, *Nabucco*, and *Attila*, and her success was so great that it was impossible to obtain a place without securing it several days in advance. Her last part was in an opera by Signor Chiaramonte, a Neapolitan composer, which added greatly to her fame, and she was eulogized in the most rapturous terms by the Italian journalists.

The second week in April, 1850, she made her first appearance at the Théâtre Italien, in Paris, then under Mr. Lumley's direction, as Elvira, to Mr. Sims Reeves's Ernani. She was received with enthusiasm which surpassed even that excited at Venice, Trieste, or Milan, and she repeated the character

several times to crowded houses. She appeared for a second time at Her Majesty's Theatre, May 20, 1851, in *Fidelio*, with Mr. Sims Reeves.

Her improvement had been marvelous. Although scarcely more than twenty, she had now become a most admirable artiste. The sculpturesque beauty of her physiognomy, the profound dramatic sentiment of her acting, the incomparable brilliancy of her voice, elicited universal admiration. Her Leonora was an exquisitely finished, an entrancing performance; and her acting and singing in the prison scene was forcible, intense, yet delicately shaded. "From the shuddering expression given to the words, 'How cold it is in this subterranean vault,' spoken on entering Florestan's dungeon," said one critic, "to the joyous and energetic duet, in which the reunited pair give vent to their rapturous feelings, all was inimitable. Each transition of feeling was faithfully conveyed, and the suspicion growing by degrees into certainty that the wretched prisoner is Florestan, was depicted with heart-searching truth. The internal struggle was perfectly expressed."

"With Mdlle. Cruvelli," says this writer, "Fidelio is governed throughout by one purpose, to which every thing is rendered subservient. Determination to discover and liberate her husband is the main-spring not only of all her actions, and the theme of all her soliloquies, but even when others likely to influence her design in any way are acting or speaking, we read in the anxious gaze, the breathless anxiety, the head bent to catch the slightest word, a continuation of the same train of thought, and an ever-living ardor in the pursuit of the one cherished object. In such positions as these, where one gifted artist follows nature with so delicate an appreciation of its most subtle truths, it is not easy for a character occupying the background of the stage picture to maintain (although by gesture only) a constant commentary upon the words of others without becoming intrusive or attracting an undue share of attention. Yet Cruvelli does this throughout the first scene (especially during the duet betwixt Rocco and Pizarro, in which Fidelio overhears the plan to assassinate her husband) with a perfection akin to that realized by Rachel in the last scene of *Les Horaces*, where Camille listens to the recital of her brother's victory over her lover; and the result, like that of the chorus in a Greek drama, is to heighten rather than

lessen the effect. These may be considered minor points, but, as necessary parts of a great conception, they are as important, and afford as much evidence of the master mind, as the artist's delivery of the grandest speeches or scenes."

"Mdlle. Cruvelli," observes another critic, "has the power of expressing joy and despair, hope and anxiety, hatred and love, fear and resolution, with equal facility. She has voice and execution sufficient to master with ease all the trying difficulties of the most trying and difficult of parts."

Norma was Sophie's second performance. "Before the first act was over, Sophie Cruvelli demonstrated that she was as profound a mistress of the grand as of the romantic school of acting, as perfect an interpreter of the brilliant as of the classical school of music." She represented Fidelio five times, and Norma thrice.

Her features were most expressive, and well adapted to the lyric stage; her manner also was dramatic and energetic. She was highly original, and always thought for herself. Possessing a profound insight into character, her conception was always true and just, while her execution continually varied. "The one proceeds from a judgment that never errs, the other from impulse, which may possibly lead her astray. Thus, while her Fidelio and her Norma are never precisely the same on two consecutive evenings, they are, nevertheless, always Fidelio and Norma. . . . She does not calculate. She sings and acts on the impulse of the moment; but her performance must always be impressive, because it is always true to one idea, always bearing upon one object—the vivid realization of the character she impersonates to the apprehension of her audience." So much was she the creature of impulse, that even when she would spend a day, a week, a month, in elaborating a certain passage—a certain dramatic effect—perhaps on the night of performance she would improvise something perfectly different from her preconceived idea.

Her sister Marie made her début in Thalberg's *Florinda*, in July, with Sophie. She was a graceful and charming contralto; but her timidity, and an overdelicacy of expression, did not permit her then to display her talents to the greatest advantage. The brother of the sisters Cruvelli was a fine baritone.

At the close of 1851, Sophie went again to the Théâtre

Italien; and the following year she returned to London, making her appearance, April 17, as Norma, with Lablache and Gardoni. She had established herself as a welcome favorite, and performed during the season in *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere*, etc. Her improvement was remarkable even in her acting, always so energetic and impulsive. Before the termination of the season, the whimsical young lady suddenly disappeared, without giving any reason for her extraordinary proceeding, or vouchsafing any subsequent explanation. She was heard of in August at Wiesbaden, from whence she repaired to Aix-la-Chapelle, where she performed in *Le Prophète*. Then she was on the banks of the Rhine, and afterward she reappeared at the Théâtre Italien.

There was unwonted excitement among the frequenters of the Grand Opéra in Paris on January 16, 1854, for Sophie Cruvelli was to make her début there, the opera selected for this occasion being *Les Huguenots*. She was to receive 100,000 francs for six months. Meyerbeer was very much pleased, and set to work once more on his long-promised opera, *L'Africaine*, the principal character in which he destined for Mdlle. Cruvelli, of whose talents he entertained the highest opinion. The house was crowded to the ceiling. A fortnight in advance, orchestra stalls were sold for 200 francs, and boxes were scarcely to be obtained. The emperor and empress arrived some time before the hour of commencing; and the number of notabilities among the audience was striking. Meyerbeer, pleased by the renewed impetus given to his pet opera, was present, as also were Auber, Benedict, Berlioz, Alboni, Madame Viardot, Mario, Tamburini, Vivier, Théophile Gautier, Fiorentino; "it was scarcely possible to direct an opera-glass to any part of the house without bringing the face and figure of some notable person into view." It was unanimously agreed that such a Valentine had never been seen or heard; and Meyerbeer himself, who is not easily satisfied, especially in his own works, expressed the warmest approbation.

In March, Spontini's *Vestale* was reproduced. As many years had elapsed since its performance last in Paris, the greatest curiosity was manifested to hear it. Nevertheless, it did not obtain the triumphant success that had been anticipated; for, although Mdlle. Cruvelli sang with great power

and sometimes with almost terrible energy, the opera was executed very carelessly by the orchestra and the chorus. Mdlle. Cruvelli's performance was praised on all sides. "She is, in fact, almost the only cantatrice who acts as well as sings. She would have made an excellent tragedian," says one writer. Roger and Bonnehée took the other parts in this opera, and were much applauded.

Having been engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Sophie Cruvelli appeared Thursday, April 27, as Desdemona, with Tamburini and Ronconi. She received, it was said, £250 a night for eight nights. May 3 she appeared in *Fidelio*, in which she was not to be surpassed; and on May 11 (for the first time at the Royal Italian Opera) in *Don Giovanni*. As Donna Anna she achieved a new success, displaying unexpected intensity and variety of passion, and delivering some of the fine recitatives and airs in a superb style.

June 21, *Robert le Diable* was revived with great splendor at the Grand Opéra in Paris, in presence of a brilliant and overflowing audience. Sophie Cruvelli was magnificent as Alice, and her voice was pure and fresh. In October, an extraordinary sensation was created in the musical circles of Paris by the sudden disappearance of Sophie. She was announced to perform in *Les Huguenots*, but when the evening arrived she was not to be found. She had left Paris by the Northern Railway without any intimation of where she was gone. The previous season, at the Théâtre Italien, she had more than once played a trick of the same kind, not being regularly paid; but it created great surprise that she would relinquish such an enormous salary—£4000 for a season consisting of eight months, for singing only twice a week; abandon every thing, injure the manager, M. Fould, and insult the public—all for a whim. Every imaginable reason for her departure was guessed at. Her furniture and the money at her bankers' were seized upon as a security for the forfeit (£4000) which she had incurred by this breach of her engagement, and her private letters and papers were opened and read. In November she "demanded and obtained permission" to return to the Grand Opéra, when the cause of her eccentric flight appeared to be a "misunderstanding." She presented herself again in *Les Huguenots*, and the audience testified their displeasure by receiving the truant in solemn silence; but she ultimately succeeded in winning

their pardon, and continued to be the great attraction, for some time, in *Les Huguenots.*

In 1855 Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes* was produced, Mdlle. Cruvelli taking the part of Hélène, the other characters being performed by Bonnehée, Gueymard, and Obin. The mise-en-scène was splendid, and the opera was completely successful. "The audience was electrified by the tones of her magnificent voice, which realized with equal effect those high inspirations that demand passion, force, and impulse, and those tender passages that require delicacy, taste, and a thorough knowledge of the art of singing. No one could reproach Mdlle. Cruvelli with exaggeration, so well did she know how to restrain her ardent nature." "Cruvelli is the Rachel of the Grand Opéra!" exclaimed a French critic.

Rumors of her approaching marriage now began to circulate, and it was understood that she was about to finally quit the stage; and on January 5, 1856, Sophie Cruvelli married the Baron Vigier, a wealthy young Parisian, the son of Baron or Count Vigier, whose father endowed the city of Paris with the immense bathing establishments upon the Seine which bear his name, and who, under Louis Philippe, was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and afterward Peer of France.

In July, 1857, a concert was given for the poor at Vannes, at which Madame la Baronne Vigier (Sophie Cruvelli) sang, and which produced the sum of 4000 francs (£160).

In 1860 Madame Vigier was residing with her husband at his baronial mansion at Nice, and sang on many occasions in the salons of the élite of the official and fashionable world. She sang her own compositions among others, one of which consisted of variations on a well-known Tyrolienne, showy, replete with traits as eccentric, and eccentricities as defiant of rule as herself. She continued to sing frequently at charity concerts.

MADAME MARIETTA PICCOLOMINI.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

MARIETTA PICCOLOMINI.

During the Carnival of 1856, a stranger would have imagined that the inhabitants of the little town of Sienna had suddenly become frantic, for they were rushing hither and thither, from church to theatre, from the duomo to balls and dancing parties. They were mad with joy at having received permission to wear masks, which had been prohibited for more than eight years.

They were deliriously dancing, shouting, singing, ogling, laughing, screaming, with the most hilarious gayety and frolicsome good-humor, pelting each other with roses, violets, and camellias, confetti, or bon-bons; doing every thing by turns, and nothing long, and finishing the day by going to the Opera, to weep over the woes of the unhappy Violetta, heroine of *La Traviata*, personated by Marietta Piccolomini. Next to the rapture of being allowed to resume their masks, there was nothing they were more infatuated with than the performance of this young prima donna; and an Italian audience, when it takes a fancy to a singer, behaves in a manner incomprehensible to people not accustomed to such vehement demonstrations.

Marietta Piccolomini was the idol of the Siennese that season, and the opera of *La Traviata*, condemned in the other theatres of Italy, but triumphantly revived by her, was the favorite piece of the Carnival. Marietta, who had been born in Sienna in 1834, was a descendant of the Piccolomini family, which, transplanted by Charlemagne among the Gauls, and replanted in fertile Italy, had bloomed with clusters of illustrious men. One of the principal personages of the family was Pope Pius II., and one of Marietta's uncles was a cardinal.

Marietta, though the descendant of a noble line, had taken it into her head that she would like to become a singer. She was allied to the most distinguished families in the kingdom, and was to have a respectable dowry, and her parents were horrified at her wish to become a vocalist. From the age of

four years Marietta had amused herself at playing at mock representations; she used to sing duets with her mother, a skillful amateur; and she had been instructed by Romani, one of the first professional teachers in Italy. Long did she implore her father to allow her to appear on the stage. At last her entreaties prevailed. She was permitted to follow her own fancies, and she made her début at Rome, November, 1852, in the operas of *Poliuto* and *Don Bucefalo*, under the guidance of her teacher, Romani. Then she appeared at her native town of Sienna, from whence she went to Florence, where she performed in *Lucrezia Borgia* with immense success. She was scarcely sixteen, and being naturally of a juvenile aspect, she appeared then a mere child. However, although she had not the commanding presence of the haughty Lucrezia, she sang very captivatingly, and the opera was applauded. In the scene where, in the interview with her consort, the Duchess exclaims, "Tremble, Duke Alfonzo! Thou art my fourth husband, and I am a Borgia!" this portentous threat, from the lips of a child, was so irresistibly droll, that the audience were seized with an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Nevertheless, she performed the character for twenty nights successively. From Florence Marietta ran all over Italy, like an *enfant gatée*, intoxicated with the pleasure of having crowded audiences at her feet. She was free to choose her engagements; she had only to present herself for every body to fly in ecstasy to hear her.

At Turin, where Ristori had first made herself famous, Mdlle. Piccolomini appeared in November, 1855, for the first time in *La Traviata*, which, in spite of her youth and inexperience, she interpreted with so much talent, that, on the second night of her performance at the Teatro Carignano, a vast concourse of people assembled to greet her as she came forth, and were about to unharness the horses from her carriage. But Marietta started up, her cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, and said, indignantly, that "men should not put themselves in the place of beasts. Italy had other and nobler uses for her sons." Then, seeing that they were determined on paying her this objectionable homage, which she was equally determined not to accept, she hurried through the stage door, and made her way on foot to her hotel. On another occasion her house was surrounded at midnight by an excited crowd, "bent on

manifesting their frantic delight at her musical power," when she came forward, and "sternly rebuked the young men of Italy for their levity, and pointed out how they could more nobly fulfill the great object of their existence."

On her benefit night, December 16, 1855, the scene was more like a festival and a public triumph than a theatrical representation. The doors were opened at half past three o'clock; in a few minutes the theatre was filled by a dense crowd, which waited patiently four hours for *La Traviata* and the darling Piccolomini, whom they had heard for thirty-five successive nights already. Their pet singer was hailed with an uproar of delight; flowers were showered on the stage, and, every moment, every phrase was followed by the most enthusiastic applause. The performances over, there was a frantic shout for the vocalist, and such fanaticized excitement has rarely been paralleled. The crowd waited till their idol had quitted the theatre, and when she appeared at the stage door they gave her a wildly enthusiastic reception. "Every body pressed round her to bid her adieu, to shake hands with her, even to touch her dress; and when at last she got into her carriage, the crowd followed her to the hotel, shouting 'Viva la Piccolomini!' She had scarcely entered her apartment when the shouts recommenced, and the enchantress was compelled to show herself in the balcony, again to thank the crowd, which completely thronged the street."

The next day there was a benefit at the Teatro Carignano for M. Bianchi, first violin, and M. Anglois, first contra basso, when Marietta was to sing again. The prices were raised, and the same pieces were performed as on the preceding day; nevertheless, every seat was occupied. The brindisi in *La Traviata*, sung by Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Massimiliani, was encored, and she was recalled at least ten times after each morçeau. Signor Massimiliani, the tenor, was presented by the public with a coronal of gold as a souvenir of his success in *La Traviata* with Mdlle. Piccolomini. At the end of the performance all the artistes were recalled, and when La Piccolomini appeared, the audience rose and waved their handkerchiefs as a farewell. The ovation of the previous evening was renewed—men and women ranged themselves in a double line in the corridors and passages, and a group of young men detached the horses from her carriage in order to draw it in

triumph to her hotel; but she declined this honor, and passed slowly through an almost impenetrable crowd, which accompanied her the whole way to the door of her own apartment. They began cheering again when she disappeared from view, but she was obliged to present herself several times to thank them. "This evening," she said, in thrilling accents, "will be ever remembered as the happiest of my life."

The proceeds of her fourteen nights' representations were divided among the poor.

The reports of Marietta's triumphs at last attracted the attention of the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, who engaged the charming young prima donna, and she appeared for the first time before an English audience in *La Traviata*, Saturday, May 24, 1856.

She is agreeable, sprightly, *petite*, with a vivacious grace of manner perfectly bewitching. Her figure is slender and extremely elegant; her features are bright, and capable of expressing the rapid transitions of varying emotion, from archness and coquetry to tender pathos and deepest sorrow. Her voice is a high soprano, fresh and youthful, but in range perhaps a little more than two octaves, crisp and flexible, pretty fluent, and rather sweet than powerful. Her musical declamation is excellent, her taste pure. Her début was a decided success.

May 5th, she appeared as Lucia di Lammermoor. There was great curiosity to see how she would treat this character; the demand for stall tickets was unprecedented, and extravagant prices were extorted; not a box was unoccupied, and every portion of the theatre was crowded. The ordeal was a trying one; but Mdlle. Piccolomini passed through it with éclat. By the fascination of her manner, her perfect appreciation of the requirements of the stage, her undoubted talent, and by a peculiarly skillful means of managing her somewhat limited voice, she showed herself a most excellent performer, and her Lucia was a veritable triumph. Some passages were inverted, however, to bring them within the compass of her voice, and others materially altered to suit the capabilities of her vocalization.

June 26th, Mdlle. Piccolomini appeared for the first time as Maria, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, and July 26th, *Don Pasquale*. In both she was charming. She was considered to

resemble Sontag more nearly than any other singer. Her small, slight figure, her graceful manner, her coquettish style, bore a certain similitude to the great German singer, though in point of vocalization she was very inferior. She also performed Zerlina, in which she was bewitching, though her conception and singing were undoubtedly faulty. "Mdlle. Piccolomini's Zerlina is one of the prettiest things witnessed or conceivable," exclaims one critic. "When she frisked on to the stage with the 'Giovinette,' she was greeted with a storm of applause, and her deliciously coquettish singing and acting of 'La ci darem,' with Signor Beneventano, produced a peremptory demand for its repetition. The other well-known songs, 'Batti, batti,' and 'Vedrai carino,' were sung to perfection."

With very few exceptions, Marietta won the applause of the London critics, who found it impossible to find fault, even with her numerous imperfections. "If this or that passage in *La Figlia* or *Don Pasquale* was not delivered with the magnificence of voice of a Grisi, a Persiani, a Sontag, or a Lind," says one, "and clothed, as by these artistes, with an abundance of fioriture, perhaps the pen was inclined to record that the vocal powers of the performer were insufficient for the important position of prima donna; but the ink would not flow till the writer was resolved to pass over such shortcomings, and to render generous tribute to dramatic powers more intense, and yet more refined, than were ever witnessed in so young a candidate for European fame."

At the close of the London season Mdlle. Piccolomini went to Dublin. Her first appearance on the stage there was hailed with "one unanimous burst of welcoming plaudits." At the fall of the curtain the young prima donna was vociferously called for, and then nearly buried in heaps of flowers, while "peal after peal of cheering echoed through the house." So cordial a greeting was rarely accorded to a débutante on the Dublin stage.

The reception which she had met with in England was faint compared to that which awaited her in Paris, where she appeared Saturday, December 6, in *La Traviata*, which was then performed for the first time in the French capital.

Verdi, who did not like his operas to be represented at the Italiens, because he was not paid for the right by that theatre,

tried his best to deprive the Parisians of hearing the charming Sardinian in his *Traviata*, as he had already tried to prevent them from having *Il Trovatore*. He demanded, it was said, 20,000 francs from the director of the Italian Opera (M. Calzado) for "permission" to perform *Rigoletto* and *La Traviata*, which the director refused to agree to. When M. Calzado announced *La Traviata*, M. Boyer, director of the Vaudeville Theatre, applied to the President of the Civil Tribunal for an order on M. Calzado not to perform the piece, on the ground that the libretto was taken from the *Dame aux Camélias*, by Alexandre Dumas, junior, which is the property of the Vaudeville Theatre. But on hearing M. Calzado, the president declined to interfere in the matter.

There was an unusually brilliant and fashionable audience assembled to witness the début of the Sardinian Nightingale. The youth, beauty, and fascinating manner of the piquant little prima donna were dilated on in the warmest terms by those who had had an opportunity of hearing and seeing her, and her reception was all that could have been expected by the most sanguine. The audience were enraptured with her. Some, indeed, who had unreasonably anticipated seeing a Grisi or a Malibran, were disappointed when they beheld this simple young girl of twenty summers, with a moderate voice, whose chief attributes were her bewitching manner and perfectly original style of acting.

The Parisian journalists were for some time irresolute as to the terms in which they should speak of the petite artiste. One says, "She at one time has the air of a child; at another, all the appearance of mature age. She sings, but is not a cantatrice; she plays with talent, yet she can not be called an actress. At one moment she appears inexperienced and simple; the next, one would think she had been ten years on the boards. She is an enigma—a problem." "Mdlle. Piccolomini is pleasant, *petite*, slender, sprightly, and bounds on the stage like a gazelle," says Scudo. "Every thing speaks with her: her piquant physiognomy, her expressive eyes, her natural attitudes, her gestures, every thing—to the coquettish way she tosses her charming head. She is an Italian, but an *Italienne de race*, who is happy to pass through life like a butterfly, joyous and free. Her voice is a thin soprano, without extent, without timbre or brilliancy; one might say that it was one of those

French voices which may be heard at the Opéra Comique; but she sings with such intelligence the words which are confided to her, she sings with a feeling so true and so marked, that we almost forget her faults. It will not do to analyze too rigorously the talent of Mdlle. Piccolomini; but listen without prepossession, see her walk with grace, turning in her hand a bouquet of violets, and do not think whether she is an accomplished vocalist or not. She is an *enfant bien douée*, who has much to learn; but with no radical faults, and possessing an indefinable charm which attracts and delights you, spite of your better judgment. After certain legitimate reservations, we may say that Mdlle. Piccolomini is not an ordinary artiste, and we can only say of this charming child, *Elle est charmante.*"

The empress was so much disappointed at being prevented from hearing La Piccolomini on her début, that an imperial order was sent to M. Calzado for an extraordinary performance, which accordingly took place the following Monday, when their majesties attended. Piccolomini performed *La Traviata* in Paris nineteen times in the course of two months.

April 12, 1857, Mdlle. Piccolomini made her reappearance in London in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. Her reception was an ovation—there were showers of bouquets, storms of applause. She also performed in *Don Giovanni*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, etc. Her répertoire became more extended this season: she was determined not to be satisfied with the negative reputation she had already gained, but was anxious to improve, being conscious of the real defects under which it could not be denied she labored, though she had decidedly advanced in knowledge and practice during her absence. On the occasion of her benefit in July, there was a most extravagant demonstration; not only were applause and bouquets rained on her, but among other offers of admiration was a white dove, which, attached to a wreath, fell fluttering from one of the boxes on to the stage!

Her Majesty's Theatre being closed, Mdlle. Piccolomini made a provincial tour, and was received with great éclat at Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bath, Bristol, Cheltenham, Brighton, and other places. Then she repaired again to Dublin. In November and December she went with Giuglini on a "starring" tour through Germany.

February, 1858, Marietta reappeared again at Her Majesty's

Theatre as Arline, in Balfe's opera *La Zingara* (*The Bohemian Girl*), with Belletti, Vialetti, and Giuglini. She was received with frantic rapture, and literally pelted with bouquets; so also was Signor Giuglini—this being the first instance of floral offerings being made to a gentleman. The charming little prima donna already contemplated withrawing from the scene of her triumphs; and April 18, she appeared as Violetta, this being the first of a series of six farewell performances previous to her final retirement into private life. She did not excite the same enthusiasm as formerly, though she had still many ardent admirers. On the 26th, a new opera, by Signor Campana, entitled *Almina*, written expressly for Mdlle. Piccolomini, was produced, but it created hardly any sensation. In *Almina*, which was performed three times, Mdlle. Piccolomini took her leave of the stage. It was regretted that her last appearances were not devoted to the character of Violetta, with which she had become so identified.

In October, ten thousand persons were attracted to the Crystal Palace by the announcement of the farewell benefit of Marietta Piccolomini previous to her departure for the United States. Every reserved seat was occupied—a rare occurrence in that vast hall. The concert, apart from its exceptional interest, was not very remarkable. The programme was composed entirely of pieces from well-known operas by Verdi, Mozart, and Donizetti. Mdlle. Piccolomini, who sang alone and with Signor Giuglini, was received with overwhelming plaudits. She sang in her best manner, and, in addition to many airs from foreign operas (including the famous *Libiamo*), she gave, in English, the once favorite song, "I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls." At the conclusion of the concert the entire audience rose, and waved hats and handkerchiefs with the wildest enthusiasm.

Before leaving England Mdlle. Piccolomini went on her customary provincial tour. In August she went to Dublin, where she performed in *Don Giovanni* with Madame Viardot Garcia. Her Zerlina, although not one of her finest characters, and though her voice was somewhat overtaxed by the music of the part, was applauded with rapture. The furore of delight which the enchanted Marietta created was extraordinary. The "gallery gods" spontaneously composed, set to a popular tune, and sang in her honor and praise, an address, wherein

they described their admiration and pleasure. In October she appeared at New York. The fevered expectations of the public caused the seats to sell at a high premium, and the Americans were in raptures with the charming little cantatrice.

In 1859 (June 20), Mdlle. Piccolomini reappeared in London, at Drury Lane, in *La Traviata*, with Signor Giuglini. She appeared also in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, in *Don Giovanni*, the last act of *I Martiri*, and the *Bohemian Girl*. Altogether she performed some sixteen or seventeen nights; but nobody cared much about her. From London she went to the provinces.

Mdlle. Piccolomini, in 1860, married the Marquis Gaetani, and in June, 1861, she sang for the benefit of the sufferers from the earthquake in Central Italy.

In private life, the piquant, sparkling little heroine of *La Traviata* is one of the most delightful, sportive creatures in existence. It is charming to see her with those whom she loves. Her kindness of heart has been lately shown by her coming to London expressly for the purpose of singing at the three complimentary performances at Her Majesty's Theatre for the benefit of Mr. Lumley, who offered her her first London engagement.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

LOUISA PYNE.

Louisa Pyne was scarcely five years of age when she astonished her parents and friends by the beauty of her voice, her love for music, and the fluency with which she could repeat airs that she heard. Such gifts were not to be neglected, and some of her relatives being in the musical world, were well qualified to judge of her promise. Her uncle, Mr. Pyne, was the well-known tenor singer.

Miss Pyne was placed with Sir George Smart; and so quick ly did she profit by the instruction of that master, that at the age of ten she made her début at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Her voice was even then very clear and powerful, and amid the crash of more than fifty orchestral performers it was heard distinctly. She was rewarded with the most enthusiastic plaudits. During 1841 and 1842, the concerts of the "Misses Pyne" in London were very fashionably attended, and the rapid improvement of the sisters, Susan and Louisa, was especially noticed.

In 1847 the young Louisa appeared in Paris, and was received with great favor. A pleasing incident marked this sojourn. The secretary of a society for the education of homeless children remarked to the sisters that he "feared it must break up for the want of funds." "Oh!" replied the kind-hearted girls, "let us sing for them." They did so, and the institution was saved.

In August, 1849, Miss Louisa Pyne essayed, for the first time, the performance of opera, at Boulogne. She appeared as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and was completely successful. Two months later, Mr. Maddox commenced an operatic season at the Princess's Theatre, and Miss Louisa Pyne was engaged as prima donna, Madame Macfarren, wife of the eminent composer, being the contralto, Mr. Harrison the tenor, and Mr. Weiss basso. The theatre opened October 1 with *Don Giovanni* (in English), Miss Pyne performing Zerlina.

Her voice was a lovely soprano, remarkable for sweetness, compass, flexibility, and resonance, deliciously true and beautiful in quality, though slightly veiled. Her intonation was correct, her method and style fine; she had the utmost fluency, and though fond of indulging in the most dazzling embellishments, all her ornaments were admirably placed and appropriate. In appearance she was, as every body knows, petite and blonde, with a most agreeable expression and a peculiar piquancy, her face sparkling with liveliness and intelligence. At that period she was but a novice on the stage, and deficient in dramatic energy; yet, disdaining all stage trickery, she evinced an original conception and irreproachable taste: there was a simplicity and elegance in all she did.

Miss Pyne's second performance at the Princess's was Amina, and her charming and intelligent style and beautiful voice made this personation most striking.

Mr. Macfarren's *Charles the Second* was produced October 27, when Miss Pyne, as Fanny, the inn-keeper's daughter, her first original character, achieved a triumph, more than redeeming the promise of her début. She sang with the purest taste, and warbled florid passages with birdlike ease and facility. "Miss Louisa Pyne has taken the town by storm," it was said. This character completed the triad of successes, of which Zerlina and Amina constituted the supporting figures. She was encored in each of her four songs, and also in her duet with Madame Macfarren, who performed Julian. The voice of Madame Macfarren was a contralto of considerable compass, round and sweet. Messrs. Harrison, Weiss, and Corri performed the leading male characters.

In the summer of 1850 Miss Louisa Pyne was singing at Liverpool in opera, performing in *La Sonnambula*, etc., with Mr. Harrison and Mr. and Mrs. Weiss. Her Amina was very much admired. She represented with simple truth the gentle, loving village maiden, first joyous in her happy affection, and then crushed with undeserved grief. The principal feature of the conception was its quiet, subdued mildness. "Miss Pyne's representation is, in fact, one of repose," observes a writer of the period. "It is a personation which charms by its simplicity, though it never overwhelms by its intensity. We can not, perhaps, give a better idea of Miss Pyne's peculiarities of singing and acting than by saying that she is somewhat of an En-

glish Sontag, though, of course, we do not intend to insinuate that she can pour out the fluent and unapproachable graces of that delightful vocalist. She resembles her, however, in the graceful delicacy of her action, and also in the surprising elegance of her vocalization."

In the spring and summer of 1851 Miss Pyne was at the Haymarket Theatre, Mr. Webster having engaged an excellent operatic troupe to perform on alternate nights with the dramatic company. Miss Pyne was supported by Mrs. Harriet Cawse, and Messrs. Donald King, Corri, Weiss, James Bland, etc. The conductor was Mr. Mellon. The company commenced their campaign in May with *The Crown Diamonds*, when Miss Pyne, as Catarina, sang brilliantly. Other operas of a similar character were performed during the season. On August 14 of this year Miss Pyne sang at the Royal Italian Opera in *Il Flauto Magico*, with the Italian company, before her majesty and Prince Albert. She next sang at Windsor Castle, and afterward at Buckingham Palace on several occasions. Every year she sang at the various musical festivals. In the course of the season of 1852 she sang at different concerts, the Philharmonic, etc., and she continued to appear at concerts until, in August, 1854, she embarked at Liverpool for America with her parents and her sister Susan, accompanied by Messrs. Harrison and Borrani.

She made her début before an American audience at the Broadway Theatre, October 9, in the *Sonnambula* in English. The house was crowded in every part, the tickets being only half a dollar, and the success of the young English prima donna was decided. She took New York by storm, and presents of every imaginable kind, and of great value, were showered on her. The *Sonnambula* was followed by the *Bohemian Girl* and by *Maritana*, the latter being personally directed by Mr. Wallace. The American journalists were horrified at the bad moral of *Maritana*, but captivated with the music and with the talent of the prima donna.

At the termination of her engagement in New York Miss Pyne was serenaded at her private residence, and throughout the Union she met with the same flattering reception. New Orleans was bewitched, and Cincinnati was unable to express its delight; altogether, the tour was highly satisfactory in every respect.

With the exception of Jenny Lind's engagement, Miss Pyne's farewell performances at New York were unexampled for enthusiasm. After her last appearance on the stage a deputation of ladies and gentlemen waited upon her at her hotel, and presented her with a magnificent gold bracelet as a token of "admiration for her talent and esteem for her private virtues." In America Miss Pyne's bounty was spontaneous and generous; the Blind and the Lunatic Asylums, the High Schools of New York, and many other charitable institutions, were all largely benefited by the free and unsolicited exercise of the talents of our English prima donna.

After an absence of more than three years, she presented herself once more before her London admirers, having, in conjunction with Mr. Harrison, taken the Lyceum Theatre for a season of three months. On September 21, 1857, she appeared in *The Crown Diamonds*, which was performed alternately with the *Huguenots*, both operas being well put on the stage. It was noticed that Miss Pyne's transatlantic experiences had given her much confidence and knowledge of the stage, both in singing and acting, while her voice, though it had lost somewhat of its power, had gained in mellowness and richness. The *Rose of Castile*, a new opera by Mr. Balfe, was produced October 29. Miss Pyne sang and acted, from the beginning of this opera to the end, with a fire, force, and finish which won for her the highest applause, and justified her in taking the first rank in her art. In 1858 the Pyne and Harrison Company were at Drury Lane. The operas performed were the *Rose of Castile*, Flotow's *Martha*, *Maritana*, *Crown Diamonds*, the *Bohemian Girl*, the *Trovatore*, and the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the last being for the benefit of Miss Pyne, who appeared as Maria for the first time in London. She sang the music of the Vivandière with exceeding brilliancy and admirable taste.

In 1859 the English Opera company was at Covent Garden, commencing October 9 with Meyerbeer's *Dinorah*. Emboldened by the success of the preceding season, the management considerably increased the strength of their company, and made extensive arrangements in every department. In producing *Dinorah* on the English stage and as an English opera, the original modeling of the Opéra Comique was restored, and the Italian recitatives were replaced by dialogue. Miss

Pyne surprised even her most enthusiastic admirers by her performance of the graceful heroine. "That Miss Louisa Pyne would make Dinorah one of those brilliant and marvelous feats of vocalism that she alone of all English singers can accomplish, was expected by every one," says a critic, noticing the performance; "but that she should have so greatly eclipsed all her previous realizations was scarcely to have been anticipated; yet she has done so, and her rendering of Dinorah will place her foremost among living artistes, whether native or foreign. Meyerbeer has so studded the part with difficulties of the most elaborate character, and written the pitch so high, that scarcely any voice can touch it; but when accomplished —and accomplished as it is by Miss Louisa Pyne—the effect is truly marvelous. Her singing of the opening *berceuse* was truly exquisite, but in the Shadow song she achieved her greatest success; for any thing more truly beautiful, finished, and exquisite in the execution it is impossible to imagine—it was the perfection of florid singing. . . . . In every respect we may congratulate Miss Louisa Pyne upon a great and brilliant triumph, not alone as a singer, but also as an actress."

The English version of *Il Trovatore* was also produced, and later in the season *Satanella* and *Bianca* by Mr. Balfe. Mr. Wallace's *Lurline* was brought out February 23, 1860, and created a great sensation. Miss Louisa Pyne sang most brilliantly. In 1861, the operas performed were *Bianca*, the *Daughter of the Regiment*, the *Domino Noir*, *Hiawatha*, *Lurline*, *Maritana*, Mr. Glover's *Ruy Blas*, *Robin Hood*—a new opera by Macfarren—*Satanella*, Mr. Linley's operetta the *Toymaker*, and Mr. Alfred Mellon's *Victorine*. Early in 1862, Mr. Benedict's *Lily of Killarney* was produced; and a new operetta, *Court and Cottage*, by an amateur composer, Mr. Frederick Clay, was brought out on Miss Pyne's benefit, March 22.

Miss Louisa Pyne's performance in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, when she took the place of the American prima donna, Mdlle. Kellogg, at Her Majesty's Theatre, during the season of 1862, was universally admired, and was no minor triumph. Of the successes achieved by Miss Pyne during the past season of the English Opera Company it is perhaps hardly necessary to speak, inasmuch as they are fresh in the memory of all her admirers.

Miss Louisa Pyne is twenty-eight years of age, having been born in 1835.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

TERESA TIETJENS.

Teresa Tietjens is descended from an ancient and noble family. Her parents, who were of Hungarian extraction, resided in Hamburg, where Teresa was born in June, 1834.

Like most great lyric artists, Teresa displayed an early taste for music. Her parents lost no time in obtaining for her the best instruction, and when she was twelve years old she was under the care of an eminent professor. When only fourteen, she possessed a voice of remarkable power and marvelous sweetness; and as it became developed, it was found to be a high soprano of extensive register, ranging from C below the line to D in alt, and of superb quality—clear, resonant, and perfectly pure. Such a voice required nothing but cultivation to yield fame and fortune; and Mdlle. Tietjens was accordingly sent to Vienna, to study under the best masters in Germany. With an enthusiastic passion for the profession she was about to enter, she applied herself with ardor to her studies, and in a very short time she had acquired sufficient science to commence her career.

On her return to Hamburg she readily obtained an engagement at the principal theatre in that city, and made her first appearance before a public audience in April, 1849. With the daring confidence of youth, she seized on the splendid, seductive *rôle* of Lucrezia Borgia, without reflecting on the difficulties it presented—difficulties which only the powers of a Grisi could conquer. At that time Teresa was little more than fifteen, and although of a tall, commanding figure, she was, of course, very girlish in aspect. It may easily be conjectured that her first assumption of the character of the haughty Duchess was not a complete success, yet it was far from proving a failure: she won applause, and was encouraged to persevere. On her second representation she was more confident, and her voice more under her control; she consequently met with the most flattering reception. She appeared night after night in

the same opera, with incredible success, until at length her reputation became firmly established. To perform Lucrezia Borgia successfully at fifteen was an augury of future triumph.

Her first appearances were marked by a romantic interest. Mdlle. Tietjens happened to captivate a rich young gentleman, who offered her his hand, but required her to relinquish the stage. She refused to comply with this requisition, and rejected his offer of marriage. Her father being dead, the young artiste was then under the care of a guardian, and this gentleman strenuously urged the lover's suit. At last Teresa consented to retire for a time, on the understanding that if her inclination for the profession should be as ardent as ever at the end of nine months, she should be permitted to reappear in public. On the expiration of the term of probation, the fair songstress again presented herself before the foot-lights, and her luckless lover disappeared.

The director of the Royal Opera, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, having heard Mdlle. Tietjens at Hamburg, was so delighted with her splendid voice that he made her an offer to sing at his theatre; she accepted his proposal, and went to Frankfort early in 1850. Her success in that city was brilliant and decided, and her reputation increased so greatly that she received offers of engagement from various European capitals. The director of the Imperial Theatre of Vienna undertook a journey to Frankfort-on-the-Maine expressly to hear the new singer, and, if possible, to secure the prize; and her engagement with the Opera of Frankfort being about to expire, Mdlle. Tietjens gladly availed herself of the opportunity of singing in Vienna, where she made her début at the Imperial Theatre in 1856. Her reception by a crowded audience was most enthusiastic. She appeared in the part of Donna Anna (in German); and at the fall of the curtain she was recalled no less than four times. The manager, finding that she was a success, at once secured her services for three consecutive seasons, and she became a great favorite in Vienna. Before the conclusion of the second season Mdlle. Tietjens had appeared in a number of leading operas: *Norma*, *Les Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Fidelio*, and *Il Trovatore;* and, on the sudden indisposition of another singer, she appeared in a light comic part, when she won golden opinions.

Mr. Lumley, hearing of Mdlle. Tietjens and the sensation she

was creating, started without delay for Vienna, and made such regal propositions that no one could have resisted his overtures. Unfortunately, the youthful cantatrice had signed an agreement with the director of the Vienna theatre for a term extending over three years, of which two only had then expired. Mdlle. Tietjens was therefore unable to accept Mr. Lumley's tempting offer; but a negotiation was entered into, and an arrangement eventually made, which permitted her to come to England for three months, with the express understanding that she was not to exceed that limit.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened on the 13th of April, 1858, with *Les Huguenots*, when Mdlle. Tietjens made her first appearance in London as Valentine, Giuglini taking the part of Raoul for the first time. A difficulty presented itself to Mdlle. Tietjens in studying her part, as she did not understand Italian; but she nevertheless learnt her part by rote, and nobody would have suspected that she was not perfectly conversant with the meaning of every syllable she uttered. It was a dangerous experiment, but it proved successful. There was a crowded and fashionable audience, and the queen and prince consort were present.

The voice of Mdlle. Tietjens is a pure soprano, fresh, penetrating, even, and powerful; it is unusually rich in quality, extensive in compass, and of great flexibility; it has a bell-like resonance, and is capable of expressing all the passionate and tender accents of lyric tragedy. Teresa Tietjens is, in the truest, fullest sense of the word, a lyric artiste, and she possesses every requisite needed by a cantatrice of the highest order—personal beauty, physical strength, originality of conception, a superb voice, and inexhaustible spirit and energy. Like most German singers, Mdlle. Tietjens regards ornamentation as merely an agreeable adjunct in vocalization; and in the music of Valentine she sang only what the composer had set down—neither more nor less—but that was accomplished to perfection. Her performance of Valentine is irreproachable.

As an actress, her tall, stately, elegant figure is admirably calculated to personate the tragic heroines of Opera. Her face is beautiful, her large eyes flash with intellect, and her classical features are radiant with expression; her grandeur of conception, her tragic dignity, her glowing warmth, and *abandon*, render her worthy of the finest days of lyric tragedy. She is

thoroughly dramatic; her movements and gestures are noble, and entirely free from conventionality; her walk is easy, while her attitudes are classical without being in the least constrained.

Her second part was that of Leonora, in *Il Trovatore*, which she has made her own. When she appeared as Donna Anna in *Don Giovanni*, she took the house by storm by the magnificence of her singing and the intense dramatic force of her acting. The music of this opera suited her exactly.

In June she appeared as Lucrezia Borgia. The qualities which this part demands are precisely those with which Mdlle. Tietjens is endowed — tragic power, intensity, impulsiveness. Her commanding figure and graceful bearing gave weight to her acting, while in the more tender scenes she was exquisitely pathetic, and displayed great depth of feeling. "Com' é bello" was rendered with thrilling tenderness, and the allegro which followed it created a furore: it was one of the most brilliant *morceaux* of florid decorative vocalism heard for years, the upper C in the cadenza being quite electrical. At the end of the first and second acts, the heart-rending accents of a mother's agony, wrung from the depths of her soul, and the stern, haughty, scornful courage, and vengeful fierceness of the Borgia, were contrasted with consummate genius and harrowing truthfulness. Grisi herself never portrayed this great character with more power.

Mdlle. Tietjens also appeared as the Countess in *Le Nozze di Figaro*, but with less marked success.

To the regret of the London public, Mdlle. Tietjens was obliged to return to Vienna early in the autumn, to complete her engagement there, the manager refusing to extend her congé. From Austria she went to Italy, with the object of acquiring facility in the Italian language, and she was there met by Mr. E. T. Smith, who instantly engaged her for his Italian Opera at Drury Lane Theatre. Mdlle. Tietjens inaugurated her second London season by appearing May 3, 1859, in the part of Lucrezia Borgia; and having acquired a complete command of the Italian language, she sang and acted more magnificently than ever.

Mdlle. Tietjens then appeared successively in *Il Trovatore*, *Don Giovanni*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Norma*, which last she performed for the first time in England, achieving a triumph, though her performance was too much imbued with Teutonic

stiffness to be unreservedly approved by the lovers of Italian opera. By her splendid singing, and the sustained grandeur and impassioned energy of her acting, she gained, however, the plaudits of the unprejudiced. July 26th she appeared in Verdi's *Vêpres Siciliennes*. In this opera she "sang magnificently, and acted with extraordinary vigor and passion." At the close of the fourth act, when Hélène and Procida are led to the scaffold, the conflicting emotions that agitate the bosom of the heroine were pictured with wonderful truth and intensity by Mdlle. Tietjens.

On the termination of the season, Mdlle. Tietjens, with Signori Giuglini, Badiali, etc., appeared in Dublin, then at Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and other places. Wherever she sang, she met with the same brilliant success which had attended her in London and at the various musical festivals in England. Her fame increased every year with the development of her talents and skill. The season of 1860 at Her Majesty's Theatre opened, under the direction of Mr. E. T. Smith, with Flotow's *Martha*, April 10th, when the principal characters were sustained by Mdlle. Tietjens, Madame Lemaire, Giuglini, and Vialetti. This opera was not very successful, and it was replaced by *Il Trovatore*, in which Mdlle. Tietjens was supported by Madame Borghi Mamo, Giuglini, and Vialetti. April 17th, Mdlle. Tietjens appeared as Lucrezia Borgia. She was grander, and sang more superbly than ever in this part. May 5th, she performed Donna Anna, Madame Borghi Mamo being the Zerlina. *Norma* was brought out three days later. The wondrous German cantatrice had singularly improved in this character, and her singing of "Casta Diva" was surprising. She essayed the part of Semiramide for the first time, May 22d. Although her excessive anxiety to acquit herself well in her difficult task impeded the full exercise of her powers, her performance of the character was splendid. Her singing, though at times gorgeous and magnificent, was not always perfect; but her acting was grand, powerful, and picturesque in the extreme.

"In Tietjens's Semiramide," says a critic, "her intellectuality shines most from its contrasting with the part she impersonates—a part which in itself nowise assists her; but, as in a picture, shadow renders a light more striking. In the splendid aria 'Bel raggio,' the solfeggi and fioriture that she lavish-

ed on the audience were executed with such marvelous tone and precision that she electrified the house. The grand duet with Alboni, 'Giorno d'orrore,' was exquisitely and nobly impressive, from their dramatic interpretation of the scene." Mdlle. Tietjens performed also in *Les Huguenots* and in *Oberon*.

It is hardly necessary to advert to the triumphs of Mdlle. Tietjens at the Crystal Palace Concerts. In 1861 Mr. Mapleson took the Lyceum Theatre for a short season, commencing, June 8, with *Il Trovatore*. Mdlle. Tietjens was the prima donna, Madame Alboni the contralto, Signor Giuglini the tenor. "Tietjens is the most superb Leonora, without a single exception, that the Anglo-Italian stage has witnessed," observes one admiring critic. Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera* was produced June 15, for the first time in this country, and was a triumphant success. Mdlle. Tietjens appeared to the utmost advantage as the energetic heroine, Amelia. She sang and acted her part magnificently, and her singing throughout the entire of the third act was pronounced one of her greatest achievements. This season was a very arduous one for Mdlle. Tietjens, as well as for her comrade, Signor Giuglini; for they had to sing at the Lyceum three, and sometimes four times a week, besides singing at the Crystal Palace on Fridays, and at various morning and evening concerts. The principal operas were *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Martha*, *Les Huguenots*, *Norma*, and *Don Giovanni*.

Mdlle. Tietjens was now accepted as the successor of Grisi, though no two artistes could be more unlike in many respects than the Italian and German singers. "But," one critic justly remarks, "in passionate feeling, energy, power of voice, and grandeur of style, a comparison may be established. In certain characters Grisi has left no one to fill her place. These will be found mostly in Rossini's operas, such as Semiramide, Ninetta, Desdemona, Pamira (*L'Assedio di Corinto*), Elene, etc., to which we may add Elvira in *I Puritani*, written expressly for her. In not one of these parts has any body created an impression since she sang them. They all belong to the répertoire of pure Italian song, of which Giulietta Grisi was undoubtedly the greatest mistress since Pasta. That Mdlle. Tietjens could not contend with her on her own Ausonian soil no one will deny. Her means, her compass, her instincts, all forbade. There is, however, one exception — Norma, in

which the German singer may challenge comparison with the Italian, and in which she occasionally surpasses her. In the French and German répertoire the younger artiste has a decided advantage over the elder, in possessing a voice of such extent as to be enabled to execute the music of the composers without alteration of any kind. Every body knows that Mdlle. Tietjens has not only one of the most magnificent and powerful voices ever heard, but also one of the most extraordinary in compass. To sing the music of Donna Anna, Fidelio, Valentine, etc., without transposition or change, and to sing it with power and effect, is granted to few artistes. Mdlle. Tietjens is one of these great rarities, and therefore, without any great stretch of compliment, we may assert that, putting aside the Rossinian répertoire, she is destined to wear the mantle of Grisi."

In no previous season was Mdlle. Tietjens so popular or so much admired as during the season of 1862. Her most remarkable performance was the character of Alice, in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*. "Mdlle. Tietjens's admirable personation of Alice," observes the critic of a leading daily paper, "must raise her to a still higher rank in public estimation than that she has hitherto so long sustained. Each of the three acts in which the German soprano was engaged won a separate triumph for her. We are tired of perpetually expatiating on the splendid brightness, purity, and clearness of her glorious voice, and on the absolute certainty of her intonation; but these mere physical requisites of a great singer are in themselves most uncommon. Irrespectively of the lady's clever vocalization, and of the strong dramatic impulse which she evinces, there is an actual sensual gratification in listening to her superb voice singing with immovable certainty in perfect tune. Her German education, combined with long practice in Italian opera, peculiarly fit Mdlle. Tietjens for interpreting the music of Meyerbeer, who is equally a disciple of both schools."

All the journals agreed in praising with rapture this superb performance. From the delicious romance, "Va, dit-elle," to the final trio, her singing and her acting were unrivaled since the days of Jenny Lind. Her glorious voice thrilled through the house in a flood of rich melody, and never was her intonation more unerring, more faultless. Her Norma was more splendid than ever. The rendering of "Casta Diva" was ex-

quisitely refined, and in the final duet with Pollio she produced a sensation unequaled since the golden days of Giulia Grisi. During the present season—1863—the popular German prima donna has performed at Her Majesty's Theatre.

In private life Mdlle. Tietjens is much beloved and esteemed. She is exceedingly kind and generous in disposition, and amiable in character.

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF OPERAS AND THEIR COMPOSERS.

LULLI.

Cadmus. Paris, July, 1673.
Alceste. January, 1674.
Thesée. February 3, 1675.
Atys. January 10, 1676.
Isis. January 5, 1677.
Bellérophon. January 29, 1679.
Proserpine. 1680.
Psyché. 1682.
Phaéton. April 17, 1683.
Amadis. January 15, 1684.
Roland. March 8, 1685.
Armide. February 15, 1686.
La Grotte de Versailles. 1701.
Iphigénie. May 6, 1704.

PURCELL.

Dido and Eneas. 1677.
The Tempest. 1690. King Arthur; The Indian Queen; Tyrannic Love; The Prophetess. 1691. Bonduca; Don Quixote. 1695.

SCARLATTI.

L'Onestà nell' Amore. Rome, 1680.
Pompeo. Naples, 1684.
Teodora. Rome, 1693.
Odoacre. Naples, 1694.
Pirro e Demetrio. Naples, 1697.
Il Prigioniero Fortunato. 1698.
Il Prigioniero Superbo. 1699.
Gli Equivochi nel Sembiante. 1700.
Le Nozzo co'l Nemico.
Il Mitridate Eupatore.
Laodicea e Berenice. Naples, 1701.
Il Figlio delle Selve. 1702.
Il Trionfo della Libertà. 1707.
Il Medo. 1708.
Il Martirio di Santa Cecilia. 1709.
Il Teodoro. Naples, 1709.
Ciro Riconosciuto. Rome, 1712.
Porsenna. Naples, 1713.
Scipione nelle Spagne. Naples, 1714.
L'Amor Generoso. Naples, 1714.
Arminio. Naples, 1714.
Il Tigrane. Naples, 1715.
Carlo, Re d'Allemagna. 1716.
La Virtù trionfante dell' Odio e dell' Amore. Naples, 1716.
Il Trionfo dell' Onore. Naples, 1718.
Il Telemacco. Rome, 1718.
Attilio Regolo. Rome, 1719.
Tito Sempronico Gracco. 1720.
Turno Aricinio. Rome, 1720.
La Principessa Fedele. Rome, 1721.
Griselda. Rome, 1721.
Didone Abbandonata.
La Caduta dei Decemviri. 1723.

HANDEL.

Almira. Hamburg, 1704.
Nero. Hamburg, 1705.
Daphne; Florida; Roderigo. 1706.
Agrippina. Venice, 1707.
Pyrrhus. 1708.
Silla.
Rinaldo. London, 1710.
Pastor Fido. 1712.
Teseo. 1713.
Amadigi. 1715.
Radamisto. 1720.
Muzio Scaevola. 1721.
Floridante. 1721.
Ottone; Giulio Cesare. 1723.
Tamerlane.
Rodelinda. 1725.
Alexander; Scipio. 1726.
Admetus; Ricardo Primo. 1727.
Siroe; Tolomeo. 1728.
Lothario. 1729.
Parthenope. 1730.
Poro. 1731.
Acis and Galatea. London, 1731.
Ætius (or Ezio). London, 1732.
Sosarme; Orlando. 1732.
Arianna. 1734.
Ariodante; Alcina. 1735.
Atalanta.
Giustino; Arminio; Berenice. 1737.
Faramondo; Serse. 1738.

Jupiter in Argos. 1739.
Imeneo. 1740.
Deidamia. 1741.

VINCI.

La Silla Dillatore. 1719.
Le Feste Napolitane. 1721.
Semiramide Riconosciuta, Rome; Rosmira Fedele; Siroe. 1723.
Farnace, Venice; Caduta de' Decemviri. Naples, 1724.
Astianatte; Ifigenia in Tauride. Venice, 1725.
Catone in Utica; Asteria. 1726.
Il Sigismondo, Rè di Polonia. 1727.
Alessandro nell' Indie, Naples; Didone Abbandonata, Rome. 1729.

HASSE.

Antigone. Brunswick, 1723.
Sesostrate. Naples, 1726.
Attalo, Rè di Bitinia. Naples, 1728.
Dalisa. Venice, 1730.
Artaserse. Venice, 1730.
Arminio. Milan, 1731.
Cleofide. Dresden, 1731.
Cajo Fabrizio. Rome, 1731.
Demetrio. Venice, 1732.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Milan, 1732.
Catone in Utica. Turin, 1732.
Euristeo. Warsaw, 1733.
Asteria. Dresden, 1734.
Senocrita. Dresden, 1736.
Atalanta. Dresden, 1737.
La Clemenza di Tito. Dresden, 1737.
Alfonso. Dresden, 1738.
Irene. Dresden, 1738.
Demetrio. Dresden, 1739.
Artaserse. Dresden, 1740.
Olimpia in Eruda. London, 1740.
Numa Pompilio. Dresden, 1741.
Lucio Papirio. 1742.
Didone Abbandonata. 1742.
L'Asilo d'Amore. 1743.
Antigono. 1744.
Arminio. 1745.
La Spartana; Semiramide. 1747.
Demofoonte. 1748.
Il Natale di Giove. 1749.
Attilio Regolo. 1750.
Ciro Riconosciuto. 1751.
Ipermestra; Leucippo. 1751.
Solimanno. 1752.
Adriano in Siria. 1752.
Arminio. 1753.
Artemisia. 1754.
L'Olimpiade. 1756.
Nitetti. 1759.
Il Trionfo di Clelia. Dresden, 1761.
Siroe. Vienna, 1763.
Zenobia. Vienna, 1763.
Romolo ed Ersilia. Innspruck, 1765.
Partenope. Vienna, 1767.
Ruggiero. Milan, 1770.

GALUPPI.

Gli Amici Rivali. 1722.
La Fede nell' Incostanza.
Dorindo. 1729.
Odio Placato. 1730.
Argenside. 1733.
Ambizione Depressa. 1735.
Elisa, Regina di Tiro. 1736.
La ninfa Apollo.
Tamiri.
Ergilda.
Avilda. 1737.
Gustavo I. Rè di Swieza. 1740.
Aronte, Rè de' Sciti.
Berenice. 1741.
Madame Ciana. 1744.
L'Ambizione Delusa.
La Libertà Nociva.
Forze d'Amore. 1745.
Scipione nelle Spagne. 1746.
Arminio. 1747.
Arcadio in Brento. 1749.
Il Page della Cucagna. 1750.
Arcifanfo, Rè di Matti.
Alcimena, Principessa dell' Isole Fortunate.
Il Mondo della Luna.
La Mascherata. 1751.
Ermelinda. 1752.
Il Mondo alla Rovescia.
Il Centi Caramela.
Le Virtuose Ridicole.
Calamità de' Cuori.
I Bagni d'Abono. 1753.
Il Filosofo di Campagna. 1754.
Antigona.
Il Povero Superbo.
Alessandro nell' Indie. 1755.
La Diavolessa.
Nozze di Paride. 1756.
Le Nozze.
Sesostri. 1757.
Adriano in Sirio. 1760.
L'Amante di Tutti.
Artaserse.
I tre Amanti Ridicoli.
Ipermestra.

Antigono. 1762.
Il Marchese Villano.
Viriate.
L'Uomo Femmina.
Il Puntiglio Amoroso.
Il Rè alla Caccio.
Cajo Mario. 1764.
La Donna di Governo. 1764.

PORPORA.*

Ariana e Tesco. Naples, 1717.
Eumène. Rome, 1722.
Issipele. Rome, 1723.
Germanico. Rome, 1725.
Imeneo in Alene. Venice, 1726.
Siface. Venice, 1726.
Meride e Selinunte. Venice, 1727.
Ezio. Venice, 1728.
Semiramide Riconosciuta; Tamerlano. Dresden, 1730.
Alessandro nelle Indie; Annibale; Arbace. Venice, 1732.
Polyphème; Ifigenia in Aulide; Rosalba. 1737.
Statira. 1742.
Temistocle. 1742.
Le Nozze d'Ercole e d'Ebe. 1744.
Il Trionfo di Camilla. Naples, 1760.

LEONARDO LEO.

Sofonisba. 1718.
L'Olimpiade. 1735.
La Clemenza di Tito. 1735.
Achille in Sciro. 1740.

(English Ballad Opera.)

The Beggar's Opera. (*Gay.*) London, January, 1728.

RAMEAU.

Hippolyte et Aricie. Paris, 1733.
Castor et Pollux. 1737.
Dardanus. Paris, November 19, 1739.
Pygmalion. 1747.
Samson. 1747.
Zorastre. 1749.
Acante et Céphise. 1752.
Les Surprises de l'Amour. 1757.

ARNE.

Rosamond. 1733.
Opera of Operas. 1733.
Zara. 1736.
Comus. 1738.
The Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green.
Fall of Phaeton.
King Pepin's Campaign.
The Temple of Dulness. January 17, 1745.
Don Saverio. 1749.
Britannia.
Elisa. 1750.
Cymon.
Artaxerxes. February 2, 1762.
Elfrida.
King Arthur.
The Guardian Outwitted.
L'Olimpiade. April 25, 1765.
The Birth of Hercules. 1766.
Achilles in Petticoats.
Thomas and Sally.
The Ladies' Frolick. 1770.

PERGOLESE.

Il Maestro di Musica.
Il Geloso Schernito.
L'Olimpiade. Rome, 1735.
La Contadina.
La Serva Padrone. Paris, 1752.
Amor fà l'Uomo Cieco.
Recimero.

JOMELLI.

L'Errore Amoroso. Naples, 1737.
Odoardo. Naples, 1738.
Ricimero. Rome, 1740.
Astiannasse. Rome, 1741.
Il Frastullo.
Sofonisba.
Ciro Riconosciuto.
Achille in Sciro. Vienna, 1745.
Didone. Vienna, 1745.
Eumene. Naples, 1746.
Merope. Venice, 1747.
Ezio. Naples, 1748.
L'Incantato. Rome, 1749.
Ifigenia in Tauride. Rome, 1751.
Talestri. Rome, 1751.
Attilio Regolo. Rome, 1752.
Semiramide.
Bajazette.
Demetrio.
Penelope. Stuttgart.
Enea nel Lazio. Stuttgart, 1755.
Il Rè Pastore. Stuttgart.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Stuttgart.
Nitetti. Stuttgart.
La Clemenza di Tito. Stuttgart.

* Porpora produced (according to Dr. Burney) more than fifty operas altogether, but the titles have not been preserved.

Demofoonte. Stuttgart.
Il Fedonte. Stuttgart.
L'Isola Disabilita. Stuttgart.
Endimione. Stuttgart.
Vologeso. Stuttgart.
L'Olimpiade. Stuttgart.
La Schiava Libertà. Stuttgart.
L'Asilo d'Amore. Stuttgart.
La Pastorella Illustra. Stuttgart.
Il Cacciator Deluso. Stuttgart.
Il Matrimonio per Concorso. Stuttgart.
Armide. Naples, 1771.
Ifigenia in Aulide. Naples, 1775.

GLÜCK.

Artaxerxes. Milan, 1742.
Demetrio. Venice, 1742.
Fall of the Giants.* London.
L'Arbre Enchanté. Paris, 1745.
La Cythère Assiégée. Paris, 1745.
Telemaco.
Orfeo ed Euridice. Vienna, Oct. 5, 1762.
Iphigéne en Aulide. Paris, 1774.
Orphée. Paris, April 19, 1774.
Alceste. Paris, April 23, 1776.
Armide. Paris, January 17, 1779.
Iphigénie en Tauride. Paris, May 18, 1779.
Echo et Narcisse. Paris, Sept. 24, 1779.

SARTI.

Pompeo in Arminia. 1752.
Il Rè Pastore. 1752.
Medonte. Florence.
Demofoonte.
L'Olimpiade.
Ciro Riconosciuto. Copenhagen, 1756.
La Figlia Ricuperata.
La Giardiniera Brillante. 1758.
Mitridate. Parma, 1765.
Il Vologeso. 1765.
La Nitetti. 1765.
Ipermestra. Rome, 1766.
I Contratempi. Venice, 1767.
Didone. 1767.
Semiramide Riconosciuta. 1768.
I Pretendenti Delusi. 1768.
Il Calzolajo di Strasburgo. Modena, 1769.
Cléomène. 1770.
La Clemenza di Tito. Padua, 1771.
La Contadina Fedele. 1771.
I Finti Eredi. 1773.
Le Gelosie Villane. 1776.
Farnaçe. 1776.
L'Avaro. 1777.
Ifigenia in Aulide. 1777.
Epponima. Turin, 1777.
Il Militare Bizzarro. 1778.
Gli Amanti Consolati. 1779.
Fra i due litiganti il terzo gode, 1780.
Scipione. 1780.
Achille in Sciro. Florence, 1781.
L'Incognito. Bologna, 1781.
Giulio Sabino. Venice, 1781.
Alessandro e Timoteo. 1782.
Le Nozze di Dorina. 1782.
Siroe. Turin, 1783.
Idalide. Milan, 1783.
I Rivali Delusi. London, Tuesday, Jan. 6, 1784.
Armida e Rinaldo. St. Petersburg, 1785.
La Gloire du Nord. 1794.

MONSIGNY.

La Servante Maîtresse. 1754.
Aveux Indiscrets. Paris, 1759.
Le Maître en Droit. Paris, 1760.
Le Cadi Dupe. Paris, 1760.
On ne s'avise jamais de tout. Sept. 17, 1761.
Le Roi et le Fermier. 1762.
Rose et Colas. 1764.
L'Ile Sonnante. 1768.
La Reine de Golconde. Paris, July 4, 1779.
Le Deserteur. 1779.
Le Faucon. 1772.
La Belle Arsène.
Le Rendezvous bien Employé. 1776.
Felix; ou, l'Enfant Trouvé. 1777.

PAISIELLO.

La Pupilla. Bologna. 1763.
Il Mondo alla Roverscia. Bologna.
La Madama Umorista. Modena.
Demetrio. Modena.
Artaserse. Modena.
Le Virtuose Ridicole. Parma.
Il Negligente. Parma.
I Bagni di Abano. Parma.
Il Ciarlone. Venice.
L'Amore in Ballo. Venice.
Le Pescatrici. Venice.

* In addition to the *Fall of the Giants*, Glück composed about forty-five operas during his stay in London (1745 to 1763).

Il Marchese Tulipano. Rome.
La Vedova di Bel Genio. Naples.
L'Imbroglio delle Ragazze. Naples.
L'Idolo Cinese. Naples.
Lucio Papirio. Naples.
Il Furbo mal accorto. Naples.
Olimpia. Naples.
L'Innocente Fortunato. Venice.
Sismanno nel Mogola. Milan.
L'Arabo Cortese. Naples.
La Luna Abitata. Naples.
La Contessa dei Numi. Naples.
Semiramide. Milan.
Il Montesuma. Milan.
Le Dardane. Naples.
Il Tamburo Notturno.
Andromeda. Milan.
Annibale in Italia. Turin.
I Filosofi. Turin.
Il Giocatore. Turin.
La Somiglianza dei Nomi. Naples.
Le Astuzie Amorose. Naples.
Gli Scherzi d'Amore e di Fortuna. Naples.
Dom Chisciotta della Mancia. Naples.
La Finta Maga. Naples.
L'Osteria di Mere-Chiaro. Naples.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Modena.
Il Duello Comico. Naples.
Done Anchise Dampanone. Naples.
Il Mondo della Luna. Naples.
La Frascatana. Venice.
La Discordia Fortunata. Venice.
Il Demofoonte. Venice.
I Socrati Imaginari. Naples.
Il Gran Cid. Florence.
Il Finto Principe. Florence.
Le Due Contesse. Rome, 1777.
La Disfatta di Dario. Rome, 1777.
La Serva Padrona. St. Petersburg.
Il Matrimonio Inaspettato. St. Petersburg.
Il Barbiere di Seviglia. St. Petersburg.
I Filosofi Imaginari. St. Petersburg.
La Finta Amante. Poland.
Il Mondo della Luna. Moscow.
La Nitetti. St. Petersburg.
Lucinda ed Artemidoro. St. Petersburg.
Alcide al Birio. St. Petersburg.
Achille in Sciro. St. Petersburg.
Il Rè Teodoro. Vienna.
Antigone. Naples.
L'Amore Ingenioso. Rome, 1785.
La Grotta di Trofonio. Naples.
Le Gare Generose. Naples.
L'Olimpiade. Naples.
Il Pirro. Naples.
Gli Schiave per Amore. London, April 24, 1787.
I Zingari in Fiera. Naples.
La Fedra. Naples.
Le Vane Gelosie. Naples.
Catone in Utica. Naples.
Nina; o, la Pazza d'Amore.
Zenobia di Palmira. Naples.
La Locanda.
La Cuffiara. Naples.
La Molinara. Naples.
La Modista Raggiratrice. Naples.
Elfrida. Naples.
Elvira. Naples.
I Visionari. Naples.
L'Inganno Felice. Naples.
I Giuochi d'Agrigente. Venice.
La Didone. Naples.
L'Andromacca. Naples.
La Contadina di Spirito. Naples.
Proserpina. Paris, 1803.
I Pittagorici. Naples.

SACCHINI.

Semiramide. Rome.
Eumene. Rome.
Andromacca. Naples.
Artaserse. Rome, 1762.
Alessandro nelle' Indie. Venice, 1768.
Scipione in Cartagine. Padua, 1770.
Ezio. Naples.
Nicostrate.
Alessandro Severo.
L'Adriano in Siria.
L'Eroe.
Cinese. Munich, 1771.
Callirhoe. Stuttgart, 1772.
Armida. Milan, 1772.
Il Gran Cid. Rome, January, 1773.
L'Amore in Campa.
Tamerlano. London, February, 1773.
Vologeso. Naples, 1773.
La Contadina in Corte. Rome.
L'Isola d'Amore.
L'Olimpiade. Milan.
Lucio Vero. Naples, December, 1773.
Nitetti. London, 1774.
Perseo. London, 1776.
L'Amore Soldato. London, 1777.
Creso. London, January 2, 1778.
Erifile. London, February 6, 1778.
Il Calandrino. London, 1778.

Enea e Lavinia. 1779.
Renaud, Chimène (adaptations of former operas).
Armide. Paris, March, 1783.
Dardanus. Paris, 1784.
Œdipe à Colonne. Paris, 1785.
Arvire et Evelina. Paris, 1787.

(English Ballad Opera.)

Love in a Village. (*Bickerstaff.*) London, December 3, 1763.

GOSSEC.

Le Faux Lord. 1764.
Les Pêcheurs. 1766.
Toinon et Toinette. 1767.
Le Double Déguisement.
Sabinus. Paris, 1773.
Alexis et Daphné. 1775.
Philémon et Baucis. 1775.
Hylas et Sylvie. 1776.
La Fête du Village. 1778.
Thesée. Paris, March 1, 1782.
La Reprise de Toulon. 1786.

GRÉTRY.

Le Vendemiatrice. Rome, 1765.
Les Mariages Samnites.
Le Huron. Paris, August 20, 1768.
Lucile. Paris, 1769.
Le Tableau Parlant. Paris, 1769.
Isabella et Gertrude. Geneva, 1769.
Zemire et Azor. November, 1771.
Céphale et Procris. 1775.
Le Seigneur Bienfesant. Paris, 1780.
Andromaque. Paris, June 6, 1780.
La Double Epreuve; ou, Colette à la Cour. Paris, January 1, 1782.
L'Embarras des Richesses. Paris, November 26, 1782.
La Caravane. 1783.
Panurge. Paris, January 25, 1785.
Amphytrion. 1786.
Denis le Tyran. 1794.
Anacréon. 1797.
Richard Cœur de Lion.

ARNOLD.

The Maid of the Mill. January 31, 1765.
Rosamond. 1767.
The Castle of Andalusia. 1782.
Peeping Tom. 1784.
Here, There, and Everywhere. 1784.
Two to One. 1785.
Turk and no Turk. 1785.
The Siege of Curzola. 1786.
Inkle and Yarico. Saturday, Aug. 4, 1787.
The Enraged Musician. 1788.
Battle of Hexham. 1789.
New Spain. 1790.
The Basket Maker. 1790.
The Surrender of Calais. 1791.
The Children in the Wood. 1793.
Auld Robin Gray. 1794.
Zorinski. 1795.
The Mountaineers. 1795.
Who Pays the Reckoning? 1795.
Bannian Day. 1796.
The Shipwreck. 1796.
The Italian Monk. 1797.
False and True. 1798.
Cambro-Britons. 1798.
The Veteran Tar. 1801.

MOZART.

Mitridate. 1767.
Lucia Silla. Salzburg, 1773.
Zaide.
La Finta Giardiniera. Munich, 1775.
Idomeneo, Rè di Creta. Munich, 1780.
Die Entführung. Vienna, 1782.
Le Nozze di Figaro. Vienna, April 28, 1786.
Don Giovanni. Prague, Nov. 4, 1787.
Così fan Tutte. 1790.
Die Zauberflöte. 1791.
La Clemenza di Tito. 1791.

ANFOSSI.

Cajo Mario. Venice, 1769.
La Clemenza di Tito. Rome, 1769.
Il Visionari. Rome, 1771.
Il Barone di Rocca. Rome, 1772.
L'Incognita per Seguitata, Rome; Antigono, Venice; Demofoonte, Rome. 1773.
Lucio Silla, Venice; La Finta Giardiniera, Rome. 1774.
Il Geloso in Cimento, Rome; La Contadina in Corte; L'Avaro. 1775.
Isabella e Rodrigo, o la Costanza in Amore; La Pescatrice Fedele; L'Olimpiade, Rome. 1776.
Il Curioso Indiscreto; Lo Sposo Disperato; Cleopatra. Milan, 1778.
Il Matrimonio per Inganno. Paris, 1779.
La Forza delle Donne. Milan, 1780.
I Vecchi Burlati. London, 1781.

I Viaggiatori Felici, London; Armida. 1782.
Gli Amanti Canuti, Dresden; Il Trionfo d'Ariana, Prague; Il Cavaliere per Amore, Berlin; Chi cerca trova, Florence. 1784.
Didone Abbandonata. Naples.
La Vedova Scaltra. 1785.
La Fiera dell' Ascensione; L'Imbroglio delle tre Spose, Padua. 1786.
La Pazzia de' Gelosi; Creso, Rome; La Villanella di Spirito, Rome. 1787.
Artaserse, Rome; L'Orfanella Americana, Venice; La maga Circe, Rome; Le Gelosie Fortunate. 1788.
La Gazetta ossia il Baggiano deluso. Rome, 1789.
Zenobia in Palmira. Florence, 1790.
Issifile. 1791.
Il Zottico incivilito. Dresden, 1792.
L'Americana in Olanda; La Matilda ritrovata; Gli Artigiani.

SALIERI.

Le Donne Letterate. 1770.
L'Amore Innocente. 1770.
Armida. 1771.
Il Don Chisciotte. 1771.
Il Barone di Rocca Antica. 1772.
La Fiera di Venezia. 1772.
La Secchia Rapita. 1772.
La Locandiera. 1773.
La Calamità de' Dori. 1774.
La Finta Scema. 1775.
Delmita e Daliso. 1776.
Europa Riconosciuta. 1776.
La Scuola de' Gelosi. 1779.
Il Talismanno. 1779.
La Partenza Inaspettata. 1779.
La Dama Pastorella. 1780.
Der Rauchfangkehrer. 1781.
Les Danaïdes. 1784.
Semiramide. 1784.
Il Ricco d'un Giorno. 1784.
Eraclito e Democrito. 1785.
La Grotto di Trifonio. 1785.
Les Horaces. 1786.
Tarare. 1787.
Axur, Rè d'Ormus. 1788.
Cublai, Gran Can de' Tartari. 1788.
Il Pastor Fido. 1789.
La Princesse de Babylone. Paris, 1789.
La Cifra. 1789.
Sapho. Paris, 1790.
Catalina. 1792.
Il Mondo alla Rovescia. 1794.
Palmira. 1795.
Il Moro. 1796.
Falstaff. 1798.
Danaus. 1800.
Cesare in Farmacusa. 1800.
Angiolina. 1800.
Annibale in Capua. 1801.
La Bella Selvaggia. 1802.
Die Neger. 1804.

HAYDN.

Le Diable Boiteux. Vienna.
La Cantarina. 1769.
Philémon et Baucis. 1773.
Geneviève de Brabant. 1777.
Didon. 1778.
Le Voleur des Pommes. 1779.
Le Conseil des Dieux. 1780.
L'Incendie.
Der Zerstreute.
Goetz de Berlichingen.
L'Incontro Improviso.
Lo Speziale.
La Pescatrice. 1780.
Il Mondo della Inna.
L'Isola Disabitata.
Armida. 1782.
L'Infedeltà Fedele.
La Fedeltà Premiata.
La Vera Castanza. 1786.
Acide e Galatea.
Orlando Paladino.
L'Infedeltà Deluso.
Orfeo. London, 1794.
Didone Abbandonata. London.

JOHN CHRISTIAN BACH.

Catone. Milan, 1758.
Orione. London, 1763.
Zanaide. London, 1763.
Berenice. London, 1764.
Adriano in Siria. London, Jan. 26, 1765.
Ezio. London, 1765.
Carattaco. 1767.
L'Olimpiade. 1769.
Orfeo. 1770.
Temistocle.
Siface.
Lucio Silla.
La Clemenza di Scipione.
Amadis de Gaule. Paris, Dec. 14, 1779.

MARTINI.

L'Amoureux de Quinze Ans. 1771.
Le Fermier Cru Sourd. 1772.
Le Rendez-vous Nocturne. 1773.
Henri IV; ou, la Bataille d'Ivry. 1774.
Le Droit du Seigneur. 1783.
L'Amant Sylphe; Sapho. 1794.
Annette et Lubin. 1800.

NAUMANN.

Achille in Sciro. Palermo, 1767.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Venice, 1768.
La Clemenza di Tito. Dresden, 1769.
Le Nozze disturbate, Venice; Solimanno. 1772.
L'Isola disabitata; Armida, Padua; Ipermestra, Venice; Il Villano Geloso, Dresden; L'Ipocondriaco, Dresden; Elisa, Dresden; Osiride; Tutto per Amore, Dresden; Amphion, Stockholm; Cora.
Gustavus Vasa, Stockholm, 1780.
La Reggia d'Imeneo, Dresden; Orphée et Eurydice, Copenhagen. 1785.
La Dama Soldato. Dresden, 1791.
Amor Giustificato. Dresden, 1791.
Protesilao. Berlin, 1793.
Andromeda; Acis e Galatea, Dresden, 1801.

REICHARDT.

Hanschen und Gretchen; La Lanterne Magique de l'Amour.
Le Bucheron. 1775.
Le Sesse Galanti, Potsdam.
La Gioia dopo il duolo. Berlin, 1776.
Ariencisia; Andromeda; Protesilao. Berlin, 1778.
Ino. 1779.
Procris et Céphale. 1780.
L'Amour seul rend heureux. 1781.
Panthée. 1786.
Brenno. Berlin, 1787.
Claudine de Villa Bella. 1788.
Lilla; L'Olimpiade; Ervin et Elmire. 1790.
Tamerlan, Berlin; L'Ile Sonnante, ou des Esprits. 1799.
Rosamunda, Berlin; Amour et Fidélité, Berlin; Jery et Bately; L'Art et l'Amour. 1801.
Le Château Enchanté. 1802.
L'Heureux Naufrage, Cassel; Bradamante, Vienna. 1808.

CIMAROSA.

Il Pittor Parigino. Rome, 1776.
I Due Baroni. Rome, 1776.
I Finti Nobili. Naples, 1777.
L'Armida Immaginaria. Naples, 1777.
Gl' Amanti Comici. Naples, 1777.
Il Ritorno di Don Calandrino. 1779.
Cajo Mario. Rome, 1779.
Il Mercato de' Malmantile. 1779.
L'Assalonte. 1779.
La Giuditta. Florence, 1779.
L'Infedeltà Fedele. 1780.
Il Falegname. 1780.
L'Amante combattuto dalle Donne Dispunto. Naples, 1780.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Rome, 1781.
Artaserse. Turin, 1781.
Il Conovito di Pietra. Venice, 1782.
La Ballerina Amante. 1783.
Nina e Martuffo. 1783.
La Villana Riconosciuta. 1783.
Oreste. 1783.
L'Erre Cinese. Naples, 1783.
Olimpiade. Vicenza, 1784.
I Due Supposti Conti. 1784.
Giannina e Bernadino. Naples, 1785.
Il Marito Disperato. 1785.
Il Credulo. 1785.
La Donna al peggior si appigli. 1786.
Le Trame Deluse. 1786.
L'Impresario in Augustie. 1786.
Il Fanatico Burlato. 1786.
Il Sacrifizio d'Abramo. Naples, 1786.
Il Valdomiro. Turin, 1787.
La Vergine del Sole. Milan, 1787.
La Felicità Inaspettata.
La Locandiera. London, Jan. 15, 1788.
Atene Edificata.
Ninetta. London, January 16, 1790.
Il Matrimonio Segreto. Vienna, 1792.
La Calamità de' Cuori. 1792.
Amor Rende Sagace. Vienna, 1792.
I Traci Amanti. 1793.
Astuzie Feminili. 1793.
Penelope. Naples, 1793.
L'Impegno Superato. Naples.
Il Capricio Dramatico. London, March 1, 1794.
I Nemici Generosi. Rome, 1796.
Gl' Orazi ed i Curiazi. Venice, 1797.
Achille all' Assedio di Troia. 1798.
L'Apprensivo Raggirato. Naples, 1798.

SHIELD.

The Flitch of Bacon. 1778.
Rosina. January 1, 1783.
The Poor Soldier. 1783.
Robin Hood; or, Sherwood Forest. April, 1784.
The Noble Peasant. August 4, 1784.
Fontainebleau; or, Our Way in France. Nov. 16, 1784.
The Nunnery.
Love in a Camp; or, Patrick in Prussia. February 22, 1786.
Marian. Thursday, May 22, 1788.
The Farmer. January, 1788.
The Prophet. December 13, 1788.
The Crusade. 1790.
The Woodman. 1791.
Hartford Bridge. 1792.
Midnight Wanderers. 1793.
Travellers in Switzerland. 1794.
Mysteries of the Castle. 1795.
Arrived at Portsmouth. January 13, 1796.
Lock and Key. Tuesday, Feb. 2, 1796.
The Lad of the Hills; or, the Wicklow Gold Mine. April 9, 1796.
Abroad and at Home. November 9, 1796.
Italian Villagers. 1797.
Two Faces under a Hood. 1807.

PICCINI.*

Le Donne Dispetose. Florence.
Le Gelosie. Florence.
Il Curioso del Proprio Danno. Florence.
Zenobia. Florence, 1756.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Rome, 1758.
Cecchina. Rome.
L'Olimpiade.
Roland. Paris, Tuesday, January 27, 1778.
La Sposa Collerica. Paris, Oct. 20, 1778.
Le Fat Meprisé. 1779.
Lucette.
Atys. Paris, Tuesday, February 22, 1780.
Didon. 1783.
Le Dormeur Eveillée. 1783.
Le Faux Lord. 1783.
Diane et Endymion. 1784.
Pénèlope. 1785.
Le Mensonge Officieux. 1787.

CHERUBINI.

Quinto Fabio. 1780.
Armida. Florence, 1782.
Messenzio. Florence, 1782.
Adriano in Siria. Leghorn, 1782.
Lo Sposo di tre Femine. Rome, 1783.
L'Idatide. Florence, 1784.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Mantua, 1784.
La Finta Principessa. London, May 2, 1785.
Giulio Sabino. London, March 30, 1786.
Ifigenia in Aulide. Turin, 1788.
Démophoon. Paris, 1788.
Lodoiska. Paris, 1791.
Elisa. Paris, 1794.
Medée. Paris, 1797.
L'Hôtellerie Portugaise. Paris, 1798.
La Punition. Paris, 1799.
La Prisonnière. Paris, 1799.
Les Deux Journées. Paris, 1800.
Anacreon. 1803.
Achille à Syros. Vienna, 1806.
Pimmalione. Paris, 1809.
La Crescendo. 1810.
Les Courses de Newmarket. 1810.
Les Abencerrages. Paris, 1813.
Bayard à Mezières. 1814.
Blanche de Provence. 1821.
Ali Baba. Paris, July, 1833.

VOGLER.

Der Kaufmann von Smirna; Albert der Dritte von Bayerk. Munich, 1781.
Eglé. Stockholm, 1787.
La Karmesse. Paris, 1783.
Castor et Pollux, Mannheim; Gustave Adolphe, Stockholm. 1791.
Samori. Vienna, 1804.

ZINGARELLI.

Montezuma. Naples, 1781.
L'Alsinda. Milan, 1785.
Il Telemacco. Milan, 1785.
Recimero. Venice, 1785.
Armida. Rome, 1786.
Ifigenia in Aulide. 1787.
Annibale. Turin, 1787.
Antigone. Paris, 1789.
La Morte de Cesare. Milan, 1791.
L'Oracolo Sannito. Turin, 1792.
Pirro. Turin, 1792.

* Before his arrival in Paris (1776) Piccini had already composed one hundred and thirty-three operas.

Il Mercato di Monfregoso. Turin, 1793.
La Secchia Rapita. Turin, 1793.
Artaserse. Milan (*La Scala*), 1794.
Gl' Orazi ed i Curiazi. Turin, 1794.
Apelle e Campaspe. Venice, 1794.
Il Conte di Saldagna. Venice, 1795.
Romeo e Giuletta. Milan, 1796.
Mitridate. Venice, 1797.
Meleagro. Milan, 1798.
Carolina e Menzicoff. Venice, 1798.
Edipo a Colona. Venice, 1799.
Il Ritratto. Milan, 1799.
Il Ratto delle Sabine. Venice, 1800.
Clitemnestra. Milan, 1801.
Il Bevitore Fortunato. Milan, 1803.
Inès de Castro. Milan, 1803.
Tancredi al Sepolcro di Clorinda. Naples, 1805.
Baldovino. Rome, 1810.
Berenice. Rome (*Th. Valle*), 1811.

PERSUIS.

Estelle. 1783.
La Nuit Espagnole. 1791.
Phanor et Angola. 1798.
Fanny Morna. 1799.
Le Fruit Défendu. 1800.
Marcel. 1801.
Léonidas. 1799.
Le Triomphe de Trajan. 1807.
Jerusalem delivrée. 1812.
L'Heureux Rétour. 1815.
Les Dieux Rivaux.

DALAYRAC.

L'Eclipse totale. 1782.
Le Corsaire. 1783.
Les Deux Tuteurs. 1784.
La Dot; L'Amant Statue. 1785.
Nina. 1786.
Azemia; Renaud d'Ast. 1787.
Sargines. 1788.
Raoul de Créqui; Les Deux Petits Savoyards; Fanchette. 1789.
La Soirée Orageuse; Vert-Vert. 1790.
Philippe et Georgette; Camille ou le Souterrain; Agnès et Oliver. 1791.
Elise Hortense; L'Actrice chez elle. 1792.
Ambroise, ou Voilà ma Journée; Roméo et Juliette; Urgande et Merlin; La Prise de Toulon. 1793.
Adèle et Dorsan. 1794.
Arnill; Marianne; La Pauvre Femme. 1795.
La Famille Américane. 1796.
Gulnare; La Maison isolée. 1797.
Primerose; Alexis, ou l' Erreur d'un bon Père; Le Château de Monténéro; Les Deux Mots. 1798.
Adolphe et Clara; Laure; Le Leçon, ou la Tasse de Glace. 1799.
Catinat; Le Rocher de Leucade; Maison à Vendre. 1800.
La Boucle de Cheveux; La Tour de Neustadt. 1801.
Picaros et Diego. 1803.
Une Heure de Mariage; Le Pavillon du Calife; La Jeune Prude. 1804.
Gulistan. 1805.
Lina, ou le Mystère. 1807.
Koulouf; ou, les Chinois. 1808.
Le Poète et le Musicien. 1811.

LESUEUR.

Telemaque. Paris, 1787.
La Caverne. February 16, 1793.
Paul et Virginie. 1793.
La Mort d'Adam. 1793.
Les Bardes. July 10, 1804.

STORACE.

L'Equivoci. Vienna, 1786.
La Cameriera Astuta. London, March 4, 1788.
No Song no Supper. London, May 3, 1790.
The Siege of Belgrade. January 1, 1791.
Dido, Queen of Carthage. May 23, 1791.
The Pirates. 1792.
The Prize. 1793.
The Haunted Tower. January 3, 1794.
The First of June. 1794.
Cherokee. 1794.
Lodoiska. 1794.
My Grandmother. 1795.
The Iron Chest. 1796.
Mahmoud; or, the Prince of Persia. April 30, 1796.

PAER.

La Locanda de' Vagabondi. Parma, 1789.
I Pretendenti Burlati. Parma, 1790.
Circe. Venice, 1791.
Saïd ossia il Seraglio. Venice, 1792.

L'Oro fà Tutto. Milan, 1793.
I Molinari. Venice, 1793.
Laodicea. Padua, 1793.
Il Tempo fà Giustizia à Tutti. Pavia, 1794.
Idomeneo. Florence, 1794.
Una in Bene ed Una in Male. Rome, 1794.
Il Matrimonio Improviso. 1794.
L'Amante Servitore. Venice, 1795.
La Rossana. Milan, 1795.
L'Orfana Riconosciuta. Florence, 1795.
Ero e Leandro. Naples, 1795.
Tamerlano. Milan, 1796.
I Due Sordi. Venice, 1796.
Sofonisba. Bologna, 1796.
Griselda. Parma, 1796.
L'Intrigo Amoroso. Venice, 1796.
La Testa Riscaldata. Venice, 1796.
Cinna. Padua, 1797.
Il Principe di Taranto. Parma, 1797.
Il Nuovo Figaro. Parma, 1797.
La Sonnambula. Venice, 1797.
Il Fanatico in Berlina. Vienna, 1798.
Il Morto Vivo. Vienna. 1799.
La Donna Cambiata. Vienna, 1800.
I Fuorusciti di Firenze. Vienna, 1800.
Camilla. Vienna, 1801.
Ginevra degli Almeri. Dresden, 1802.
Il Sargino. Dresden, 1803.
Tutto il male vien dal Buco. Venice, 1804.
L'Astuzie Amorosa. Parma, 1804.
Il Maniscalco. Padua, 1804.
Leonora ossia l'Amore conjugale. Dresden, 1805.
Achille. Dresden, 1806.
Numa Pompilio. Paris, 1808.
Cleopatra. Paris, 1810.
Didone. Paris, 1810.
I Baccanti. Paris, 1811.
L'Agnese. Parma, 1811.
L'Eroismo in Amore. Milan, 1816.
Le Maître de Chapelle. Paris, 1824.
Un Caprice de Femme. Paris, 1834.
Olinde et Sophronie. Paris, 1834.

The Magician no Conjuror. (*Count Mazzinghi.*) 1790.

DIBDIN.

Damon and Phillida. 1768.
The Padlock. 1768.
Lionel and Clarissa; The Jubilee; The Blackamoor. 1770.
The Wedding Ring. 1773.
The Waterman; The Christmas Tale. 1774.
The Seraglio. 1776.
The Quaker. 1777.
Poor Vulcan. 1778.
Liberty Hall. 1785.
Harvest Home. 1787.
The Cobbler; Rose and Colin; Annette and Lubin; The Wives' Revenge; The Graces; The Saloon; The Shepherdess of the Alps; The Barrier of Parnassus; The Milkmaid; The Land of Simplicity; The Passions; The Statue; Clump and Cudden; The Benevolent Tar; The Region of Accomplishments; The Lancashire Witches; The Cestus; Pandora; Long Odds; Tom Thumb; The Deserter.

MÉHUL.

Hypsipilie. 1787.
Alonzo et Cora.
Euphrosine et Corradin. 1790.
Stratonice.
Horatius Coclès.
Le Jeune Sage et le Vieux Fou.
Doria.
Phrosine et Mélidor.
La Caverne. 1795.
Adrien.
Le Jeune Henri. 1797.
Timoléon.
Ariodant. 1799.
Joanna.
L'Heureux malgré lui.
Hélène.
L'Irato.
Une Folie.
Uthal.
Gabrielle d'Estrées.
Le Prince Troubadour.
Valentine de Milan.
La Journée aux Aventures.
Arminio. 1794.
Scipion. 1795.
Tancrède et Clorinde. 1796.
Sésostris.
Agar dans le Désert.
Les Amazones. 1812.

KREUTZER.

Jeanne d'Arc à Orleans. 1790.

Paul et Virginie; Lodoïska. 1791.
Charlotte et Werther; Le Franc Breton. 1792.
Le Deserteur de la Montaigne de Hamon; Le Congrès des Rois; Le Siège de Lille; La Journée de Marathon. 1793.
Astianax. 1801.
Aristippe; Le Petit Page; François Premier; Jadis et Aujourd'hui, 1808.
Antoine et Cléopatre. 1809.
La Mort d'Abel. 1810.
Le Triomphe du Mois de Mars. 1811.
L'Homme sans Façon. 1812.
Le Camp de Sobieski; Constance et Théodore. 1813.
Les Béarnais; L'Oriflamme. 1814.
La Princesse de Babylone. 1815.
Les Deux Rivaux; La Perruque et la Redingote; Le Maître et le Valet. 1816.
Le Négociant de Hambourg. 1821.
Ipsiboé. 1823.
Matilde.

KUNZEN.

Holger-Danske. 1790.
Les Vendangeurs. Prague, 1793.
Hemmeligheden. Copenhagen, 1796.
Dragedickken; Jokeyn. Copenhagen, 1797.
Eric Ejegod. 1798.
Naturen Roest; La Harpe d'Ossian. 1799.
Le Rétour dans les Foyers. Copenhagen, 1802.

NICOLO ISOUARD.

Avviso ai Maritati. Florence, 1794.
Artaserse. Livorna, 1795.
Il Tonneliere; Rinaldo d'Asti; Il Barbiere di Seviglia; L'Improvvisata in Campagna; Il Barone d'Alba Chiara, Malta.
La Statue; ou, la Femme Avare. Paris, 1800.
Le Petit Page; ou, la Prison d'Etat. 1800.
Flaminius à Corinthe. 1801.
L'Impromptu de Campagna; Michel Ange; Le Baiser et la Quittance. 1802.
Les Confidences; Le Médecin Turc. 1803.
Léonce, ou le Fils adoptif; La Ruse inutile; L'Intrigue aux Fenêtres. 1805.
Idala; La Prise de Passau; Le Déjeûner de Garçons. 1806.
Les Créanciers, ou Remède à la Goutte; Les Rendez-vous Burgeois. 1807.
Un Jour à Paris; Cimarosa. 1808.
L'Intrigue au Serail. 1809.
Cendrillon. 1810.
Le Magicien sans Magie; La Victime des Arts; Le Billet de Loterie; Le Fête au Village. 1811.
Lulli et Quinault. 1812.
Le Prince de Catane; Le François à Venise. 1813.
Joconde; Jeannot et Colin; Le Siège de Mezières. 1814.
Les Deux Maris; L'Une pour l'Autre. 1816.

NASOLINI.

Nitteti, Trieste; L'Isola incantata, Parma. 1789.
Adriano in Siria, Milan; Andromacca, London; Tesco, Vienna. 1790.
La Morte di Cleopatra. 1791.
Semiramide. Rome, 1792.
Ercole al Termodonte, Trieste; Eugenia; Il Trionfo di Clelia; L'Incantesimo senza Magia; La Merope; Gli Opposti Caratteri; Gli Sposi Infatuati; La Morte di Mitridate; La Festa d'Iside; I due Fratelli Rivali; Gli Annamorati; L'Adimira; Merope; Il Torto Immaginario.
Ferdinande in Mexico.

PORTOGALLO.

L'Eroe Cinese, Turin; La Bachetta Portentosa. 1788.
L'Astutto. Florence, 1789.
Il Molinaro. Venice, 1790.
La Donna di Genio volubile. Parma, 1791.
La Vedova raggiratrice, Rome; Il Principe di Spazzacamino, Venice; Il Filosofo sedicente; Alceste; Oro non compra Amore.
Demofoonte. Milan, 1794.
I Due Gobbi ossia le Confusioni nate dalla Somiglianza. Venice, 1795.
Il Ritorno di Serse, Bologna; Il

Diavolo a quattro, ossia le Donne Cambiate.
Fernando in Messico. Rome, 1797.
La Maschera fortunata.
Non irritar le Donne. 1799.
Idonte. Milan, 1800.
Il Muto per astuzzia; Omar, Rè di Temagene; Argenide.
Semiramide. Lisbon, 1802.
Il Cia bottino; Zulema e Selimo.
Adriano in Siria. Milan, 1815.
La Morte di Mitridate.

TRAETTA.

Farnace. Naples, 1750.
I Pastori Felici. 1753.
Ezio. Rome, 1754.
Il Buova d'Antona. Florence, 1756.
Ippolito ed Aricia. Parma, 1759.
Ifigenia in Aulide. Vienna, 1759.
Stordilano, Principe di Granata, Parma; Armida, Vienna. 1760.
Sofonisba. Parma, 1761.
La Francese à Malaghera. 1762.
Didone Abbandonata. 1764.
Semiramide Riconosciuta. 1765.
La Serva Rivale. Venice, 1767.
Amore in Trappola. 1768.
L'Isola Disabitata. St. Petersburg, 1769.
L'Olimpiade. 1770.
Antigone. 1772.
Germondo. London, 1776.
Il Cavalier Errante. Naples, 1777.
La Disfatta di Dario; Artenice. Venice, 1778.
Apele e Campaspe. Milan, 1796.

NICCOLINI.

La Famiglia Stravagante. Rome, 1793.
Il Principe Spazzacamino; I Molinari. 1794.
Le Nozze campestri, Milan; Artaserse, Venice. 1795.
La Donna Innamorata. Alzira, 1797.
La Clemenza di Tito. Livorna, 1797.
I Due Fratelli ridicoli, Rome; Il Bruto; Gli Scitti, Milan. 1798.
Il Trionfo del bel sesso. Indativo, 1800.
I Baccanali di Roma. Milan, 1801.
I Manli. Milan, 1802.
La Selvaggia. Rome, 1803.
Fedra ossia il Ritorno di Tesco. Rome, 1804.
Il Geloso sincerato. Naples, 1805.
Geribea e Falamone. Naples, 1805.
Gli Inconstanti Nemici delle Donne. 1805.
Abenhamet e Zoraide. Milan, 1806.
Trajano in Dacia. Rome, 1807.
Le Due Gemelle. Rome, 1808.
Coriolano. Milan, 1810.
Dario Istaspe. Turin, 1811.
Angelica e Medoro. Turin, 1811.
Abradate e Dircea, Milan; Quinto Fabio, Vienna; Le Nozze dei Morlacchi; La Feudataria. 1812.
La Casa del Astrologo; Mitridate; L'Ira d'Achille, Milan; Balduino, Venice; Carlo Magno; Il Conte de Lennose, Parma; Annibale in Bitinia; Cesare nelle Gallie; Adolphe; La Presa di Granata; L'Ero di Lancastro; Aspasia ed Agide; Il Teuzzone; Ilda d'Avenel; La Conquista di Malacca; Wittikind; Il Trionfo di Cesare.

SPONTINI.

I Puntigli delle Donne. 1795.
Gl' Amanti in Cimento. Rome, 1796.
L'Amor Secreto. Venice, 1796.
L'Isola Disabitata. Parma, 1797.
L'Eroismo Ridicolo. Naples, 1797.
Le Teseo Riconosciuto. Florence, 1798.
La Finta Filosofa. Naples, 1799.
La Fuga in Maschera. 1800.
I Quadri Parlanti. Parma, 1800.
Il Finto Pittore. Parma, 1800.
Gl' Elisi Delusi. Parma, 1801.
Il Gelosa e l'Audace. Rome.
Le Metamorfosi di Pasquale. Venice, 1802.
Chi più guarda meno vede. Venice, 1802.
La Principessa d'Amalfi. Venice, 1802.
Le Pôt de Fleurs. Paris, 1803.
La Petite Maison. Paris, 1804.
Milton. Paris, December, 1804.
L'Eccelsa Gara. 1806.
La Vestale. December 15, 1807.
Fernand Cortez. 1809.
Pélage; ou, le Roi et la Paix. 1814.
La Colère d'Achille. 1816.
Les Dieux Rivaux. 1816.
Berenice.
Les Danaides.
Louis IX. en Egypte. 1817.

Artaxerxes. 1819.
Olympie. 1819.
Les Athéniennes. 1822.
Alcidor. 1823.
Nourmahal.
Agnès de Hohenstaufen. Berlin, 1827.

BOÏELDIEU.

La Dot de Suzette. 1795.
La Famille Suisse. 1796.
Mombreuil et Merville. 1797.
L'Heureuse Nouvelle. 1797.
Zoraime et Zulnare. 1798.
Beniowsky. 1800.
Calife de Bagdad. 1800.
Ma Tante Aurore.
La Prisonnière.
Amour et Mystère.
Calypso.
Abderkan.
Aline, Reine de Golconde.
Joconde.
Jeannot et Colin.
Jean de Paris. Paris, 1812.
Le Nouveau Seigneur de Village. 1813.
Les Bearnais.
Angela; ou, l'Atelier de Jean Cousin. 1815.
La Fête du Village voisin.
Charles de France.
Blanche de Provence; ou, la Cour des Fées. 1821.
La Dame Blanche. Paris, December, 1825.

MAYER.

Lodoiska. Venice, 1796.
Telemacco. Venice, 1797.
Lauso e Lidia. Venice, 1798.
Adriano in Siria. Naples, 1798.
L'Equivoco. Milan, 1800.
Ginevra di Scozia. Trieste, 1801.
Il Nuovo Fanatico per la Musica.
Le Due Giornate. Milan, 1801.
Argene. Venice, 1801.
Il Raoul di Créqui. Milan, 1801.
Amore non soffre Opposizione. Venice, 1801.
I Misteri Eleusini. Milan, 1802.
Ercole in Lidia. Vienna, 1803.
Le Finti Rivali. Milan, 1803.
Alfonso e Cora. Milan, 1803.
Amor non ha ritegno. Milan, 1804.
Elisa. Venice, 1804.
Ernaldo ed Emma. Milan, 1805.
L'Amor Conjugale. Padua, 1805.
La Rocia di Fahenstein. Venice, 1805.
Gl' Americani. Venice, 1806.
Ifigenia in Aulide. Parma, 1806.
Adalasia ed Alaramo. Milan, 1807.
Nè l'un nè l'altro. Milan, 1807.
Belle Ciarle e tristi Fatti. Venice, 1807.
I Cherasci. Rome, 1808.
Il Vero Originale. Rome, 1808.
Il Ritorno d'Ulisse. Venice, 1809.
Il Desertore ossia Amore Filiale. Venice, 1811.
Medea in Corinto. Venice, 1812.
Tamerlano. Milan, 1812.
Le Due Duchesse. Milan, 1814.
La Rosa bianca ed la Rosa rossa. Rome, 1814.
Atar. Milan, 1815.
Elena e Constantino. Milan, 1816.

CATEL.

Semiramis. 1802.
L'Auberge de Bagnères. 1807.
Les Artistes par Occasion. 1807.
Les Bayadères. 1808.
Les Aubergistes de Qualité. 1810.
Le Siége de Mezières. 1814.
Wallace, ou le Minstrel Ecossais; Zirphile et Fleur de Myrte. 1818.
L'Officier Enlevé. 1819.

GENERALI.

Gli Amanti Ridicoli. Rome, 1800.
Il Duca Nottolone. Rome, 1801.
La Pamela nubile. Venice, 1802.
La Calzolaja.
L'Adelina.
Misantropia e Pentimento, Venice; Gli Effeti della Somiglianza, Venice; Don Chisciotti, Milan. 1805.
Orgoglio et Umiliazione, Venice; L'Idolo Cinese, Naples. 1807.
Lo Sposo in Bersaglio. Florence, 1807.
Le Lagrime d'una Vedova. Venice, 1808.
Il Ritratto del Duca. Venice, 1808.
Lo Sposo in Contrasto. Vienna, 1808.
La Moglie Giudice dello Sposo. Venice, 1809.
Amore vince lo Sdegno. Rome, 1809.
Chi non risica non rosica, Milan; La Vedova delirante, Rome; La

Sciocca per gli altri e l'Astuta per se, Venice. 1811.
Gaulo ed Ojitono. Naples, 1812.
La Vedova stravagante, Milan; L'Ordo che ci vede, Bologna.
Eginardo e Lisbetta. Naples, 1813.
Bajazette; La Contessa di Colle Erboso; Il Servo Padrone, Turin. 1814.
L'Impostore ossia il Marcotondo. Milan, 1815.
I Baccanali di Romo. Venice, 1815.
La Vestale. Trieste, 1816.
Il Trionfo d' Alessandro. Bologna, 1816.
Elato. Bologna, 1817.
Rodrigo di Valenza. 1817.
Il Gabba Mondo; Elena ed Alfredo; Adelaide di Borgogna; Chiara di Rosemberg; La Testa maravigliosa; Il Divorzio Persiano o il gran Bazzaro di Bassora.
Francesca di Rimini. Milan, 1829.

HUMMEL.

Le Vicende d'Amore.
Mathilde de Guise.
Das Haus ist zu Verkaufen.
Die Ruckfahrt des Kaisers.

WINTER.

Armida; Cora e Alonzo; Leonardo e Blandine; Hélène et Paris. 1780.
Bellérophon. 1782.
Circé. Munich, 1788.
Catone in Utica; Antigone. 1791.
Il Sacrifizio di Creta, Venice; Fratelli Rivali. Venice, 1792.
Psyché, Munich; Der Sturm. 1793.
Le Labyrinthe.
Das Unterbrochene Opferfest; Ogus, ou le Triomphe du beau Sexe, Prague; Die Thomasnacht. 1795.
I Due Vedove. Vienna, 1796.
Ariana; Elisa. 1797.
Marie de Montalban. Munich, 1798.
Tamerlan. Paris, 1802.
Castor et Pollux. London, 1803.
Il Ratto di Proserpine. London, 1804.
Zaira, London; Calypso; L'Amore Fraterno, London; Fraenbund, Munich. 1805.
Colman. Munich, 1809.
Die Blinden. Munich, 1810.
Il Maometto, Milan; I Due Valdomiri. Milan, 1817.
Etelinda. 1818.
La Bouffe et le Tailleur. 1819.

BEETHOVEN.

Fidelio. Vienna, November, 1805.

BISHOP.

The Circassian Bride; The Vintagers. 1809.
The Maniac. 1810.
The Virgin of the Sun; The Æthiop; The Renegade. 1812.
Haroun al Raschid; The Brazen Bust; Harry le Roi; The Miller and his Men; For England, Ho! 1813.
The Farmer's Wife; The Wandering Boys; The Grand Alliance; The Forest of Bondy; The Maid of the Mill; John of Paris. 1814.
The Brother and Sister; The Noble Outlaw; Telemachus. 1815.
A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Slave. 1816.
The Heir of Verona; The Humorous Lieutenant; The Duke of Savoy.
Zuma. 1818.
The Heart of Mid Lothian; A Roland for an Oliver; The Comedy of Errors. 1819.
The Antiquary; The Battle of Bothwell Bridge; Henry IV. 1820.
Twelfth Night; The Two Gentlemen of Verona; Montrose. 1821.
The Law of Java; Maid Marian. 1822.
Clari; The Beacon of Liberty; Cortez. 1823.
Our Native Land; The Fall of Algiers. 1824.
William Tell. 1825.
Aladdin. 1826.
The Englishman in India; The Rencontre. 1827.

COCCIA.

Il Matrimonio per Cambiale. Rome, 1808.
Il Poeta Fortunato, Florence; La Verità nella Bugia, Venice. 1810.
Voglia di Dote e non di Moglie. Ferrara, 1810.
La Matilde. 1811.
I Solitari. Venice, 1812.
Il Sogno verificato. 1812.
Arrighetto. Venice, 1814.
La Selvagia. 1814.

Il Crescendo; Euristea; Evelina. Milan, 1815.
I Begli Usi di Citta, Milan; Clotilde, Venice; Rinaldo d'Asti, Rome; Carlotta e Werter. 1816.
Claudine, Turin; Etelinde, Venice; Simile, Ferrara. 1817.
Donna Caritea. Turin, 1818.
Faÿel. Florence, 1819.
Atar. Lisbon, 1820.
Mandane, Regina di Persia. 1821.
Elena a Constantino. 1821.
La Festa della Rosa. 1822.
Maria Stuarda. London, 1827.
L'Orfano delle Selve. Venice, 1829.
Rosamunda. Naples, 1831.
Edoardo Stuart. Milan, 1832.
Enrico di Montfort. 1832.
Caterina di Guisa. 1833.

MORLACCHI.

Il Ritratto, Bologna; Il Poeta in Campagna. 1807.
Corradino; Enone e Paride, Livorna; Oreste, Parma. 1808.
Rinaldo d'Asti, Parma; La Principessa per Rimpiego, Rome; Le Avventure d'una Giornata. Milan, 1809.
Le Danaïde. 1810.
Raoul de Créqui. Dresden, 1811.
La Capricciosa Pentita. Dresden, 1812.
Il Nuovo Barbiere di Siviglia. Dresden, 1815.
La Badicea. Venice, 1818.
Da Semplicetta di Pirna.
Donna Aurora. Dresden, 1819.
Tebaldo ed Isolina. Dresden, 1820.
La Gioventù di Enrico V. Dresden, 1823.
Laodicea. 1825.
I Saraceni in Sicilia. Venice, 1827.
Il Colombo. 1828.
Gioanni di Parigi. 1829.
Francesca di Rimini. Venice, 1836.

SPOHR.

Der Zweikampf der Geliebten; Der Berggeist; Faust; Jessonda; Zemire et Azor; Pietro d'Abano; Der Alchymist, Berlin.

WEIGL.

La Précaution Inutile; La Sposa Collerica; Il Pazzo per Forza; La Caffetiera; La Principessa d'Amalfi; Giulietta e Pierotto; L'Amor Marinaro; L'Accademia del Maestro Cisolfat; I Solitari; L'Uniforme; Le Prince Invisible; Cleopatra; Il Rivale di se stesso; L'Imboscata; L'Orfana d'Inghilterra; Le Petit Homme Pierre; Le Village dans les Montagnes; La Maison des Orphelins; La Famille Suisse; Françoise de Foix; Le Feu de Vesta; La Chute de la Montagne; L'Empereur Adrien; La Jeunesse de Pierre le Grand; La Chute de Baal; La Porte de Fer; Ostade; L'Ermite; Le Rossignol et le Corbeau; Waldemar; Edouard et Caroline; Il Ratto di Proserpine.

ROSSINI.

La Cambiale di Matrimonio. Venice, 1810.
L'Equivoco Stravagante. Bologna, 1811.
L'Inganno Felice (Ven.); Ciro in Babilonia (Ferrara); La Scala di Seta (Ven.); L'Occasione fa il Ladro (Ven.). 1812.
La Pietro del Paragone. Milan, 1812.
Demetrio e Polibio. Rome, 1812.
L'Italiana in Algieri. Naples, 1813.
Tancredi. Venice, 1813.
Il Bruschino; o, il Figlio per Azzarde. Venice, 1813.
L'Aureliano in Palmira. 1814.
Il Turco in Italia. Milan, 1814.
Sigismondo. Venice, 1815.
La Gazetta. Naples, 1816.
Otello. Naples, 1816.
Il Barbiere di Siviglia. Rome, 1816.
La Cenerentola. Rome, 1816.
Armida. Naples, 1817.
La Gazza Ladra. Milan, 1817.
Elisabetta. Naples, 1817.
Mosè in Egitto. Naples, 1818.
Ricciardo e Zoraide. Naples, 1818.
Torwaldo e Dorliska. Rome, 1818.
Adelaide di Borgogna. Rome, 1818.
Adina; o, il Califfo di Bagdad. 1818.
Ermione. Naples, 1819.
Eduardo e Christina. Venice, 1819.
La Donna del Lago. Naples, 1819.
Bianca e Faliero. Milan, 1819.
Maometto. Naples, 1820.
Matilda di Shabran. Rome, 1821.
Zelmira. Naples, August 13, 1822.

Mosè in Egitto. Paris, 1822.
Semiramide. Venice, 1823.
Il Viaggio a Rheims. Paris, 1825.
Le Siége de Corinthe. Paris, 1826.
Le Comte Ory. Paris, 1827.
Guglielmo Tell. Paris, 1829.
Robert Bruce. Paris, 1846.

CARAFA.

Il Vascello; L'Occidente. 1814.
La Gelosia Corretta. 1815.
Gabrielle di Vergi. 1816.
Ifigenia in Tauride. Naples, 1817.
Adele di Lusignano. Milan, 1817.
Berenice Siria. Naples, 1818.
Elizabeth in Derbyshire. Venice, 1818.
Il Sacrifizio d' Epito. 1819.
Gli Due Figaro. Milan, 1820.
Jeanne d'Arc. Paris, 1821.
La Capriciosa ed il Soldato, Rome; Le Solitaire, Paris; Tamerlano, Paris; Eufemio di Messina Abufar, Vienna; Le Valet de Chambre, Paris; L'Auberge Supposée. 1823.
La Belle au Bois Dormant; Il Sonnambulo, Milan. 1825.
Sangarido. Paris, 1827.
Le Nozze di Lammermoor. Paris, December, 1829.
La Violette; Masaniello; Jenny; La Prison d'Edimbourg. 1833.
La Grande Duchesse.

PACINI.

Anetta e Lucindo. Venice, 1814.
Rosina. Florence, 1815.
L'Ingenua. Venice, 1818.
Adelaide e Comingio. Milan.
Il Barone di Dolsheim. Milan, 1818.
L'Ambizione Delusa; Gli Sponsali di Silfii; Il Falegname di Livonia; Ser Marcantonio; La Sposo Fedele; La Schiava di Bagdad; La Gioventù d'Enrico V.; La Vestale; L'Eroe Scozzesse; La Sacerdotessa d'Irminsul; Atala; Isabella ed Enrico.
Temistocle. Lucca, November, 1823.
Alessandro nell' Indie. Naples, 1824.
Amazilia. Naples, 1825.
L'Ultimo Giorno di Pompei. Naples, November 19, 1825.
Niobe. Naples, November 19, 1826.
Il Crociato in Tolomaïde. Trieste, 1828.
Gi' Arabi nelle Gallie. Turin, December 25, 1828.
Margherita d'Anjou.
Cesare in Egitto.
Gianni di Calais.
Giovanna d'Arco, Milan, March 12, 1830; Berta; Muletiere di Toledo.
Malvina di Scozia (Naples); Cinq Mars (Palermo). 1852.
Il Cid (Milan); La Cantatrice di Madrid. 1853.
Allan Cameron; La Punizione (Venice); Romilda di Provenza; Elisa Valasco (Rome). 1854.
Luisetta. Naples, 1855.
Margarita Pusterla. Naples, 1856.
Gianni di Nisilda. Rome, 1860.
Belphegor. Florence, 1861.
Giovanni di Marana. 1862.

VACCAJ.

I Solitari di Scozia. 1814.
Il Lupo d'Ostenda. 1818.
Pietro il Grande. Parma, 1824.
La Pastorella Feudataria; Zadig ed Astartea. Naples, 1825.
Giulietta e Romeo, Milan; Fuccine di Norvegia; Giovanna d'Arco, Venice; Bianca di Messina, Turin; Saladino, Florence; Saulle, Milan; Il Marco Visconti; Giovanna Gray; La Sposa di Messina.

DONIZETTI.

Enrico, Conte di Borgogne. Venice, 1818.
Il Falegname di Livornia. Venice, 1819.
Le Nozze in Villa. Mantua, 1820.
Zoraïde di Granata. Rome, 1822.
La Zingara. Naples, 1822.
Chiara e Serafina. Milan, 1822.
Il Fortunato Inganno. Naples, 1823.
Aristea. Naples, 1823.
Una Follia. Naples, 1823.
Alfredo il Grande. Naples, 1823.
L'Ajo in Imbarazzo. Rome, 1824.
Emilia; o, l'Ermitagio di Liverpool. Naples, 1824.
Alahor in Granata. Palermo, 1826.
Il Castello degli Invalidi. Palermo, 1826.
Elvira. Naples, 1826.
Olive e Pasquale. Rome, 1827.
Il Borgomastro di Saardam; Le Con-

venienze Teatrali; Otto Mesi in due Ere. Naples, 1827.
Giove di Grano; L'Usule di Roma; Gianni di Calais. Naples, 1828.
La Regina di Golconda. Genoa, 1828.
Il Paria; I Pazzi per Progretto; Francesca di Foix; La Romanziera; Il Castello di Kenilworth; Zaida; Il Diluvio Universale; Imelda di Lambertuzzi. Naples, 1829.
Anna Bolena. Milan, 1830.
Fausta. Naples, 1831.
Ugo Conte di Parigi. Milan, 1832.
L'Elisir d'Amore. Milan, 1832.
Sancia di Castiglia. Naples, 1832.
Il Furioso, Rome; Parisina, Florence; Torquato Tasso, Rome. 1833.
Lucrezia Borgia, Milan; Rosmonda d'Inghilterra, Florence; Maria Stuarda, Naples; Buondelmonte. 1834.
Gemma di Vergy. Milan, 1835.
Lucia di Lammermoor, Naples, 1835.
Marino Faliero, Paris; Betly, Naples; L'Assedio di Calais, Naples; Il Campanella di Notte, Naples; Belisario, Venice. 1836.
Pia di Tolomei; Roberto Devereux. Naples, 1837.
Maria di Rudenz. Venice, 1838.
Gianni di Parigi. Milan, 1839.
La Figlia del Reggimento; La Favorita; Les Martyres. Paris, 1840.
Adelia. Rome, 1841.
Linda di Chamouni, Vienna; Maria di Rohan, Vienna; Maria Padilla, Milan. 1842.
Don Pasquale; Dom Sebastien. Paris, 1843.
Catarina Cornaro; Gabrielle de Vergi; Le Duc d'Albe. Naples, 1844.
Rita. Paris, 1860.

MERCADANTE.*

L'Apoteosi d'Ercole. Naples, 1818.
Violenza e Costanza. Naples, 1819.
Anacreonte in Samo. Naples, 1820.
Il Geloso Ravveduto. Rome, 1820.
Scipione in Cartagine. Rome, 1820.
Maria Stuarda. Bologna, 1821.
Elisa e Claudio. Milan, 1821.
Andronico. Milan, 1822.
Adele ed Emerico. Milan, 1822.
Amleto. 1822.
Alfonso ed Elisa. Mantua, 1823.
Didone. Turin, 1823.
Gli Sciti. Naples, 1823.
Gli Amici di Siracuse. Rome, 1824.
Doralice. Vienna, 1824.
Le Nozze di Telemacco ed Antiope. Vienna, 1824.
Il Podesta di Burgos. Vienna, 1824.
L'Erode. Venice, 1825.
Nitocri. Turin, 1825.
La Donna Caritea. Venice, 1826.
Ezio. Milan, 1827.
Il Montanaro. Milan, 1827.
La Rappressaglia. Cadiz, 1829.
La Testa di Bronzo. Madrid, 1830.
Zaïra. Naples, 1831.
I Normanni a Parigi. Turin, 1831.
Ismala ossia Morte ed Amore. Milan, 1832.
Il Conte d'Essex. Milan, 1833.
Emma d'Antiochia. Venice, 1834.
I Briganti. Paris, March 22, 1836.
La Gioventù di Enrico V.
Il Giuramento. Milan, 1837.
Le Due Illustri Rivali. Venice, 1839.
Leonora.
La Schiava Saracene. 1850.
Statira; Violetta. Naples, 1853.
Pelagio. Naples, 1858.

MEYERBEER.

Romilda e Costanzo. Padua, 1818.
Marguerite d'Anjou. Milan, 1822.
L'Esule di Granata. 1823.
Il Crociato. Venice, April, 1824.
Emma di Resburgo. 1825.
Robert le Diable. Paris, 1831.
Les Huguenots. Paris, 1836.
Nabuco.
Attila. Venice.
Giovanno d'Arco.
Camp de Silesie. Berlin, 1844.
Le Prophète. Paris, 1849.
L'Etoile du Nord. Paris, 1854.
Le Pardon de Ploërmel (*Dinorah*). Paris, 1859.

WEBER.

Die Macht der Liebe und des Weins. Salzburg, 1798.
Silvana. Munich, 1800.
Peter Schmoll und seine Nachbarn. Salzburg, 1801.

* Signor Mercadante has written fifty-two operas in all.

Rübezahl. Breslau, 1805.
Abon Hassan. Darmstadt, 1810.
Der Freischütz. Berlin, 1821.
Euryanthe. Vienna, 1823.
Preciosa. 1825.
Oberon. London, April 12, 1826.
Der Berherrscher der Geister. 1826.

HALÉVY.

L'Artisan. Paris, January 30, 1822.
Pygmalion.
Phidias. 1827.
Les Deux Pavillons. 1827.
Le Roi et le Batelier. 1828.
Le Dilettante. Paris, 1829.
Clari. Paris, 1829.
La Langue Musicale. 1831.
Ludovic. 1832.
La Tentation. 1833.
Les Souvenirs de Lafleur. 1834.
La Juive. Paris, 1835.
L'Eclair. Paris, December, 1835.
Guido e Ginevra. Paris, 1838.
Cosme de Medicis. 1839.
Les Treize. 1839.
Le Drapier. Paris, 1840.
Il Guitarero. Paris, 1841.
La Reine de Chypre. Paris, 1842.
Charles VI. Paris, 1843.
Il Lazzarone. Paris, 1844.
Les Mousquetaires de la Reine. Paris, 1846.
Le Val d'Andorre. Paris, 1848.
La Fée aux Roses. Paris, 1849.
La Tempestà. London, 1850.
La Dame de Pique. 1850.
Le Juif Errant. 1852.
Le Nabob. 1853.
Jaguarita. 1855.
Valentine d'Aubigny. 1856.
La Magicienne. Paris, 1857.

AUBER.

Le Séjour Militaire. 1813.
Le Testament et les Billets-doux. 1819.
La Bergère Châtelaine. 1821.
Emma. 1821.
Leicester. 1822.
Le Neige; ou, le Nouvel Eginard. Paris, October 8, 1823.
Le Concert à la Cour. Paris, 1824.
Léocadie. Paris, November, 1824.
Le Maçon. Paris, May, 1825.
Le Timide. 1826.
Fiorella. 1826.
La Muette di Portici. Paris, 1829.
La Fiancée. Paris, January, 1829.
Fra Diavolo. Paris, January, 1830.
Le Dieu et la Bayadère. Paris, October, 1830.
Le Philtre. Paris, June, 1831.
Le Serment. Paris, 1832.
Gustave III. Paris, 1833.
Lestocq. 1834.
Les Chaperons Blancs. 1836.
Actéon. Paris, January 25, 1836.
L'Ambassadrice. Paris, 1836.
Le Domino Noir. Paris, 1837.
Le Lac des Fées. Paris, 1839.
Zanetta. Paris, May, 1840.
Les Diamans de la Couronne. Paris, March 6, 1841.
Le Duc d'Olonne. Paris, 1842.
Le Part du Diable. Paris, 1843.
La Sirène. Paris, 1844.
La Barcarolle. Paris, 1845.
Haidée; ou, Le Sécret. Paris, 1847.
L'Enfant Prodigue. Paris, 1850.
La Corbeille d'Oranges. Paris, 1851.
Marco Spada. Paris, 1852.
Le Cheval de Bronze. 1853.
Manon Lescaut. 1855.
Jenny Bell. 1855.
La Circassienne. 1861.

GNECCO.

Gli Bramini; Argete; Le Nozze de Sanniti; La Prova d'un Opera Seria; Le Nozze di Lauretta; Carolina e Filandro; Il Pignattaro; La Scena senza Scena; Gli ultimi due Giorni di Carnovale; La Prova degli Orazzi e Curiazi; Arsace e Semira; Amanti filarmonici.

HÉROLD.

La Gioventù di Enrico Quinto. Naples, 1812.
Charles de France; Les Rosières; La Clochette. Paris, 1816.
Le Premier Venu. Paris, 1818.
Les Trocqueurs; L'Amour Platonique. Paris, 1819.
L'Auteur mort et vivant.
Le Muletier; Lasthénie; Vendome en Espagne. Paris, 1823.
Le Roi René. Paris, 1824.
Le Lapin Blanc. 1825.
Marie. Paris, November, 1826.
L'Illusion. Paris, July 19, 1829.
L'Auberge d'Auray. Paris, 1830.

Emmeline; La Marquise de Brinvilliers. 1830.
Zampa. Paris, May, 1831.
La Médecine sans Médecin. Paris, October 19, 1832.
Le Pré aux Clercs. Paris, 1832.

BELLINI.

Andelson e Salvina. Naples, 1825.
Bianca e Gernando. Naples, 1826.
La Straniera. Milan, 1829.
Il Pirata. Milan, 1829.
Zaira. Parma, 1829.
I Capuletti e Montecchi. Venice, March 12, 1830.
La Sonnambula. Milan, 1831.
Norma. Milan, January 1, 1832.
Beatrice di Tenda. Venice, 1833.
I Puritani. Paris, 1835.

PERSIANI.

Piglia il Mondo come viene. Florence, 1826.
L'Inimico Generoso, Florence; Attila, Parma. 1827.
Danao Rè d'Argo. Florence, 1827.
Gaston de Foix; Inès de Castro.

BENEDICT.

Giacinta ed Ernesto. Naples, 1827.
I Portoghesi in Goa. Naples, 1830.
Un Anno ed un Giorno. Naples, 1836.
The Gipsy's Warning. London, 1838.
The Brides of Venice. London, April 22, 1844.
The Crusaders. London, 1846.
The Lily of Killarney. London, February, 1862.

NIEDERMEYER.

Il Reo per Amore, Naples; Une Nuit dans la Forêt, Paris; Marie Stuart, Paris.
Stradella. Paris, 1836.
La Fronde. 1853.

COSTA.

Il Carcera d'Ildegonda. Naples, 1828.
Malvina. Naples, 1829.
Malek Adhel. Paris, 1837.
Don Carlos. London, 1834.

FLOTOW.

L'Ame en Peine; Stradella.
Die Matrosen. Hamburg, 1845.
Marta. 1848.
La Grande Duchesse. Berlin, 1850.
Rübezahl; Sophia Catharina; Indra, Vienna. 1853.
Albin. Vienna, 1855.

ADOLPHE ADAM.

Pierre et Catherine. Paris, 1829.
Danilowa. Paris, April, 1830.
Le Morceau d'Ensemble. Paris, March, 1831.
Le Grand Prix. Paris, 1831.
Le Proscit. Paris, 1833.
Une Bonne Fortune. 1834.
Le Châlet. 1834.
Le Postillon de Longjumeau. Paris, October 15, 1836.
Le Brasseur de Preston. 1839.
La Reine d'un Jour. 1840.
La Rose de Peronne. Paris, 1840.
Le Roi d' Yvetot. 1843.
Richard de Palestine. Paris, 1844.
Le Toréador. 1849.
Giralda; ou, la Nouvelle Psyché. 1850.
La Poupée de Nuremberg. 1852.
Le Bijou Perdu. 1853.
Le Roi des Halles. 1853.
Le Muletier de Tolède. 1854.
Le Fidèle Berger. 1855.
Falstaff. 1855.
Le Houssard de Berchini. 1855.
Mamz'elle Genévieve. 1856.

BALFE.

I Rivali di Se Stessi. Palermo, 1829.
Un' Avvertimento in Gelosi. Pavia, 1830.
Enrico IV. al Passo della Marna. Milan, 1831.
The Siege of Rochelle. London, October 29, 1835.
The Maid of Artois. London, 1836.
Catharine Grey. London, 1837.
Joan of Arc. London, 1837.
Diadeste; or, the Veiled Lady. London, 1838.
Falstaff. London, 1838.
Keolante. London, March 3, 1841.
Le Puits d'Amour. Paris, 1843.
Geraldine; or, the Lover's Well. London, August, 1843. (Translation of Le Puits d'Amour.)
The Bohemian Girl. London, November 27, 1843.
Les Quatre Fils Aymon. Paris, July, 1843.

The Daughter of St. Mark. London, November 27, 1844.
The Enchantress. London, 1845.
L'Etoile de Seville. Paris, 1845.
The Bondman. London, 1846.
The Devil's in it. London, 1847.
The Maid of Honor. London, December 20, 1847.
The Sicilian Bride. London, 1852.
Pittore e Duca. Trieste, 1856.
The Rose of Castile. London, 1857.
Satanella. London, 1858.
Bianca; or, the Bravo's Bride. London, December 5, 1860.
The Puritan's Daughter. London, November 30, 1861.
The Armorer of Nantes. London, February 12, 1863.

BARNETT.

The Mountain Sylph. London, August 25, 1834.
Fair Rosamond. London, 1837.
Farinelli. London, 1839.

LODER.

Nourjahad. 1834.
Francis the First. 1839.
The Night Dancers. London, 1847.
Robin Goodfellow. 1849.
Raymond and Agnes. 1859.

VERDI.

Oberto, Conte di St. Bonifacio. Milan, 1839.
Un Giorno di Regno. Milan, 1840.
Nabuco. Milan, 1843.
I Lombardi. Milan, 1843.
Il Tancredi.
Ernani. Milan, 1844.
I Duo Foscari. Rome, 1844.
Giovanna d'Arco. 1845.
Alzira. Naples, 1845.
Attila. Venice, 1846.
Macbeth. Florence, 1847.
Jerusalem. Paris, 1847.
I Masnadieri. London, 1847.
La Battaglia di Legnano. 1849.
Il Corsaro. Trieste, 1849.
Luisa Miller. Naples, 1849.
Stiffelio. Trieste, 1850.
Il Finto Stanislas. 1850.
Rigoletto. Venice, 1851.
Il Trovatore. Rome, 1853.
La Traviata. Venice, 1853.
Les Vêpres Siciliennes. Paris, June 13, 1855.
Simon Boccanegra. 1857.
Un Ballo in Maschera. Paris, 1861.
La Forza del Destino. 1862.

MACFARREN.

Devil's Opera. London, 1838.
Don Quixote. London, 1846.
Charles the Second. London, 1849.
Sleeper Awakened. London, 1850.
Robin Hood. London, 1860.

AMBROISE THOMAS.

Le Panier Fleuri. 1839.
Mina.
Le Caïd; Songe d'une Nuit d'Eté. 1850.
Raymond. 1851.
La Tonelli. 1853.
La Cour de Celimène. 1855.
Le Carnaval de Venise; Psyché. 1857.
Le Roman d'Elvire. 1860.

WALLACE.

Maritana. London, 1845.
Matilda of Hungary.
Lurline. London, February 23, 1860.
The Amber Witch. London, 1861.
Love's Triumph. London, 1862.

SCHIRA.

Mina. London, 1849.
Nicolo di Lapi. London, 1863.

GOUNOD.

Sappho. Paris, 1851.
La Nonne Sanglante. Paris, 1854.
Le Médecin malgré Lui. Paris, 1858.
Faust. Paris (Théâtre Lyrique), March 19, 1859.
Philemon et Baucis. Paris, 1860.
Colombe. Baden-Baden, 1860.
Le Faucon. Baden-Baden, 1861.
La Reine de Saba. Paris, 1861.

GLOVER.

Aminta. London, 1852.
Ruy Blas. London, Oct. 24, 1861.

MELLON.

Victorine. Covent Garden, 1859.

NOTE.—This List of Operas does *not*, with very few exceptions, include Operettas, Musical Pieces, Musical Farces, Entertainments, or Interludes.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF DRAMATIC COMPOSERS NOT PRE-EMINENT AS OPERATIC WRITERS.

Abadia.
Abert.
Acciajuoli.
Aimon.
Alary.
Albinoni.
Aldrovrandini.
Alessandri.
Andreozzi.
Apell.
Ardita.
Arienzo (d').
Arion.
Ariosti.
Arrietta.
Astaritta.
Attwood.

Barata (Dalla).
Barbate.
Bassani.
Batistin.
Battista.
Beck.
Beer (Jules).
Beffroy de Reigny.
Bellermann.
Benda (G. and F. L.).
Beninconi.
Benvenuti.
Berendt.
Bergson.
Berlioz.
Bernabei.
Bernardini.
Bernasconi.
Bertin (Mademoiselle Louise).
Berton (P. M. and F.).
Bertoni.
Berwald.
Bianchi (F.).
Biercy.
Bigaglia.
Biletta.
Bioni.
Blaise.
Blamont.
Blangini.
Blavet.
Blum.
Blumenthal.
Boïeldieu (Adrien).
Boisselot.
Bondineri.
Boniventi.
Bononcini.
Borde (De la).
Boretti.
Borghi.
Boroni.
Boscha.
Bottesini.
Bousquet.
Bouteiller.
Boyce.
Bracunich.
Braga.
Brandl.
Brassac.
Bristow.
Bronner.
Broschi (R.).
Brown.
Brunetti (A. B.).
Bruni.
Buini.

Cacciati.
Cadaux.
Cagnoni.
Caldara.
Campra.
Candeille.
Capecelatro.
Capelli.
Carrer.
Caruso.
Cary.
Cavalli.
Champein.
Chancourtois.
Chapelle (P. D. A.).
Charpentier (M. A.).
Chelard.
Chelleri.
Chiaramonte.
Chiochetti.
Ciampi.
Ciebra (José de).
Clapisson.
Clayton.
Cocchi.
Conradi.
Consolini.
Conti.
Cooke.
Coppola.
Cordans.
Cortesi.
Cousser (or Kusser).
Cramer (F.).

David (F.).
Davies.
Davy.
Defferrari.
Della Maria.
Deluse.
Desmarets.
Dessaue.
Dezede (or Dezaides).
Ditters de Dittersdorf.
Doerstling.
Dominicetti.
Doppler.
Dorn.
Dourlen.
Draghi.
Dugazon.
Duggan.
Dumoulin.
Duprato.
Duprez.
Durette.
Dutillieu.

Ebell.
Eccles.
Eckert.
Ehrlich.
Elsner.
Erkel.

Fabrizi.
Farinelli (J.).
Federici.
Feo.
Ferrari (J. G.).
Fétis.
Finger.
Fioravanti.
Fischer (A.).
Fischietti.
Floquet.
Foertsch.
Foignet.
Fraenzl.
Franck (J. W.).
Francoeur.

Gail (Mdme.).
Gambini.
Garcia.
Gasparini (F.).
Gasse.
Gassmann.
Gaveaux.
Gavinies.
Gazzaniga.
Gentili.
Gerl (or Goerl).
Gevaert.
Giacometti.

Giardini.
Giordani (J.).
Giosa (Di).
Glinka.
Godefroi.
Gollmick.
Grand.
Graun.
Gresnick.
Grisar.
Guglielmi.
Guhr.
Gürrlich.
Gyrowetz.

Haeffner.
Haeser (A. F.).
Hanssens.
Hart (J.).
Haydn (J. M.).
Heinricken.
Hellwig.
Helmesberger.
Hermann.
Hiller.
Himmel.
Holzbauer.
Horn (Chas. Ed.).
Huber.
Hullah (J.).

Inenga.

Jadin (L. E.).
Jones.
Jozzi.
Jullien.

Kaffka.
Keiser.
Kelly.
King.
Kinki.
Kirchhof.
Kittel.
Kozeluch (J. A. and L.).
Kreubé.
Krieger.

Labarre.
Lampe (J. F.).
Lampugnani.
Langert.
Langlé.
Lannoy.
Laruette.
Lasser.
Leblanc.
Leborne.
Lebrun (L. S.).
Légat de Furcy.
Lescot.
Leveridge.
Lillo.
Limnander.
Lindpaintner.
Linley (T.).
Litolff.
Liverati.
Lobe.
Locke (M.).
Lotti.
Louis.
Louis (Mme.).
Lucchesi.
Lutz (Meyer).

Mabellini.
Maillard.
Maillart.
Mangold.
Mansfield.
Marais.
Marschner.
Massé.
Mattheson.
Mazzinghi.
Membrée.
Micelli.
Michl.
Mijore.
Milototti.
Minoja.
Mononyi.
Monteverde.
Montfort.
Monti.
Morel.
Moroni.
Mortellari.
Mosca.
Moscenza.
Moscuzzi.
Mouret.
Muhle.
Muzio.

Nargiller.
Naumann.
Nicosia.
Nini.
Offenbach.
Orgitano.
Orlandi.
Orlandini.
Ottani.

Paganini (E.).
Paini.
Pallavicino.
Pappalardo.
Parenti.
Pavesi.
Pedrotti.
Pellaert.
Penso.
Pentenrieder.
Perez.
Peri.
Perillo.
Perti.
Pescetti.
Petrella.
Petrocini.
Philidor (F. A. D.).
Piccinni (Louis).
Pignatta.
Pistilli.
Pixis.
Poise.
Polarolo (or Pollarolo).
Ponchielli.
Porta (Jean).
Potier.
Predieri (L. A.).
Propriac.
Pucitta.
Pugnani.
Puzone.
Puzzi.

Raff.
Raimondi.
Rampini.
Raphael.
Rastrelli.
Rauzzini
Rebel.
Reeve.
Reicha.
Reissiger.
Ressell.
Reyer.
Ricci (F. and L.).
Righi.
Righini.
Ritter.
Roesler.
Roeth.
Romani.
Ronzi.
Rooke.
Rosi.
Rota.
Rubinstein.
Rust.

Sabadini.
Saint Amans.
Salvator.
Sanelli.
Sarmiento.
Schauensée.
Schëfer.
Schindelmeisser.
Schmidt (J. P. S.).
Schuster.
Schwab.
Schwanberg.
Schweitzer.
Sciroli.
Scolari.
Scechi.
Sellenik.
Semet.
Simons Candeille (Mme.).
Sinico.
Smith (Robt.).
Sola.
Solié.
Soliva.
Spaeth.
Steibelt.
Stolz.
Stöpler.
Strungk.
Stukersky.
Sussmayer.

Taddei.
Tadolini.
Tarchi.
Taubert.
Taylor.
Tell.
Thalberg.
Tommasi.
Tori (or Torri).
Tozzi.
Traversari.
Trento.

Tritto.
Tuczek.
Tully.
Umlauff.
Valente.
Vancorbeil.
Van der Does.
Vannacci.
Vento.
Vera.
Villebois.
Villebranch.
Vivaldi.
Vivier.
Wagner.
Webbe (E.).
Weber (C. G. and B. A.).
Wély.
Werstowski.
Westmeyer.
Williams.
Witt.
Woelffl.
Wolf (E. G.).
Wolfram (J.).
Wollanck.
Wraniczky (or Wranitzky).
Würst.
Ziani.
Zoppi.
Zumsteeg.

Note.—An enumeration of the works of these Dramatic Composers will, for the greater part, be found in the *Dictionnaire des Musiciens* of M. Fétis.

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